



COLUMBIA INSTITUTION

—FOR THE—

DEAF AND DUMB

THE CHARLES BAKER COLLECTION

—
NUMBER B3 1.927
C15H

A SPY on the CONJURER.

OR, A
COLLECTION
Of SURPRISING and DIVERTING
STORIES,

WITH
MERRY and INGENIOUS
LETTERS.

By way of
Memoirs of the Famous Mr. DUNCAN
CAMPBELL, demonstrating the astonish-
ing Foresight of that Wonderful Deaf and
Dumb Man.

The Whole being Moral and Instructive.

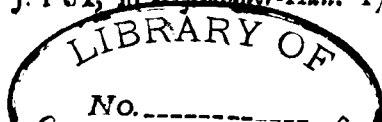
Written to my Lord - - - - by a Lady, who,
for Twenty Years past, has made it her Busi-
ness to observe all Transactions in the Life and
Conversation of Mr. CAMPBELL.

Revised by Mrs. ELIZ. HAYWOOD.

L O N D O N :

Printed for WILLIAM ELLIS, at the *Queens Head* in
Gracechurch-street; J. BROTHERTON, near the *Royal-Exchange*; J. BATLY, in *Pater-noster-row*; T. WOOD-
WARD, at *Half-Moon* against *St. Dunstan's Church, Fleet-*
street; J. FOX, in *Westminster-Hall*. 1725.

(Price 3s. 6d.)





THE
CONTENTS
OF THE
First PART.



HE Introduction

Page 1

In C H A P. I.

T HE Unbelief of the Author	2
An odd Adventure at Mrs. Belweir's	
Another of a Jolly Widow	3
Another of two Ladies	6
A 3	9
	A strange

The C O N T E N T S.

<i>A strange Proof of Mr. Campbell's Art, in writing the Name of a Person, who knew not himself who his Parents were</i>	Page 12
<i>Another, as remarkable, of a Lady and her Lover</i>	16
<i>Something offered by way of Defence of Mr. Campbell's Method</i>	17
<i>The Author entirely convinced</i>	19
<i>A prodigious Discovery of a Secret un- known to any but the Persons concern- ed</i>	20

C H A P. II.

M <i>R. Campbell envy'd by the Professors of Divination</i>	23
<i>Concerning his understanding Astrology</i>	24
<i>A whimsical Story of an Highlander</i>	25
<i>Concerning Witchcraft</i>	27
<i>Concerning Dreams</i>	28
<i>Mr. Campbell's Sincerity exemplify'd, in the the Story of a Lady injured in the tender- est Part by a pretended Friend</i>	30
<i>Another Instance of it to a young Lady</i>	34
<i>A strange Story of two Sisters</i>	36

C H A P.

The CONTENTS.

CHAP. III.

T HE Unwillingness most People have, to believe Mr. Campbell's Predic- tions	45
A Wager, which proved entirely to Mr. Camp- bell's Advantage	46
The foolish Obstinacy of a young Girl, car- ry'd by the Author to Mr. Campbell's	47
The Ill Nature of a Gentleman, who, con- vinced, would not acknowledge it	49
A strange Instance of Vanity and Jealousy in the Behaviour of Mrs. F - - -	51
Another of Pride and Irresolution in a La- dy, otherwise perfectly well accomplish'd	54
Some Gentlemen who design'd to use Mr. Campbell ill, served in their Turn	56
A surprising Adventure of a Gentlewoman and her Two Daughters	58

The CONTENTS.

C H A P. IV.

S OME Quotations from a Book, entitled, <i>The Life of Mr. Campbell</i>	Page 60
<i>A merry Story of a Lady's Chamber-maid, Cook-maid, and Coach-man</i>	62
<i>A Story of the Duke of - - - - -'s Mistress</i>	66
<i>Reflections on the Inconstancy of Men</i>	67
<i>A Proof of it in a Ruin'd Girl, that came to ask Mr. Campbell's Advice</i>	69
<i>A wonderful Story of some Jews</i>	70
<i>The Author punished for her Curiosity, in diving into the Secrets of others; by finding something which related to her self, which she had been happier not to have known</i>	73
<i>Reflections on my Lord's Passion for an undeserving Woman</i>	77
<i>A wonderful Proof of Mr. Campbell's Skill and Good Nature, in a Story of a young Wench related to his Maid</i>	79

C H A P.

The CONTENTS.

C H A P. V.

A <i>Strange Story of Mr. Hall</i>	Page 81
<i>Mrs. D - - - - - convinced of Mr. Campbell's Knowledge, and becomes his Friend</i>	86
<i>Her Generosity to him</i>	88
<i>A strange Story of a young Lady, who came to ask the Name of her Husband</i>	89
<i>The Miser melted to Generosity by Mr. Campbell's Predictions</i>	96
<i>The Particulars of the Fate of Mrs. J - - - L - - -</i>	89

C H A P. VI.

A <i>Whimsical Story of an old Lady who wanted a Husband</i>	103
<i>Mr. S - - - - r's Conviction and Good Nature</i>	109
<i>A melancholy Story of an unfortunate young Gentleman</i>	114
<i>The little Regard Mr. Campbell has to his own Affairs</i>	121

C H A P.

The CONTENTS.

C H A P. VII.

T WO Books of Fortune found by the Author	Page 123
A comical Story of a young Woman, that would have gone to the Devil for a Hus- band	128
Some Remarks on the Author's Brother	131

C H A P. VIII.

A Sad Effect of Unbelief	134
A Story of a Pawn-Broker in Co- vent-Garden	138

C H A P. IX.

S OME Remarks on Mr. Campbell's Hu- mour	143
Another Affront put upon Mr. Campbell	145
A barbarous Experiment to force Mr. Camp- bell to speak	146
How he was again assaulted	147
Mr.	

The CONTENTS.

<i>Mr. Henry Vaughan's Method to make the Dumb to speak</i>	147
<i>An old Lady in a Fright, lest her Daughter should die a Maid</i>	148
<i>How the old Lady's Fears were dispell'd, and the young Ladies Desires satisfy'd</i>	149
<i>A remarkable Story concerning Witchcraft</i>	150
<i>Another on the same Subject</i>	152
<i>A surprising Cure perform'd by Mr. Campbell</i>	152
<i>A whimsical Story of a Lady, who met with a just Return for bantering Mrs. Campbell</i>	154
<i>A diverting, and a great Instance of Mr. Campbell's wonderful Knowledge</i>	158
<i>An odd Story of six Persons of Quality, who came to consult Mr. Campbell</i>	162
<i>A Letter to Mr. Campbell</i>	165
<i>Another Performance of Mr. Campbell, in relation to Witchcraft</i>	167
<i>A Story of my Lady Love-Puppy</i>	171
<i>How Mr. Campbell was arrested, and after what manner he made his Escape</i>	173
<i>A Story of Don Carlos</i>	175
<i>A surprising Story</i>	178


PART

The CONTENTS.



PART II.

Being a Collection of LETTERS found
in Mr. Campbell's Closet, &c.

- Letter I.  *From a Lady, willing to
be perswaded, the best
Action she cou'd do, was
to cuckold her Husband*
Page 150
- Letter II. *From a Man very desirous to know
if he were a Cuckold* 181
- Letter III. *From a Lady who never had a
Lover, and was very desirous of being
marry'd* 182
- Letter IV. *From a Girl that had a Mind
to swear a Rape against a Man* 184
- Letter V. *Another from the same, upbraiding
Mr. Campbell for dealing too freely with
her* 186
- Letter VI. *From a Man that desired to
know, if a Child born at six Months
could live* 187
- Letter

THE CONTENTS.


Letter VII. <i>From a Country Bubble</i>	Page 188
Letter VIII. <i>From a young Woman that had lost her Lover, and knew not for what Reason</i>	191
Letter IX. <i>From a Lady in Love with her Father's Servant</i>	194
Letter X. <i>From a Lady very much involv'd in Law</i>	195
Letter XI. <i>From a Servant-Maid under Temptations from her Master</i>	197
Letter XII. <i>From the same</i>	199
Letter XIII. <i>From a Kept Mistress</i>	201
Letter XIV. <i>From a young Man, who had three Women in Love with him</i>	203
Letter XV. <i>From a Seaman at Portsmouth, &c.</i>	205
Letter XVI. <i>From a young Lady, complaining, that her Father would not let her be married</i>	206
Letter XVII. <i>From a young Lady that was contracted to one Man, and afterwards fell in Love with another.</i>	
Letter XVIII. <i>From a Correspondent of Mr. Campbell's, who had not found all he said to happen according to the Time</i>	210
Letter XIX. <i>From a forsaken Lady</i>	212
Letter XX. <i>From a young Lady</i>	214
Letter XXI. <i>From a common Woman of the Town, married to an old rich Man</i>	215
Letter XXII. <i>From the same</i>	216
Letter XXIII. <i>From a Widow</i>	218
Letter	

The CONTENTS.

Letter XXIV. <i>From a Man very jealous of his Wife</i>	219
Letter XXV. <i>From a young Gentleman in the Country</i>	222



P A R T III.

Letter I.		<i>From a merry Gentleman, in the beginning of his Acquaintance with Mr. Campbell</i>	227
Letter II.		<i>Concerning Count Viana's Aspersions on Mr. Campbell</i>	230
Letter III.		<i>His Answer</i>	232
Letter IV.		<i>Concerning his Art</i>	235
Letter V.		<i>From a young Man, to find his Lost Heart</i>	237
Letter VI.		<i>From a young Lady, to know how Mr. Campbell's Lost Senses are made up to him</i>	238
Letter VII.		<i>Jeremy Whim's Offer of Service to him</i>	240
Letter VIII.		<i>An unjust Proposal from a Lady, to gain her Lover</i>	242
Letter IX.		<i>His Refusal</i>	243
		Letter	

The C O N T E N T S.

Letter X. <i>From a Person, who enquires into the Lawfulness of his Art</i>	244
Letter XI. <i>Concerning the Story of the little Boy and Lamb, mention'd in the Life of Mr. Campbell</i>	246
Letter XII. <i>Concerning Mr. Hæc Newton's New System of Philosophy</i>	247
Letter XIII. <i>From a Gentleman desperately in Love with three Ladies</i>	248
Letter XIV. <i>From a Lady, complaining of Mr. Campbell's discovering the Intrigues of Wives to their Husbands</i>	251
Letter XV. <i>From a young Gentleman, complaining of the Restraint laid on him by his Guardian</i>	253
Letter XVI. <i>From a young Lady, who had been brought by her Friend to consult Mr. Campbell</i>	255
Letter XVII. <i>From a Gentleman, on reading a Book, intitled, The Life of Mr. Duncan Campbell.</i>	257



E R R A T A.



ERRATA.

PAGE *W* Line 23. read Sutors. P. 11. l. 3. *r.* cry'd.
P. 17. l. 3. *r.* heighten'd. P. 30. l. 27. *r.* she will
effe& it. P. 69. l. 6. *r.* Greennefs. P. 88. l. 6. *r.* our
Acquaintance. P. 111. l. 25. *r.* inraged. P. 134. l. 19. *r.*
chagrin'd. P. 136. l. 15. *r.* older. P. 230. l. 9. *r.* Beau.
P. 240. l. 5. *dele* not.





ALL DISCOVER'D:
OR, A
Spy on the CONJURER.

The INTRODUCTION.

To My Lord - - - - -

My LORD,



ACCORDING to the Promise I made you that agreeable Evening we pass'd together last Summer at *Bellfize*, I now give your Lordship my Reasons for that good Opinion which I then, and always shall profess to have of the Abilities of that famous *Dumb Man*, whose Name has made so great a Noise in the World. In the Course of my Observations on him for these twenty four Years last past, there are many diverting, as well as surprizing Occurrences; which, if they cannot convince your *Judgment*, will certainly entertain your *Fancy*, at Times when *Business* leaves a Vacancy, and more elegant Themes are wanting to employ your Thoughts.



C H A P. I.

A great Variety of surprizing Incidents.

Confess, that when first I heard the Name of *Duncan Campbell* mention'd, I consider'd him as no other than one of those idle Fellows, who being neither born nor bred to any other Hopes than an implicit Dependence on *Fortune*, make a Shift to rub through a precarious *Life*, by imposing on the ignorant Sort of People; and, as one of them said, when he was ask'd by a Friend, by what Means he supported himself in so handsome a Manner; made Answer, *Fools Pence was a plentiful Estate, to any one who had Wit enough to call it in.* And whenever any of my Acquaintance told me of the surprizing Solutions which Mr. *Campbell* had given to the most intricate Questions propounded to him, and his amazing Art of writing the Names of People at first Sight, with that of those they either had, or should be married to, I could not forbear laughing in my Sleeve, and wondering at their Folly: And I must still own, in favour of the unbelieving Part of the World, that there is something so mysterious in it, that nothing but ocular Demonstration, ought to convince a Person of Understanding, of the Reality. But, tho I was frequently very strenuously press'd by those I most esteem'd to go with them, and be a Witness, that what he pretended to was far from an Imposition, yet I never could be brought to consent: And, indeed, was so angry with the Man for blinding the Judgment of
Persons,

Persons whose Capacities in other Things I knew was indisputable, that I could not endure the Thoughts of seeing him, tho' otherwise perhaps I might have been tempted to it by my Curiosity.

I believe I never should have suffer'd my self to have been convinc'd, if an Accident had not happen'd to force me to acknowledge there was a Possibility, that while I was condemning others, I had been my self in an Error; and, to shun the Character of *Credulity*, had run into a worse Fault; that of injuring the Reputation of a Man, who rather deserv'd my *Admiration*, than *Contempt*.

I believe your Lordship has often heard Mrs. *Bulweir* mention'd with those Encomiums, which her extraordinary Qualifications engag'd from all that knew her: She had Wit, Beauty, and, through the Indulgence of one of the best of Fathers, an Education which few of our Sex can boast. The brightest, and most sparkling Genius was in her cultivated with all the Improvements of Learning; and there was scarce a Possibility of speaking of any thing, in which she had not a perfect Knowledge. Adorn'd with all these Perfections, it was no wonder her House was the *Rendezvous* of all the *Beau Monde*, all the Gay and Witty; and all who aim'd to be thought so, were covetous of her Acquaintance. One Evening there was a prodigious deal of Company with her; it was my Chance to be one of the Number: And as never any Man of low Station engross'd so much the Talk of the Town as Mr. *Campbell*, he grew insensibly the Subject of our Discourse. According to my usual Custom, I was ridiculing every Body who seem'd to speak favourably of him and, whenever I reflect *since* on the *Injustice* I was *then* guilty of, it obliges me to pass a severe Sentence in my Mind

on those People who are apt to give their Judgments rashly, or to condemn what they know not, or, it is possible, may not have Understanding enough to comprehend. But how blameable soever I was, there was a Gentleman in Company, who assented to all I said; not so much out of Complaisance to me, as to have an Opportunity of boasting of Encounters, which (as I since discover'd) he had neither Conduct or Courage really to engage in. He confidently affirmed what I said was true: That *Campbell* was not only an Imposter, but also the most ignorant and impudent of the sort. He pretends, said he, to be Deaf and Dumb; but with this very Cane, I now have in my Hand, I made him find both Tongue and Ears; nay, and beg Pardon like a School-Boy. As he was running on in this Manner,* Mrs. *Bulweir*, who knew the Characters of them both much better than I did, slipp'd into her Closet, and immediately writ to Mr. *Campbell*, (who by Accident was in the Neighbourhood, where she had just before seen him pass by the Window.) She desir'd him to come to her presently, and order it so, that no Body who not had seen him before, should have any Guess who he was. He was not at a Loss for a Contrivance; and soon after entered the Room, introduc'd by a Gentleman, who told the Company that the Gentleman he recommended to their Acquaintance, was a *Russian* Man of Quality, who could not speak a Word of *English*; and added a thousand plausible Circumstances, which sufficiently engaged the Belief of all that heard him. As it happen'd, there was not a Creature (excepting Mrs. *Bulweir*) that ever had been in his Company; and the Dress and Behaviour of Mr. *Campbell*, were agreeable enough to make him be taken for what he

was

was represented: The *Hero*, who had so lately beaten him, did not so much as know him, and was as forward as any Body in paying those Respects which were due to a Man of the Quality he pass'd for. After a short Visit, he took Leave, accompany'd by the Gentleman that brought him; and they were no sooner out of the Room, than Mrs. *Bulweir* discover'd to the whole Company the Cheat she had put upon them, and rallied our fighting Spark with so much Sharpness, that for a good while he was as incapable of Speech, as him whom he pretended to have beat. But being naturally Master of a considerable Stock of Assurance, he muster'd it all up to make a confident Asseveration, that what he said was as true as the Gospel; but that it was *another* Dumb Man, not the Person who had just left the Room, whom he confess'd, indeed, that he had never seen before. This poor Excuse he imagin'd would be sufficient to bring him off, but it appear'd so lame, and was utter'd with so much Hesitation and Confusion, that there was not one in the Company who did not see thro' it; and, in their Hearts, despising the *Braggadocio*, took all Opportunities to renew the Raillery Mrs. *Bulweir* so justly, and so wittily had begun. For my part, tho' I wou'd not then acknowledge it, I was prodigiously confounded, and half ashamed of having said so much of a Person I so little knew, and from that Moment resolv'd to set my Opinion in a truer Light than it cou'd receive from common Fame. I had then no Opportunity of communicating my Thoughts to Mrs. *Bulweir*, to whom alone I was willing to confess the Inclination I now found in my self, to be convinc'd of the Reality of this Gentleman's Skill in the Art he pretend-ed to: But the next Time I saw her, I engag'd

her to go with me to make him a Visit, having first exacted a solemn Promise from her (for I had still some Remains of my former Doubts) not to give him any Hints either of my Name, Quality, Fortune, or any Particular, whatsoever of my Affairs.

When the Day appointed was arriv'd, we took a Hackney Coach, and drove to his Lodgings; then in a Lane, which I have really forgot the Name of, but it was in *Tower-Street*. We found him at home; but such a Multitude of Clients attending to speak with him, that we foresaw (without the Art of Divination,) that it would be a considerable Time before we cou'd be admitted into the inner Room, where he sat busily engag'd (as we found afterwards) with a Couple of Ladies, on an extraordinary Affair. In the Parlor we were brought into, there was a vast Number of Persons, who, by the Difference of their Garb, seem'd to be of all Conditions. We singled out a Corner which was filled with some of the best Sort; and to make our Time of Attendance as little tedious as possible, entered into a Conversation with them. A good jolly Dame sat next to me, who by her Habit and the Largeness of her Watch and Ear-Rings, one wou'd have taken her for the Wife of an Alderman, and by her Complexion and Air of her Fan, for an Hostess. Opposite to her was a young Girl, who had a tolerable Face and Shape, but so disguiz'd with her Dress, and the Awkwardness of her Behaviour, that till I look'd earnestly at her, I was at a Loss what kind of an Animal it was that presented it self to me. She spoke not a Word, but star'd at every Body as if they seem'd as frightful to her, as she really appear'd herself. But my bouncing next Neighbour was full of Chat,
and

and I soon found it wou'd be no difficult Matter to dive into the Business which brought her. I was not mistaken in my Conjecture; for on my first putting the Question, she told me, That having been the Wife of four Husbands, all honest and responsible Men, she found Nothing so disagreeable in a married State, as to make her unwilling to enter into it a fifth time: That being left worth a considerable Sum of Money, several Houses, and a pretty Parcel of Land, she did not think herself capacitated to manage her Affairs with so good an Oeconomy as she could wish ----- That there was Nothing like a Man, to appear in Business — That Women were run down, and impos'd upon by every Body, especially when they grow in Years: That her Children, nay her Grandchildren, began to take upon 'em, and to meddle with what she thought did not belong to 'em; and all for want of a Man to keep Things in order. To these she added many more Reasons, such as are generally made Use of by those Widows, the Warmth of whose Inclinations are not to be nipp'd by Time. Madam, I have many Sisters, said the buxom radsish-colour'd Lady; and several of 'em are of such equal Worth, that I am at a Loss which I had best make Choice of; and 'tis by Mr *Campbell's* Skill in Futurity, that I am resolv'd to be directed. That Girl you see there, (contin'd she, pointing to the staring Creature over-against her,) is my Daughter: She has her humble Servants too, and is in great haste to be married, because her eldest Sister is Mother of three fine Children. But I wou'd have her consider what she does, and take my Advice: When I have settled my own Affairs, she may be sure I shall take care of her's: But 'tis Time enough, she is young, and has the World before her. For my

part, tho' I look well, I cannot expect to see many more Years; and therefore I must make good Use of those I am allow'd, and endeavour to make 'em as comfortable as I can: If I marry a sober Man, he will ease me of all my Cares, and I may spend the Remainder of my Days in Peace. I cou'd scarce forbear laughing in her Face, when she said it was Time enough for her Daughter to entertain any Notions of Matrimony, thinking, if the *Girl's* Desires were up too *early*, her *Mother's* were certainly stirring a little too *late*. I shou'd perhaps not have been able to have forbore being rude enough to speak some part of my Sentiments, if Mr. *Campbell's* coming suddenly into the Room had not prevented me. He look'd around the Room, designing only to walk thro' it; for (as I have found since my Acquaintance with him) he always leaves the Person he is consulting for, and goes into other Company. But happening to cast his Eye on Mrs. *Bulweir*, he came up to her, and accosting her with a vast deal of Gallantry and Complaisance, offer'd his Hand to lead her into the other Room. She made Signs to him, that I was her Acquaintance; and he conducted us both. I saw my fat Lady, and several others, that were attending to speak with him make up the Lip, and discover an Uneasiness at the extraordinary Civilities he paid us, while they were left unregarded: But he took no Notice of the Discontent he occasion'd, and brought us where there were two very agreeable Women, and Persons of Condition. He made a Sign to his Servant; and immediately came up Wine and a Salver of Sweatmeats. After this little Regale he writ to Mrs. *Bulweir*, designing to know her Commands; which she answer'd by telling him, that I was her Friend, but an Unbeliever in his Art, and

and that she had brought me to him, not doubting but it was in his Power to make a Convert of me. I was a little shock'd at her discovering so freely what my Sentiments were, not knowing but it might affront a Person, who, by his Appearance, and Gentleman-like Manner of receiving us, I thought ought to be us'd with more Respect. He read my Thoughts in my Blushes, and the Confusion that was visible enough in my Face; and taking up the Pen with a gay Air, and smiling as he writ, I should indeed (reply'd he) be more than ordinarily transported, to have it in my Power to change the Notions of a Lady, from whose Charms it requires a greater Art than mine to defend the Heart: But I do not question but before we part, she will allow me qualified much better for a Conjuror than a *Lover*. We had a great deal of this sort of Pleasantry, till the Ladies putting him in mind they were in haste, he was obliged to retire, to consider on their Business; and left us till his Return in their very agreeable Society.

These Ladies were not of the same Strain as those we left in the other Room; therefore we could not attempt to divert our selves with them, as we shou'd have done with the others: But we were very well recompenced for that Loss, in the Entertainment we found from them. They were Sisters, both of them extreamly witty and good humour'd; and tho' they did not let us into the Secrets of their Affairs, and the Reasons which had induc'd them to consult Futurity, yet they enter'd into so engaging a Manner of Conversation, that it took away, or put a stop, at least, to our Curiosity to know any thing farther of them than they were willing to reveal. But it was not long, or did not seem so in such agreeable Company, before
Mr.

Mr. *Campbell* came back to us; and taking once of twice more a Survey of the two expecting Ladies Faces, writ to each her Destiny, which, when he had deliver'd to them with a low Bow, they just read over, and took their Leaves, without appearing at all mov'd at the Contents of the Scrolls they had just receiv'd, tho', as I was afterwards inform'd, those little Books of Fate had sufficient in 'em alarming.

When they were gone, Mr. *Campbell* was preparing himself to convince me, he had a Power beyond what I could yet conceive. In order to which he had oblig'd me to untie my Hoods, and set myself in such a Posture as he cou'd best take a View of my Features and Proportion. But the Gentry in the next Room claim'd a Priority of Attendance, and grew so clamorous in their Pressures to see him, that we were oblig'd to yield the Precedence, tho' very much against Mr. *Campbell's* Inclination.

It was the jolly Widow's Turn to be first serv'd; and having propos'd her Question, which was what I have related; Amongst her Train of humble Servants, which it was most to the Advantage of her Happiness to make Choice of? Our Man of Divination look'd earnestly on her; and shaking his Head took the Paper, and answer'd her, in this Manner; — *You have several that make their Addresses to you, some of them suitable to your Years, and agreeable enough in point of Fortune; but your Head runs on a young Fellow, that frequents your House. He belongs to the Army; he has, I think, a small Commission there. But he pretends Courtship to you, only for an Opportunity to come in your Daughter's Company. She loves him; and they are contracted: Therefore be wise, and let the young People be happy, — or it will be worse for both.*

I never

I never shall forget the Fury these Words put the Woman into: She flew on her Daughter, and cry, *Is this true, Minx*. Would certainly have beaten her, if we had not interpos'd. The poor Girl durst not for her Life confess; but her Blushes and her Tremblings betray'd her; and all Mr. *Campbell* could do, or all of us could say, had no Efficacy to bring the old Woman to any Moderation, much less to consent that she should marry him. She went away, driving the poor Creature, who was sighing and sobbing before her; while she threatned what she would do when she came Home. The Old Beldame, it seems, kept her Word; for she us'd her so ill, that she quitted her House one Night, and went away with the young Officer, without waiting for the Ceremony of Marriage: The Mother made her self so ridiculous in pursuing her, and letting all the World into the Secret of her Reasons for having been so rigid, that those who had an Esteem for her before, now dispis'd her; and of all the Offers that had been made, in a little time there was not one left, and she become the Jest of the whole Town; and by that means made out Mr. *Campbell's* Perdition, *that it wou'd be worse for both*. But to return to my Story: We had not yet the good Fortune to have Mr. *Campbell* to our selves: A robust sort of a Woman broke in upon us, pretending her Turn to be served next. He would fain have put her off; but there was no Possibility. It seems she came to know the Name of the Man she should marry after the Death of her present Husband, who, as we are inform'd afterward, lay very ill at that Time of a Fever. The Oracle was therefore oblig'd to answer her Demand, or we should have had no Peace. We had on sooner got quit of her, than another Interrup-

tion

tion ensued: It was a Man who, having been there several times before, was grown impatient for the Solution of his Question; which being one of the most difficult ones I ever heard, I think not improper to relate. He was a Foundling, put to nurse, and brought up at the Expence of the Parish; and having by the Smiles of Fortune, join'd with his own Industry, acquired a plentiful Estate, was desirous to know to whom he owed his Being, believing that it was impossible for Persons to expose a Child in the Manner he had been, without being driven to it by the utmost Necessities; and being now blest with the Means of proving his filial Piety, could not be easy till he found them out, and reliev'd those Misfortunes which had occasion'd an Act so seemingly unnatural, if they yet labour'd under them. The Tenderneſs of Soul which he exprest on this Occasion gave me, methought, a Kindneſs for him; and I join'd in his Desires, that Mr. *Cambell* would oblige him as soon as possible. With much a-do he consented; but tho' he sweat, and toil'd hard for it, the *Enigma* was at present conceal'd in Clouds; and tho' the *Sire* did, I believe, every Thing in his Power, he could not at that Time reveal more than that he was born of Parents greater than he imagin'd. His Mother, he told him, was of the first Quality; and that there was something so intricate in his Story, that when told, he scarce would credit it. This was all he could say at present; but ordered him to come again after the Expiration of three Days. With this he was obliged to be content; and took his Leave, tho' much against his Will.

I must confess to your Lordship, that I was so much surpriz'd at what I had seen and heard, that when the long expected Minute was arriv'd in
which

which he was to consult his Genius on my Account, I trembled with the Apprehension of being told something displeasing to me; for I was already more than half convinced that there was a Knowledge in him infinitely superior to what I had believed. I have a thousand Times since reflected that there was something ominous in the Terror I was in at that Juncture; for with very little Study he writ me down my Name, my Quality, and gave me Warning sufficient of most of the Misfortunes since befallen me, to have arm'd myself against them, and indeed prevented the greatest part of them. But tho' I was far enough from disbelieving what he said, yet Youth, Passion, and Inadvertency render'd his Cautions ineffectual. It was in his Hand-Writing I first beheld the dear fatal Name, which has since been the utter Destruction of my Peace: It was from him I knew I should be undone by Love and the Perfidy of Mankind, before I had the least Notion of the one, or had seen any of the other charming enough to give me either Pain or Pleasure: It was in his Predictions I saw the Ruin of my Fortune in the Loss of my Father. Yet besotted as I was, I had neither the Power of defending myself from the Assaults of Love, nor Thought sufficient to enable me to make those Preparations which were necessary for my future Support, while yet I had the means.

*Pleas'd with Destruction, proud to be undone,
I met the Mischiefs I was bid to shun:
With hasty Steps and open Arms I flew,
To grasp th' unmask'd Ills my Soul foreknew;
To Ruin was a willing Victim made,
And had not th' Excuse of being betray'd.*

But

But why should I trouble your Lordship with a Repetition of what you know too well; and I dare believe, by the many Proofs I have receiv'd of your Friendship, never reflect on, without Concern and a tender Commiseration of those Misfortunes which are not less, because occasioned by my own Folly. After so great a Proof of Mr. *Campbell's* Skill, I could not resist the Temptation of becoming a constant Visiter; and by that means had the Opportunity of being let into the Histories of many secret Amours and Adventures unknown to the Generality of the World. One of the first Discoveries I made, was as odd as one shall meet with: It was that of the Gentleman I lately mentioned, ignorant of his Birth, and so very desirous of being informed. He sprung not, as he imagined, from Parents whose Necessity oblig'd them to throw him out, but was the Issue of one of the brightest Men and finest Women in the Kingdom: But Circumstances not concurring for them to meet on honourable Terms, and mutual Passion forbidding their Separation, of their unguarded Hours he was the Product. When the Lady found what had been the Consequence of the Condescension she had made, the Apprehension of her ensuing Shame and Danger made her conceive so inexpressible a Hatred to him, who she look'd upon as Author of it, that not all his Affiduities, Entreaties, or Tears, could prevail on her ever to see him more. When the Time of her Delivery was arrived, she went privately to a Midwife's House; where giving a Piece of Money, left the Infant to be used in what manner that Woman pleas'd. His Fortune happen'd to be what I have already related; and being by Mr. *Campbell*, at last informed of the true Name and Quality of his Parents, he durst not
enough

enough confide in what was told him, to go to his Mother, (for his Father was dead,) but writ a Letter, in which after having made a thousand Apologies for the Liberty he took, acquainted her with the Time and Manner in which he had been found, and humbly entreated her, if she knew of any such thing as a Child thus exposed, to let him know where he should pay his Duty. He worded it in such a manner, that tho' he did not tell her so, she might easily perceive he knew himself to be her Son. She had since that Affair been married, was now a Widow, vastly rich, but childless, and had felt for a long time the severest Stings of Conscience, for having been guilty of so unnatural an Action; and the Joy which now filled her Heart at so unexpectedly hearing of him, was such as cannot be well express'd. She sent for him immediately, received him with Tears of Joy, and all the Demonstrations of unfeigned maternal Tenderness. She lived not long after; and by her Will he is now in Possession of a very great Estate, which he acknowledges entirely owing to Mr. *Campbell*: He is one of his best Friends, and studies nothing more than the Means of expressing his Gratitude.

Another Thing equally remarkable, was a young Lady, who being going to be married (as she believed) to a Gentleman, for whom she had a prodigious Passion, was told by Mr. *Campbell*, That she would find a Disappointment she little expected in that Match; and that the Person design'd for her Husband, was one whom she had discarded as inferior to her. I never shall forget (for I was present) the Rage she flew into at his writing a Name so contrary to her Inclinations; protesting it should never come to pass, calling him a thousand Scoundrels; vowing she would rather die than be his Wife,
and

and taxing Mr. *Campbell* with being guilty of the most gross Mistake. But it was not much above a Month, when happening to be there, I saw her come in, and in a Humour very different from that in which she was the Time before; she now spoke as extravagantly in the Praise of Mr. *Campbell*, as she had done the contrary: She frankly confess'd that she was now married to the very Man he told her of, and that the Disappointment he foresaw was, That the Person she made Choice of was a Woman, Sister to him who was now her Husband; who finding all his Endeavours to gain her were in vain, and that the Continuance of his Address rather encreas'd her Aversion than any way forwarded the Attainment of his Wishes, he had put his Sister on this Expedient, which must oblige the *inexorable Fair* either to make him happy, or expose herself to the Ridicule of the whole Town, when once this Adventure was blaz'd abroad. Accordingly he dressed her *Enchevalée*, provided an Equipage for her fit for a Youth of a Quality; got a Friend, who was let into the Secret, to introduce her as a young *French Marquis*. And she acted her part so well, and made her Court so agreeably, tho' in a counterfeited broken *English*, that the Lady was infinitely charmed. In Time she consented to every Thing, and they were privately married. When Night came, she found an Opportunity to slip her Brother in her Place. The Deceit with the Morning was discovered; and she could not find in her Heart to resent it past Forgiveness. He makes her one of the best of Husbands; and by his Tendernefs, Indulgence, and Complaisance, obliges her to confess she knew not her own Happiness in so long refusing him, and that she is now perfectly blest tho' against her Will.

This

This prodigious Proof of Mr. *Campbell's* Foreknowledge of the most improbable Events, not a little heighten my Admiration of him; tho' that, and some other Occurrences, put me upon various Thoughts, by what Means he should have attain'd a Talent, which appears to be so much above Natural. That Gift which is vulgarly called the *Second Sight*, I had heard the Learned avouch, Visits the Persons endued with it but at some certain Times; and that those who could one Day be capable of resolving any thing, the next seem'd as ignorant as the most unknowing of their Consultants. Whereas this wonderful Man has the Power always to lay open the Book of Fate, and unravel at his Pleasure the most secret and obtruse Decrees. Nor could I think, that by that Art which bears the Name of *Natural Magick*, he was able to gain so certain a Knowledge of Futurity; much less imagine that it was to any *Diabolical* Means he owed his Discernment; because the excellent Advice which always accompanies his Predictions, and the Misfortunes which very often he has been blest'd with the Means of preventing, leaves not the least Ground to imagine it arises from any unlawful Means; as the inimitable *Shakespear*, in his Play of *Macbeth*, says,

————— *The Ministers of Darknes*
Ne'er speak to Man, but to deceive and ruin.

The Merchant spoken of in the Book, entitled, *The Life of the Famous Mr. Duncan Campbell*, is an Example sufficient to prove the Truth of this Assertion. I could, indeed, bring many more; but I think need go no farther than what your Lordship is already
C sensible

sensible of. The Precautions my self have receiv'd from him, which if not wholly abandoned by my Reason, would have preserved me from almost all the Misfortunes of my Life; and I know not whether the Reflection, how blinded by inconsiderate Passion, I have, as it were, wilfully run into Inadvertencies, gives me not a Vexation superior even to that which the Misfortunes themselves have brought upon me

But to return to my Subject. To what therefore can we ascribe that wondrous Faculty! — that nameless, undescribable, unconceivable Extensiveness of Genius! which striking thro' the Walls of Flesh; darts the Soul's unclouded Rays, to the immense Secrets of Futurity; and acts while in the Prison of the Body, with the same Freedom as those already freed, and winging the Regions of Eternity! Ought we not to consider it as a Gift immediately deriv'd from Heaven, and conferr'd alone on those blest with its highest Favours? I might perhaps be calumniated by the Malicious, should what I say reach the Ears of some, who are prepossess'd with Notions altogether the reverse; but as I communicate my Thoughts of this Affair only to one whose good Nature and Friendship I am secure of, I deal with that Confidence which I take to be the most distinguishable Testimony of Sincerity. However, as Custom, and the natural Austerity of your Sex, denies to ours those Advantages of Education, which alone can make either capable of judging, I shall submit to the Opinion of those whose Learning renders their Sentiments more to be relied on, and should esteem it as a prodigious Obligation, if your Lordship would, at some leisure Hour, favour me with a Line or two on this Head.

Wandering

Wandering, perhaps, in Errors Paths, I Stray,
Let Wisdom shine, and point me out the Way;
And I'll the awful Guide with Pride obey.
No more depend on vain uncertain Wit,
But to the Judgment of the Learn'd submit;
Observe their Precepts, ponder what they say,
Refine my Sex, and make my Night a Day.

Pardon this Digression; which I assure you I made more to divert you, than shew my Wit; which I never was vain enough of, to imagine any body had an Opinion of. And, without raillying, I could not give you a greater Proof of my Confidence in your Goodness, than my venturing to Poetize. — I know you will laugh at me; but now I have no greater Ambition than to make you merry.

In the whole Course of my Visits to Mr. *Campbell*, tho' I met with many remarkable Passages, yet I think none ever had the Power of raising my Amazement more than that which I am now about to relate; and I believe your Lordship will confess, that there cannot be a greater Demonstration of the Possibility of foretelling future Events than this.

Happ'ning to be there one Evening, and finding a good deal of agreeable Company, engag'd me to tarry much longer than I was generally accusom'd to do. One of the Persons who made up the Conversation, was a young Gentleman, extremely polite, and perfectly complaisant and entertaining. After we had run over almost every Subject, which ordinarily furnishes Chat for People who meet but by Accident, I began to enter into a little Raillery, (for tho' entirely convinced of Mr. *Campbell's* Skill in my Heart, I could not for

my Life forbear laughing at those who came to consult him,) and desir'd, him if it were not a Secret, to let me know what had induced a Man who seem'd Master of as much Learning as good Manners, to make up the Number of the Inquisitives: I told him I could not imagine any Thing could have the Power to bring him, unless it were *Love*, or *Curiosity*. Indeed, Madam, answer'd he, you are very much in the right: It is one of those Causes; but which, the Seer himself shall inform you; and now I think of it, that shall be the Question I will propose to him. And to deal freely, continu'd he with a Smile, I was till this Moment at a Loss after what *Manner* I should form my Query. You are than oblig'd to me, cry'd I, for finding one for you so *a propo*. We had, perhaps, run on with more of this kind of Pleasantry, if the Coming in of Mr. *Campbell*, who had all this while been engag'd in another Room, had not put a Stop to our Discourse. The Gentleman immediately did as he said; and desired to have me, and all the good Company, made sensible what was the real Motive of his Coming. — He had scarce finished the writing this, but our wonderful *Dumb Man*, as tho' he had the Art of reading the Designs of Men, before they could be communicated by Writing, took the Pen out of his Hand, and replied to him in these Words: *Sir, it is to Curiosity, I am indebted for the Favour of a Visit from you; and tho' I do not always think it worth my while to satisfy those who seem resolv'd not to credit what I say, yet I am too much taken with your Aspect to refuse the Solution: You either really desire to be inform'd of, or are pleas'd to put to me, to find how far my Capacity extends* The Gentleman returned him Thanks for this Compliment; and afterwards entreated

treated to know the Name of the Woman he should marry. The Predictor smiled at reading this, and immediatly return'd, — *I see, Sir, it was but for a Tryal of my Skill, you come to consult me. — You cannot believe that I am insensible you are already married, and have been so these three Years; tho' it has been a Secret to the World to this Day; nor do you know it is yet revealed: But if you go now to make a Visit to your Lady, you will find her weeping in her Closet, at the Indignation her Father flew into at the Discovery, which happen'd by the dropping of a Letter she received from you Yesterday.* Never did I see a Countenance so altered in a Moment, as was that of this Gentleman, when he looked over these few Lines. But after a little pausing on them, he started up, and cried, This is indeed miraculous! I acknowledge I have been married the Time he has set down; — that it has been kept as a Secret; and if now discover'd, is more than I am inform'd of. — I will go this Minute for the Proof; and tho', for many Reasons, I could wish he were mistaken in the latter part of what he writes, yet if I find it true, I will immediately return, and testify my Admiration of his Art. There was no body in the Room that had not Curiosity sufficient to engage them to wait till he came back; which was in less than an Hour, with an Appearance of an Amazement greater than can be express'd, tho' no more than what so extraordinary an Occasion requir'd. He confess'd he had found his Wife in the very Place and Posture Mr. Campbell had described, and the Secret of their Marriage had been that very Morning divulged by her dropping a Letter on the Stairs, which an old Woman in the Family happen'd to take up, and, to curry Favour, had deliver'd to her Father; and that he was in the highest Storm of Indignation imaginable at the reading.

But, said the Gentleman, let the Consequence of this be what it will, the prodigious Skill of this ingenious Gentleman deserves the Encouragement of all who know him. In speaking these Words, he pull'd out a Purse, and taking out five Guineas, made them a Present to Mr. *Campbell*. He stay'd not long after he had made this Gratification, being too much busied in Thought at this unexpected Turn of his Affairs, to be pleas'd with the Society of Persons so much Strangers, as all there present were.

After that, I saw him frequently: He grew almost as constant a Customer as my self; not now to satisfy an idle Curiosity, but to beg the serious Advice of a Person who, he was now convinced, was so well qualified to give it; and I have since heard he reap'd so much Advantage by the Instructions he received, that in a little Time he found the means to mollify the old Gentleman, and be taken into his House, where he still lives in perfect Tranquility, and a settled State of Happiness with his beloved Spouse.

I cannot set forth, with how much Confusion of Thought, as often as it comes into my Head, I reflect on this Adventure; and tho' I had often been surpriz'd at the wonderful Effects of his Predictions, yet nothing ever was so alarming, as his writing down immediately what was the *Intention* of the Person before him. In other Things, his Art seem'd to consist in the Knowledge of *Deeds*; but here he dived into *Thoughts*, made it appear that he was acquainted with the most secret Recesses of the Soul, and saw each rising immature Desire long before Time could ripen it for Action. A thousand Times I have been about to relate this Story to some of my Acquaintance, who I knew were
unbelieving

unbelieving, that Mr. *Campbell* had really any Skill at all: But the Strangeness of it still put a stop to my Tongue, since it sounds so incredible, that had I not heard and seen it, I question if I could have been perswaded that there was a Possibility of its being true. But I have the Vanity to hope the good Opinion of your Lordship has been pleased to express of my Sincerity, will be enough to engage your Faith of this, and many more wonderful Incidents, which I shall acquaint you with; tho' were I less secure, I could easily remove your Doubts by the Testimony of several Witnesses, whose Names I know not whether it be proper to mention here, but shall make no Scruple of repeating whenever I find you are desirous of knowing them.



C H A P. II.

ANother Article is also alledged against Mr. *Campbell*, for his pretending to calculate Nativities. All his Brother Conjurers in Town fell foul on him for this; and not even a Twelve-penny Fortune-teller, that has learned the Knack of drawing three or four Oblique Lines, which they call a Figure, but calls him a Thousand Blockheads; say he is an impudent and ignorant Pretender; that he knows nothing of Astrology; nor has any Notions of the Motions of the Heavens, any farther than

common Almanacks inform him; and that to save his Soul, he could not be able to resolve the most trivial Question by the Intelligence of the Stars. To all this I confess, I have very little to answer, because having no Skill my self in that noble Science, it is impossible I can be a Judge of another's: But this I am certain of, that he has a great Number of Books, such as are only fit for those who study it. And a Gentleman, a near Relation of Mrs. *Bulweir's*, one who had the Reputation of a perfect Understanding in the Mathematicks, allow'd him to be the greatest Artift of his Time; and I cannot help saying, in spite of all the Suggestions of his Enemies, that by his Skill in this alone he would be able to do very surprizing Things. I imagine too, that it may sometimes serve as an Aid or Assistant to his other more superior Faculty; and when that is not, for I am of Opinion it is not always present with him, by the Help of this Auxiliary Force, he often is enabled to foretell many remarkable Accidents of Life. But for the writing down Names, giving an exact Description of the Face, Shape, and Humour of Persons he never saw, is only owing to interior Means, a Gift not to be acquir'd, not to be accounted for, nor to be conceiv'd, but by those possess'd of it.

But having made mention of *Astrology*, I cannot forbear acquainting your Lordship with a whimsical Adventure, which when it happened, gave me a good deal of Diversion. A poor Highlander hearing of his Country Man's Fame, had been a long Time very desirous of knowing what the Stars had decreed for him; and perhaps was ignorant enough to think, that Mr. *Campbell's* Intercession would prevail on them to change their Influence, if averse to his Wishes. In order to this, full
fraught

fraught with Hopes, he brings the Day and Hour of his Birth, and half a Guinea, the Harvest, I suppose, of a whole Month's Toil. I shall not forget with what a Mixture of Disdain and Pity the Sage, who was not accustomed to Consulters of this sort, looked on him, and putting back the Money, when he offer'd it, writ to him these Words. — *Go home, poor Man; neither my own Honesty, nor thy Simplicity, will permit me to impose upon thee: Mind thy Work, and trouble not thy Head with Futurity, any farther than to get Bread from Day to Day for thy Family. I need not consult the Planets, to know thou canst rise no higher than a Button-Maker.* That was, it seems, his Trade. But he was so angry that his Money was refused, and the little Encouragement he found of being no better than he was, that he went away muttering to himself, and wishing the Curse of Scotland on all that came near Mr. Campbell. About some ten or twelve Days after, happ'ning to be there, who should come in but this very Fellow again, but with a Countenance very different from what he had before: He told Mr. Campbell, that being uneasy to know his Fortune, which he found he would not give himself the Trouble to consider, he had been with a Woman that he had heard great Talk of: That she told him he would leave off his Trade, and be a great Man; but how, or which way, she could not find out. But being resolved to know that too, he went to another, who said he would ride in his Coach; but still the Means was left untold: — At last he had Recourse to a *Second-sighted Man*, who, he was informed, knew all Things past, present, and to come; but receiving no Satisfaction from him, he went to another; from him to another; and so on, till his Money was all gone; for not one of these had the

Conscience

Conscience or good Nature to bid him take it back with him. At his Return home, he found his Wife and Children crying in the Street, his Goods seiz'd on for Rent, and they turned out of Doors without a Bed to lie on. This was a severe Downfal of all his high-rais'd Expectations! And now he came, with a pitiful Lamentation, to beg Mr. *Campbell*, who he found had Honour and Goodness, to force those cruel Fortune-tellers to return him his Money, since nothing of what they said was possible should come to pass. Mr. *Campbell* shook his Head, and appear'd concerned for his Misfortune, but let him know what he requir'd of him was out of his Power; and all he could do, was to give him his Advice never to endeavour to bribe the Stars again. There was, however, a great many Ladies at that Time there, and Mr. *Campbell* signifying that he commiserated the Condition of the poor Fellow's Family, every one of us put in our Contribution to relieve him, which amongst us all amounted to twice the half Guinea he had fooled away. This silly Wretch was an Emblem of those ignorant People, who, without either Birth, Education, or any Natural or Acquir'd Accomplishments, have the Vanity to imagine themselves destined to something great and grand, tho' they have not the least Prospect of it, or would know how to behave in such a Circumstance, if an Event so particular should happen. Creatures of this kind are always disobliged, if not flattered; and I believe it is the having to do with too many such, which has been the Occasion of most of the Reports which have been spread about Town to the Prejudice of a Man, who will not swerve from the Truth, tho' his Predictions should give never so great a Shock to the Persons concerned in them.

As

As to his Cure of Witchcraft, I shall forbear expressing so much of my Sentiments on that Head as I would do, if I did not know your Lordship's positive Disbelief, that there is such a Thing in the World, would render all I could say of no effect: But thus much I think my self obliged in Justice to aver, That I have seen Persons possess'd with very strange and unaccountable, and, indeed, what I may venture to call unnatural Disorders, perfectly recover'd by his Means; as many of them have had Gratitude enough to testify in the News-Papers: But as I am sensible this is a Theme no way grateful to your Taste, shall wave any farther Discourse on it, than to say, That kind of Distemper which enforces People to those kind of Actions which are vulgarly esteemed to proceed from supernatural Causes, has, to my certain Knowledge, found Relief by his Prescriptions. The Infatuation, the Distortion of Thought, or what you will please to call it, has ceas'd; Reason has been restor'd; and the Person tho' never so deeply afflicted, perfectly recover'd, and the same he was before the Misfortune fell upon him.

But while, in Complaisance to your Lordship, I evade speaking what my Sentiments are on Witchcraft, you must give me leave to reveal some Part of what they are as to Dreams, or Visions. Dreams, I confess, such as ordinarily haunt the Fancy, are but the Effects of some Impression made on us the Day before, and generally, according to our Desires in the Day, are we entertain'd by Night; and that Passion which has the most powerful Influence on our Minds, forms the Idea suitable to what we hope, or fear, or wish: These are no way worthy our Regard. But there are others; and 'tis those which may more probably

bably be term'd Visions, which have indeed a Signification in them, which to neglect were rather Obstinacy than Discretion. And I am of Opinion, that our Guardian Angel sometimes takes this Method to remind us of something which we ought to know, to do, or to avoid. — How many People have in their Sleep been warn'd of approaching Danger! — How many Murders have been reveal'd! — What wonderful Things, long hid in Darkness from the enquiring Eyes which sought the Knowledge of them, have been brought to Light by a Dream! — They are not therefore all to be condemn'd; but it is the too great Observance which the *superstitious* Part of the World have of them, that makes the *Wise* fearful to run into that Error, and declaim against taking notice of them at all. But methinks there is a Medium between these two Extremes, which there requires no extraordinary Penetration to become Master of, because the very Dreams themselves, I mean those of them which have any thing of Fatality in them, may be easily distinguish'd from those light, unmeaning, incoherent Images, which swim before the giddy Brain, and have no Impress, nor scarce Remembrance, what they were on the waking Mind. Myself never had any remarkable Occurrence of Life, but I had something of a Foreknowledge of it given me in my Sleep. And thus much I am oblig'd to say in Defence of those who come to consult Mr. *Campbell* on his Interpretation; tho' did he know it, I am apt to think he would give me but little Thanks for my Pains, because the Number of those who trouble him with Dreams of no Signification, is so infinitely superior to those which have any, that I believe he would rather they should all be esteem'd so, than endure the

the

the Impertinence he is frequently oblig'd to do by some, who cannot dream of the most trifling Thing imaginable, but they presently consider it as an Omen of some prodigious Event, and run to the *Oracle* for an Explanation. It has often been pleasant enough to me to observe (when any of these long Nothings, for I have seen a whole Sheet of Paper, wrote on every Side as close as the Letters could be set together, only to relate the History of some insignificant Dreams) how he has bent his Brows, and shook his Head in Scorn at the Folly which had wrought on the Person to persecute him with any thing so trifling : Not one in a hundred of these Scrolls he vouchsafes an Answer to, any further than to bid the *Bringer* carry them to some Old Woman, whose Leisure from other Business, and Love of Talk, would render much more proper for the unfolding such sort of Mysteries. I cannot say, but that indeed I have sometimes seen him descend from himself so far, as to write down an Interpretation, of what in my Opinion was very far from deserving one from him : But then it has been to Persons for whom he has had a prodigious Complaisance and good Will to oblige. But this happen'd but very seldom, even to those, and then too, only when he had nothing more material to employ his Thoughts : For this I must say of him, That to a great many other good Qualities he is possess'd of, I never knew a Man so little guilty of Dissimulation.

Speaking of his Sincerity, I cannot here forbear taking Notice, that I believe great part of those Aspersions which have been industriously spread about the Town, have been raised barely by the Malice of those who are his Enemies, for no other Cause

Cause than his dealing more plainly with them, than is agreeable to their Ambition, and the Expectations which a too good Opinion of their own Deserts has made them entertain. An Instance of this, tho' it happened some Years ago, comes now to my Remembrance: A Lady of Quality came one Day to consult his Opinion: With her she brought a young Gentlewoman, who lived in the House with her in the Nature of a Companion, and of whom she appeared extreamly fond. After the usual Compliments of telling them their Names, Mr. Campbell writ to her whom he knew was the Superior, That what she came to ask, was not of any Consequence to her Fate, in comparison with what he could inform her. You may imagine this was sufficient to enage her Curiosity to a Desire of knowing this surprizing Secret. Which having signified to him, the Man of Art immediately answer'd in these or the like Words: *You have a Husband, whom you tenderly love; you yet have had no Reason to fear he has not the same Passion for you: But, take care the Person you least suspect, whom you have heap'd a Thousand Favours on, to bind her to your Interest, is every Day endeavouring to alienate his Affections from you. — In fine, this very Woman, who is now with you, is your Rival; in her Soul contrives your Ruin; and if you do not get rid of her in Time, will effect it. — I pity your Fate, I doubt what I say will not be believed; and you will be strangely miserable before the Expiration of a Year.* The Concern he seem'd in, while he was writing these Lines, is imposible to be express'd; and the Moment he had finish'd them, he was obliged to go out of the Room to recover his Disorder. The Lady to whom they were address'd, looked over them with a good deal of Confusion at the first; but presently resuming her former Air, which was one of the most haughty,

I think, I ever yet beheld ; What, does he think to make me jealous ? said she. No, I am too secure of my Husband ; and dare the Charms of the whole Sex to take him from me. The other, as might be expected, flew into the greatest Rage imaginable, at Mr. *Campbell's* Impudence, as she called it ; vilified him in the most scurrilous Manner she could invent ; and with her Invectives against him, mingled so much fulsome Flattery to her, that a Stander-by, not at all preposess'd in Favour of Mr. *Campbell's* Skill, might very easily perceive she was a base designing Creature. The Lady, however, was perfectly pleased with what she said : Her Self-conceit was sufficient to engage her to believe all those Encomiums which could be given her, were no more than Justice ; and they went away both very ill satisfied, tho' for vastly different Reasons, with the too sincere and open-hearted *Predictor*. When they were gone, he came into the Room ; and I took the Liberty of asking him, why he had been so much an Enemy to his own Interest, as to relate, especially when unasked, a Warning, which it appear'd by what he writ, he was sensible would neither be obliging, nor of any effect to prevent the Person it was given to, from falling into the Misfortune he foresaw. *I could not avoid it*, presently reply'd he in Writing : *I thought it my Duty to arm her for a Fate which will most certainly be her Portion. — But it is not my Fault, but hers, that she does not prevent it. — And it is but for a Time, that she will be my Enemy : When those Things which I have foretold shall fall upon her, she will acknowledge my Skill, and perhaps entreat my Advice, when 'tis too late ; and all I can do will be to pity her.* All happen'd, indeed, directly as he said : The Woman, for whom she had so great a Friendship, was soon after discover'd to be with Child by her Husband

band; which so engaged his Affections, having none by his Lady, that he lived in a Manner wholly with her. — She rid about publickly in his Coach, the very Jewels which he had bestowed on his Wife, he took from her to adorn his Mistress; and thro' the Suggestions and vile Insinuations of that wicked Creature, at last wholly abandoned her, scarce allowing her any thing to subsist on. In the midst of her Distraction, she thought of Mr. *Campbell's* Prediction; and it was no inconsiderable Addition to her Woes, to think there had been, perhaps, a Possibility of preventing them. She fancied however, that it might be in his Power to advise her to some Method of retrieving her unkind Lord's Affection; and in about a Year after I had first seen her, it was my Fortune to meet her there again, tho' so strangely altered, that but by her Story, I should not have known her to have been the same, so wonderful a Change had Grief made in her. She had a long Conversation with Mr. *Campbell*. The Result of which was, that it was impossible for her ever to be reconciled to her Husband: He might not, he told her, always be in the same Mind of esteeming her whom at present he was so fond on; but when ever he forsook her, another Passion, as pernicious to his Return to Virtue, would ensue; that be succeeded by another; and so on, in a wild dissolute Course of Life, till Age rendered him past those vicious Joys; for having once forsook the Paths of Honour, we seldom find the Road again; but if a Passion once grows cool, it never resumes its former Vigour, as the Song says,

*The Heart that once has broke its Chain,
You never, never, can recover.*

He therefore used his utmost Endeavour to assure her, there was not the least Probability of her ever living with her Hasband again, and advised her to have Recourse to Law, for obliging him to allow her a Maintenance suitable to her Quality, and the Fortune she had brought. He recommended her to such Methods, that in a Term or two she recovered a very handsome Settlement; and aided by Time, Absence, and the daily Accounts which are brought her of his repeated Inconstancies, she has now worn off a Tenderness which she once thought unvanquishable, and is in a State of perfect Tranquility and Serenity of Mind. I wish your Lordship in the same Degree of Contentment; that you could as well overcome all the Remains of Passion, for an ungrateful Woman, whom in spite of all the Remonstrances of your Friends, her known Corruption, and her mean Birth, and despicable Education, you raised to the envied Dignity of your *Wife*: A Title the noblest and most deserving of our Sex would own, without a Blush, they would be proud to wear. But there is still, I fear, a fatal Infatuation in her Charms, which holds your Heart, in spite even of your self, with Spells, which, tho' you do not believe in Witchcraft, come I think pretty near what is reported of it: But I ought not, while I am endeavouring to divert you, mention an Affair which I know must have so contrary an Effect; and neither your own, nor my Misfortunes, shall henceforward be the Subject of my Pen.

Many others have suffered as well as this Lady, by the too great Credulity in the Protections of their Admirers, and the little Belief they put in *Mr. Campbell*, when he declaimed against the little

Reason they had for doing so. A young Creature who had more Beauty than Wit, and infinitely less of Discretion than either, could not be convinced that the Man who pretended to love her had a dishonourable Design on her, or would ever recede from that Height of Passion, which he at that Time profess'd: O! 'twas impossible, she cry'd: He was all Honour and Goodness. And as for his Love, she knew it was of the same Peice with his Life, and never but with that, could end. Mr. *Campbell* perceiving she was incorrigible, told her he would say no more, a little Time would prove which of them were mistaken. According to his Words, about seven or eight Months after, did I see that poor unbelieving Wretch with her Belly up to her Chin, turned out of Doors by an Aunt, who had brought her up, and on whom she had her whole Dependance, forsaken by her ungratful Lover, without a Penny in her Pocket, or hardly Cloths to her Back, come to entreat Mr. *Campbell* to advise her what to do in so dreadful an Exigence. Tho' there was little of Compassion due from him to one who had made a Jest of his Predictions, yet he had good Nature enough to spend an Hour or two in Thought about her. — But alas! her Condition was now too desperate to to admit Hopes of a Redress: Fortune had no *white* Day in store for her, to recompence the many *black* ones she had gone through. And I know not which of the two seem'd most concerned; the *Seer*, that he had no Encouragement to afford to a Wretch so perfectly miserable; or she, in being told that Fate was resolv'd to continue its Persecutions; and the Years she had to live, were to be pass'd in nothing but Turmoils, without one Hour of Happiness, to chear her amidst a thousand nameless Horrors

A Number of such Examples could I instance
to your Lordship, but alas!

*The Woes of fond Belief so common are,
That Sufferings of that kind, scarce claim our Care :
The silly She, who credits all she hears,
And to vain Flattery bends her listening Ears,
When ruined, may an empty Pity claim,
But forgets our Esteem, when lost to Fame :
Those who embark in Love's uncertain Sea,
Actions should balance, Care their Pilot be ;
Not Words, but Deeds; the Lover should approve,
He feels the most, who least can say I love.
Short Sighs and broken Accents best impart
The inward Tremblings of a bleeding Heart.
But Song and Dance, fine Speeches, empty Air,
Is what too often wins the yielding Fair.
Caught by a Shew of Temperance we fall,
And for a Nothing — Fools ! — resign our all*

To recount the many whimsical Questions I have seen writ to Mr. Campbell, on this Account, would be tiresome enough to make one almost sick of the very Name of Love. But your Lordship has often told me, you was sure the only Persons that consulted *Fortunetellers* were Lovers and mad Men; I shall therefore not enlarge so much on those who came to him on this Score, having a Variety of Incidents on quite contrary Subjects, sufficient to prove the Veracity of my Argument, that there is a Knowledge in that Man, infinitely superior to what is generally believed, or indeed more than can be imagined by any one, who has not suffered himself to be convinced by an undeniable Demonstration; yea so obstinately bent are some People, not to credit any Thing to his Advantage, that the

Breath of Angels would be spent in vain to endeavour to confute the Accusations Malice and Envy have form'd to prejudice him.

Prodigious was one Proof of his Skill, and what I think I never shall cease to wonder at: The eldest of the two Ladies who were with him the first Time I visited him, about seven Years after came in a Widow's Dress. The Change of her Dress, nor the Alteration of her Looks, (for was there indeed a vast one,) hinder'd me not from knowing her to be the same I had been so agreeably entertained by. Mr. *Campbell* being in the next Room with other Company, she sat some Time with me, and I took the Freedom of condoling her Loss; but withall, told her I was surpriz'd to see her in a Widow's Dress, whom so small a Space of Time before I imagined her to be a Virgin. She put on a sort of melancholly Smile at these Words and answered them in this Manner. "Alas! Madam, said she, when I had the Honour of meeting you here before, I was certainly not only in Imagination, but in Effect, the Happiest of my Sex, blest with the Affections of a Man, whom Envy must have been puzzled to find the least Imperfection in, either as to Mind or Body, — By this dear, this never to be forgotten Husband I had three Boys, all lovely Images of himself, their Father's Darlings, and their Mother's Pride. To add to this Happiness, we had then a Fortune superior to most of our own Rank, and kept an Equipage which shamed some of the Nobility — You may remember, continued she, that my Chariot and three Footmen then waited on me at the Door. — Now you behold me in every Thing a Creature changed from what I was: — The most unfortunate, forlorn, and wretched Woman

“ man that the Sun sees in all his View of Misery. The poor Lady could not speak these Words without a Torrent of Tears, which flowing from Eyes so beautiful, and accompanied with an Air so graceful, had sympathetick Influence to draw from mine some, which I found it impossible to restrain. When I had gained a little the Power of Speech, I entreated her, if it was not a Secret, or would not be too great a Renewal of her Trouble, to favour me with a Recital of the Misfortunes which had occasioned the Change she mentioned. They are not only, answered she, the greatest, but also the most uncommon that perhaps you ever heard, — tho’ strange, as they are, not the least Tittle of what has happened, but was foretold by Mr. *Campbell*, as I will immediately convince you. In saying this, she pulled a little Book out of her Pocket, and put it into my Hand. Read that, Madam, resumed she, and you will find my Woes, without my giving myself the Pains of repeating them. I would not suspend my Curiosity so long, as to make any Reply to what she said; but opening the Leaves of the Book, which I presently saw were written by Mr. *Campbell*’s own Hand, I found in the first Page these Lines.

“ Mrs. *Arabella*, — you are the happiest Woman in the World at this Time: But earthly Happiness is liable to Vicissitude; few People possess an uninterrupted Series of *Tranquility*, much less of exalted *Felicity*: You have the most loving and beloved Husband that ever was; but Fate denies to you the Continuance of such a Blessing; he must shortly leave you, and exchange this World for a better.

Whoever has seen any thing of Mr. *Campbell*’s Writings, will not wonder that this was suf-

ficient to fill up one Side of a Leaf: But turning to the next, I read a Continuance of the dreadful Prediction, in this Manner.

" The Loss of your Dear and Tender-beloved Husband, is but the ushering in of your Calamities; — I grieve to tell you, that you are doomed to suffer greater. — Summon all that Strength of Reason and Philosophy you are Mistress of, to your Aid, and call for your Support all the Assistants of Religion, and Necessity of Resignation to the divine Despenser: — All will be but needful to arm you for the coming, but inevitable Blow. — Two of your fine Sons, in spite of all the Care you take, are destined to an untimely Death; the one in the 7th, the other in the 9th Year of his Age. Both will die by Water in one unhappy Moment.

The next Page afforded not the least Grain of Comfort for all the Horrors of the foregoing one. — The Words were these;

" If any thing could, be an Addition to the Misfortunes I have already forshewn, it would be that the great Estate you now stand possess'd of, will be taken from you. — Your Husband's Title to the Land, in which you are jointer'd, will be called in question; the Payment of your Income stopped; and you, with your third Son, will be forced to endure Hardships, such as I tremble to behold in Idea.

In the succeeding one, was still the same sad Omen continued thus;

" Not one of these Miseries is there a Possibility for you to avoid; and as if your *ill Genius* had prevailed to leave you not one Comfort in your Distress, your Mother will be snatched from you

“ you by sudden Death; and your Sister, the only
 “ Surviving Relation be under such Misfortunes;
 “ that she will rather be in a Condition to crave
 “ Support from you, than to afford you any: And
 “ all these calamitous Events will happen within
 “ the Term of six Years and odd Months, or seven
 “ Years at the very farthest.

I was so much struck at the foretelling of such
 a Complication of Miseries, that I had scarce Cou-
 rage enough left me to examine the rest, fearing
 it would be all of a Piece; but the Lady herself de-
 siring me to proceed, engaged me to look over the
 next, and indeed the last; which contained as
 follows;

“ When these Woes have had their Course, re-
 “ pair to me: I may perhaps give you Advice
 “ which may be of Service. — I beg. you will not
 “ despair. — I hope there is something in store
 “ for you. — But it is not permitted me, as yet, to
 “ discover what. — But I believe your Miseries
 “ will not last, tho they will be great. — A se-
 “ cond Husband will make amends for all. — And
 “ the fine Boy you will have left you, will not be
 “ a Beggar.

It is impossible for your Lordship to conceive
 the sincere Concern, which the reading these Pre-
 dictions, and the Sight how they had been fulfilled,
 gave me: I began, methought, to feel a Friendship
 for this fair Unfortunate much greater and more ten-
 der than is usual for Persons so little acquainted,
 so nearly ally'd to Love is *Pity*.

Mr. Campbell not coming to us soon, we had a
 long Conversation together, in which she made
 me sensible of all the Particulars of her Misfor-
 tunes; and the more she spoke, the more my
 Heart took part with her Afflictions: But I will

dwell no longer on them, than to tell your Lordship, that to her great Comfort, and my infinite Satisfaction, when I heard it, there was now a Period to her Sufferings; the Man of Art assur'd her that there was: And in less than a Year after, what he foretold of her Happiness, in as full a manner came to pass, as what he had before of the contrary.

He would not part from her till she had promised to send her Sister the next Day, having something, he said, to acquaint her with, which would not be displeasing to her. And, indeed, the other might believe it was nothing shocking he was desirous of imparting, since all who have been at all conversant with him know, he shuns, as much as possible, the answering any Questions which he is sensible will be an Affliction to the Person concern'd to be inform'd of. Let People be never so pressing to learn before-hand the dark Decrees of Fate, few have Resolution enough to bear, unmov'd, the terrible Account which he is liable to give some unhappy Wretches. All are oblig'd to endure it when it comes; but as the Miseries of Life generally fall by Degrees, one is better able to sustain them: — But all at once to know, that such and such Woes must happen, is more than mortal Courage, without a prodigious Share of both Philosophy and Religion, can support. 'Tis for this Reason that Mr. *Campbell*, who seems perfectly acquainted with human Nature, so very often sends his Clients back unsatisfied, chusing rather to lose the Money their Correspondence would bring him, than the Sight of that Despair which what he must reveal would throw them in. But, poor Man! the Generality of the World will not allow this to be the Reason, and his Reputation

tion suffers by the Sweetness of his Disposition. — How frequently have I heard People who have come to consult him, condemn him as an Imposter, and cry out, as they have been going away, *This Fellow knows nothing of what he pretends to!* — *He could not tell me one Accident that should befall me:* — When he knew too much, and foresaw so much of Ill, that he could not think of revealing it to Persons, who he likewise knew were not of a Temper to bear it with any Moderation. And I hope your Lordship will not believe me guilty of the least Partiality, or Bigottry, (as you once told me) since I faithfully assure you, I neither have, nor will, in the Course of these Memoirs, avouch any thing without consulting my Judgment, and first answering within my self, all the Objections that can possibly be made against it.

But, to return, *Curiosity*, which in my greener Years I had as large a Share of as most of my Sex, would not suffer me to rest, without endeavouring to be let as fully into the Secret of this Lady's Adventures, as I had been into her Sister's. Accordingly I dress'd me, and went to Mr. Campbell's the next Day, and took care to be there time enough to be with him before she came. But my Impatience remain'd not long ungratify'd:— Word was presently brought that she was below; and the next Room happening to be full of Gentlemen, she was introduc'd to that where I was. — I remembred the Lines of her Face, tho' Grief had made a greater Alteration in her, than even it had wrought on her Sister, and she seem'd so sunk in Despair, that not all Mr. Campbell could write to her had any Effect for a long Time.

I was so free as to tell her I had been there the Day before; and had seen the wonderful Change
which

which Mr. *Campbell's* Predictions had wrought on her Sister, and endeavour'd to persuade her that there was a Certainty of some good Fortune near her, by his appearing so urgent to let her know it; and it was successful enough to prevail on her to look a little more chearful than she had done; and taking up the Paper which he had just writ, *See here, Madam, said she, what he has told me, and judge if it be probable.* The Words of what she gave me to read were, as near as I can remember, these: *Take Comfort; your Misfortunes are at an end. That unkind Husband whom you so dearly love, and have been parted from these five Years, will, in a very few Weeks, return to your Embraces, and think all he can do too little to obtain your Pardon. That wicked Woman, who has been the Cause of your Separation, will be as miserable as you can wish: All she has had of yours will be restor'd: In five she will die a Beggar within the Compass of a Year; and by that time you will be the Mother of a lovely Boy; live many Years in the greatest Prosperity; and die belov'd of the whole World* Why, Madam, said I, as soon as I had read it should you question the Truth of what is here set down? Because, reply'd she, my Husband appears so absolutely fix'd in his Tenderness for her, and Hate to me, that I can see no Appearance he should so suddenly change his Inclination; and as for the Misfortunes this Prediction seems to threaten her with, there is scarce a Possibility of it; for my Husband has made her such vast and extravagant Donations, that, without a Miracle, she cannot be reduc'd to any Extremity of Want. It was but to little Purpose; all I could say of the Frequency of such Creatures immediate confounding all they had, she could not be brought to believe it; and signify'd to him much the same Thing

Thing as she had said to me. He seem'd a little chagrin'd at her Doubts; and hastily taking up the Pen. answer'd her Objections in this manner; *I never deceiv'd you yet : You found too true what I before unwillingly foretold; and tho' I have a great Respect for you, would not forfeit my Reputation, by feeding you up with Hopes, which you would soon find fallacious, only to cheer you for the present : I give you my Word, nay, my Oath, if you require it, that all will happen as I say ; and your Husband will be convinc'd of the Error he has been guilty of to you, by catching his Mistress in the Arms of another Man; on which he will not only discharge her, and take from her every thing he has given her, but also for the future detest all Women for you again, or any other Inducement that shall yield to unlawful Pleasures.* She look'd over him as he was writing, and lifted up her Eyes and Hands to Heaven, at every Word; beseeching it might prove so, as indeed she had sufficient Reason: For as I was afterwards inform'd, that besides her Tenderness for him, which all his ill Usage had not extinguish'd, she was at this time in the greatest Extremity of Want.— For having married him meerly for Love, she had taken no Care of having any Settlement for her Fortune, tho' she had brought a large one, and he had a good Estate; and the barbarous Man allow'd her not the least Support; and had even bestow'd her Jewels, nay, her very wearing Clothes on the Woman he kept, She stay'd not long after Mr. Campbell had ended his Predictions. And some Affairs of my own happening to prevent my going there a considerable Time, about two Months after, as I was in a Window in *St. James's-Street*, I saw her pass by in her Coach, attended by three Footmen, and a Gentleman with her, who, a Lady that was with me,

me, told me, was her Husband, and gave me their History; which was directly the same with that Catastrophe which Mr. Campbell had encourag'd her to hope.



C H A P. III.



DO not think any thing can be more provoking, than to hear People deny a known Truth, only because they cannot comprehend. Some fancy themselves very wise, in affecting to ridicule all Kinds of Fortune-telling; and tho' they do happen (which I confess is a Wonder) to meet with one really skilful in the Art, yet because they cannot imagine by what Means he came to be so, are as willing to run him down as the most ignorant of the Pretenders.—*How should he know—* and —*how is it possible he can tell us?* are Words commonly us'd, even by those who are convinc'd by Experience that he can. Some will have it, that he has Spies in all Parts of the Town, who bring him Intelligence of the Names of the People, their Circumstances, Characters and Humours. In answer to which, I think I need only say, that if so, he is much happier than ever a Monarch in the Universe: For pray where was there ever a Man, or Woman, whose Diligence or distinguishing Faculty could enable them to give an Account of every Minutes Transaction, such as he discovers. Besides, Things are frequently very different in Reality from what they appear
to

to the World, or sometimes even to their greatest Intimates: But let any impartial Person, who either has himself, or knows any who has consulted Mr. *Campbell*, judge whither it is the manner in which his Affairs are *thought* to be, or that which in *effect* they are, which he describes? But I think this Objection so trifling, that neither that, nor those who make it, are worth the Trouble of confuting. To maintain a Parcel of Persons of such a Number, as he must, if this were true, would I believe be more expensive, than his Gains by it would countervail. These Sort of Stories however rais'd so much the Spleen in a Gentleman, a particular Acquaintance of mine, and one who was perfectly satisfy'd in Mr. *Campbell's* Veracity, that he resolv'd to clear him in this Point: He therefore ventur'd a Wager of 20 Guineas against one, that he should tell the Name of any Person whom the other should bring: Accordingly they went to the Tavern together, and sent for Mr. *Campbell* to come to 'em, without giving him the least Notice on what Purpose. After they had drank a Bottle or two, the Person who made a Jest of his Art went to the Door, and desir'd a Man, who by chance was passing by, to walk, in and take a Glass with them; which when he had prevail'd with him to do, he writ to the *Dumb Oracle*, to let him know, that if he could discover what the Name of this unknown Gentleman was, then there was a Possibility he might make a Convert of one, who at present profess'd himself an Unbeliever. Mr. *Campbell* smil'd, as in Disdain of having his Judgment call'd in Question; but after having walk'd two or three Turns about the Room, and study'd for the Space of perhaps eight or ten Minutes, he took up the Pen and writ; *This Gentleman's Name*

is *Jaques-Christophero Theophilus-Benison*; born in Spain, of Dutch Extraction; but English Education, and will die in Paris. When he had done, he gave the Paper to the Person concern'd in it, who immediately confessing the Truth of it, won my Friend's Wager, and fill'd the other with so great an Amazement, that for a long time he had not the Power of Speech; but when he had recover'd himself enough to express the Concern he was in for his late Error, Shame made him almost as incapable as his Astonishment had done. He grew however, as I was inform'd, afterwards as great an Admirer of the wonderful Art of Divination, which this *Seer* had so well prov'd himself Master of, as he had formerly been the contrary. I am told he extols him in all Companies, and is known to be so zealous in his Behalf, that no body, who is not desirous of affronting him, will mention the other, but with the highest Encomiums on his Predictions.

This Gentleman, however averse to believing there could be such a Power in any human Capacity, had more Generosity than wilfully to opugn a known Truth; and, when once convinc'd, was not above acknowledging he had been in a Mistake. But there are some, as I have observ'd, so obstinately proud, that they will chuse rather to give their Understanding the Lye, than own they have ever been in the wrong. I could give several Instances of some whom I have endeavour'd to bring to Reason, by almost the same Method with this I have related, but fail'd in my Design merely through their own tenacious Humour; and tho' in their Souls they knew I scorn'd so indirect a manner of proceeding, have made no Scruple to tell me to my Face, That
being

being superstitious my self, I had before-hand given Mr. *Campbell* an Account of what I would have him write, on purpose to make them so too, and I assure your Lordship, that I have received more Affronts on this Score, even by those who knew my Innocence, than ever I met with for the most blameable Actions of my Life. I never shall forget a Girl whom I carried there : She was above 14 Years of Age, one who I am sure I had not the least Notion had a false Step, as to Mankind ; but having, by some little pert Interrogatories, provok'd our Man of Knowledge, to let her know he was sensible she was not the modest Virgin she was taken for, but had really forfeited her Honour to a Man every way undeserving of that Favour. She flew on me with all the Indignation imaginable, telling me I had by some Artifice gain'd the Knowledge of this Secret, and had been so cruel to betray her to him. This imprudent Behaviour convinc'd me of the Truth of what I saw writ, which before, tho' I had so great a Dependance on his Art, I scarce knew how to credit. But notwithstanding all I could say, and the little Probability there was, that there was any Reason for the Accusation she laid on me, she still persisted in it ; and for ever after, look'd on me as a most dangerous and too inquisitive an Acquaintance. The ill Treatment she gave me, indeed, deserv'd I should not have been over careful in preserving her Secret ; but I rather pitied her Folly than condemn'd her Ill-nature in judging so injuriously of my Temper, and have never spoken the least Word, which should give Occasion for a Belief I knew any worse of her than what she appear'd. She is since married to a very great Man, who has more Goodness than

to take any Notice of what, I doubt not, but he is sensible of, and she is in a Condition to be coveted, by those in every thing her Superiors; but tis not

*Virtue, or Wit, or Beauty makes us blest;
Give us good Luck, no matter for the rest.*

I know now, in spite of the Contempt your Sex pretends to have of Curiosity, you will be plaguing me to Death next time I see you, to tell you the Name of this Lady; but depend upon it, you shall find there is a Possibility for a Woman to keep her Resolution, tho' never so much provok'd to break it.

But the Folly of this young Creature is not so much to be wonder'd at, as the Perverseness of a Gentleman; one too of your own Acquaintance, tho' altogether a Stranger to that Frankness of Disposition, which is so eminently distinguishable in the Character of your Lordship, and which, methinks, appears so charming, that all who have the Honour of conversing with you, should be in love with it, and endeavour to imitate so amiable a Pattern. Finding him an absolute Unbeliever in Mr. *Campell's* Art, I would very fain have convinc'd him; for you know 'tis natural enough to wish every body should think as we do. With a World of Entreaties, at last, I prevail'd on him to accompany me: And the first Thing the *Oracle* unfolded was, that he had the Misfortune to have a very bad Wife; and that he had a few Days past the Mortification to discover the Lady he had married for a Virgin, had been a kept Mistress for many Years, and by various Persons. As a Proof of what I say, added the *Seer* on another
 Piece

Piece of Paper, *There was last Week a young Gentleman to enquire for her; you knew him not, but receiv'd him civilly. She not being at home, he desir'd Pen and Paper, and left a Letter, sealing it only with a Wafer. You had Curiosity enough to open it after he was gone, designing to close it again, in case it contain'd nothing of Consequence; but to the eternal Ruin of your Peace, you found by it that he was her Son, who being going to Oxford, had write to take his Farewel. You know the Rage you flew into when she came home; and how, not being able to deny so plain a Proof, she confess'd she indeed had born that Son to the Duke of — when she was but 15 Years of Age. I must confess, I was strangely alarm'd my self when I saw Particulars like these writ down, and scarce knew what to think. The Gentleman, in Confidence of my Secrecy, had entrusted me with the Story; but he swore I was the only Person to whom he had reveal'd it, and immediately tax'd me with betraying him, as indeed it look'd like it: But Mr. Campbell perceiving the Disgust he had occasion'd, clear'd me, by telling him that his Lady had been to consult him the Day before, and had her self made him privy to these Circumstances; and that as soon as he saw him enter the Room, he knew him to be the real Person whom he had seen in *Idea* the Day before. Finding him not satisfy'd with this, he proceeded to write several Instances to him, of which I was perfectly ignorant; but all was ineffectual: He would not be persuad'd, or, at least, would not own that he was so, that he knew those Things any otherwise than by Information; and has ever since made it his Business to ridicule me for my Belief in Fortune-tellers. I need not repeat his Name to make you sensible who 'tis I mean: For tho' it*

was then unknown, his own and his Wife's Imprudence have since made this Story publick to the whole Town; and I believe there is scarce any body that has heard the Name of Mr. —, but has also heard his Wife had a Son by the Duke of —. Your Lordship is not ignorant how much I have suffer'd in my Character from the Malice of this Gentleman; and I do assure you it arose from no other Foundation than what I have related. If Mr. *Campbell* had let him know he was acquainted with no more of his Affairs than that which he had inform'd me of, I could not so much have blam'd him: There had indeed then been an Appearance of my Infidelity; and he might have had some Reason to suspect I had made no Scruple of betraying the Secrets of a Person I call'd Friend, to set up the Fame of a Man, whose Predictions I was willing the World should have a good Opinion of. But when he found this was not the only Affair of his the *Sage* was appriz'd of, and that he continu'd to go on with Things of which I was so little capable of discovering, that I could not have the least Notion of them; I appeal to your Lordship, if he had any Excuse for refusing to acknowledge a Skill, which in every thing had prov'd itself miraculous, or the least Pretence to justify that ill Nature which he has ever since constantly treated me with.

One would think this might have been a sufficient Warning to me to give over troubling my Head with what did not concern me.— If People were resolv'd to be blind, it was none of my Business to endeavour to open their Eyes; but in this, as in almost every thing else, I was of a Humour fatal to my own Repose: And tho' I had
suffer'd

suffer'd so much for my Open-heartedness, could not for my Life forbear, whenever I heard any Body make a Jest of what I knew was far from deserving it, speaking my Mind, tho' it were in Contradiction to the Sentiments of those for whom I was oblig'd to express the greatest Complaisance: But I never knew Sincerity, on what account soever, meet with any other Return than Ingratitude and ill Usage; and, were I now to begin my Life, should perhaps endeavour to conform my self to those Habits it has been my ill Luck to meet with, tho' I confess I ought not to say this to a Person, whose, every Action has testify'd he merits not the *Odium* of his Sex, and that 'tis possible to be a *Man*, without being a *Hypocrite* and a Deceiver.

I know you will tell me I have wander'd strangely from my Purpose while engag'd in Contemplation on these Obstinates: But as I pretend not to any Accomplishments requisite to qualify me for an Historian, and write this but for your Diversion; I doubt not of your Pardon, if I transgress yet farther in the Repetition of one Relation more of this Nature, which just now occurs to my Remembrance. It is of the famous Mrs. F—, who all the Town gave your Lordship for a Mistress. I never think of that Lady without a Mixture of Disdain and Wonder. I cannot blame her for desiring, if possible, to engage a Conquest so noble and truly valuable as a Heart like yours: But while I applaud her Capacity of distinguishing, I must despise her Vanity, which at first led her to imagine there was any thing in her you could think worthy your Regard: And her strange and unaccountable Ambition afterwards of endeavouring to be thought guilty of

a Crime she was innocent of, was something so surprizing, as nothing sure ever could come up to.— Never did Woman sollicit the Affections of a Man with more Ardency than she did yours; and, failing in her Aim, never did any Woman take half the Pains to appear virtuous, as she did to be thought the contrary. How often have I seen her rise from Table in a vast Hurry, and tell the Company she had an Appointment with you!— How often have I seen her fold up Papers, which on the Inside were only Blanks, and directing 'em for you, lay 'em on her Toilet, and Card-Table, that they might be taken Notice of; when in reality she neither saw you, nor had the least Correspondence with you. This kind of Behaviour had a Success, however, which she little thought of, to give a vast Uneasiness to a more fortunate and beloved Rival, which, had she been appriz'd of I should not have been surpriz'd at her Proceeding: For what will not a Woman do to torture one esteem'd more worthy than her self; but as she knew nothing of your Amour there, her Manner had in it something so very odd and extraordinary, that I believe the most fantastick of our whimsical Sex never match'd. But not to detain you with Particulars which you are fully vers'd in, this Lady happen'd to take it into her Head to go to Mr. *Campbell's*, and would needs have me accompany her. I was not backward in my Compliance. We had not the good Fortune to meet him at home the first Day: But we went the next, and found him, which was a Rarity, alone; and his Thoughts so disengag'd, that in a Quarter of an Hour he found out what was her Name, her Humour, and the Accidents of her Life, as he plainly demonstrated

strated by writing in this Manner: *Madam*—F—
You are handsome, and good-natur'd enough; but where your Vanity interposes to make you otherwise— You are in Love, or fancy yourself to be so, with a Gentleman whose Affections are engag'd elsewhere; you take Pains, however, to make the World believe you meet with a Return, and by that Means have blasted your Character your own self; which, for any Crime you yet have been guilty of, might have been unblemish'd. But you will not always remain thus innocent, as much as you are now pleas'd to be believ'd the Mistress of— A Time will shortly come, when it will be evident you will be so to a great many, and most of them Men far unworthy of your Favours;— You will at last, in spite of the Censures of all who know you, have the good luck to get a Husband.— Happy may you then be, if you can have the Power to live in any Regularity; but I much fear you will not. Whenever this Day comes think of me, and, if it be possible, prevent a Fate most terrible, which I see now hanging o'er your Head.

Your Lordship knows enough of this Lady's Temper to imagine the Rage so unexpected a Prediction threw her in; but tho' his very telling her that particular Instance of her *Foibles*, in giving Occasion for Scandal before she deserv'd it, yet she would not acknowledge her Conviction, and began to hate me, for being Witness of what he writ, with such an Inveteracy, that I believe she neither eat nor slept in Peace the Day she did not do me some Injury.

But to return; I happen'd to be at Mr. Campbell's one Day, when a Lady came in, pretty near as perverse as those I have mention'd; but I bless'd my Stars that I was not the Person that brought her thither: She was, I think, as agreeable a Woman as ever I saw, had a good deal of Wit, and

appear'd perfectly good natur'd, till Mr. Campbell, after he had told her her Name, let her know, the Man destin'd to call her Wife was a Merchant — As soon as she saw the Word *Merchant*, she started from her Chair, and addressing herself to me, who sat by all the Time — *Madam*, said she, *was ever, such a ridiculous Insolence as this? he either knows nothing, or designs to affront me* — Mr. Campbell went into another Room, and left her to vent her Indignation as she thought fit: I said all I was able, to pacify her, but to no purpose; she toss'd up her Nose, flurled her Fan to Pieces, and was half bursting with Vexation; *I have a vast Fortune, resum'd she, which no Body can hinder me from; am but fifteen; and, if I may believe my Glass, not ugly* — *What can he mean by saying I shall marry a Merchant?* — I would have him know, I despise the Thought of being Wife to ever a little paltry Citizen of them all. In this manner she went on, till Mr. Campbell, coming in again, took up the Pen and writ these Words: *However displeasing it may seem to you at present, you will be marry'd within a Year to a Merchant, and one who will deserve you, tho' he is not Quality* — She would suffer him to go on no further; but tearing the Paper, 'Tis false, said she, 'tis false as Hell; *an Angel in the Shape of a Man would have no Charms for me, unless he had Quality on his Side; a Lord or Viscount is the lowest Title I can ever condescend to make a Husband of* — She left her Guinea, and went away with these Words. After she was gone, Mr. Campbell smil'd, and writ to me, *Poor Woman! I wish she may not one Day wish she had never been worse than the Wife of a Merchant's Clerk*. I did not then ask him what he meant, being a little in haste to be gone to a Place I had made an Appointment to go to; but about seven or eight Months afterward,

I had

I had the Luck to meet her there again : But she had dress'd her self in a quite different manner to what she was before, and pretending to be a Stranger, desir'd him to write the Name of the Person she should marry. But she was entirely deceiv'd, if she thought to outwit him by this Contrivance. He presently inform'd her, *That he knew she was married, and to a Merchant — but,* continu'd he, *you will not enjoy him many Tears.* If this Lady was in a Rage when he before had told her she should be married to a Merchant, she was now in a much greater ; for, it seems, he was a wonderful fine Man, and a most excellent Husband — *Do not be so much concern'd,* resum'd the Sage, *you love him I am sensible, and have Reason to do so ; but you know not how a little Time may change your Sentiments.* She still went on, sobbing and crying, — *And must I lose my dear, my worthy, my lovely, and beloved Husband?* — There was no pacifying her all the Time she was there. Mr. Campbell shook his Head, but writ to her no more at that Time. After she came Home (as it appear'd by the Sequel) she continued her Uneasiness, was perpetually in Tears, and her Husband, who tenderly lov'd her, was very much troubled to see her in this Concern ; he could not guess the Reason of it, beg'd her, with all the Endearments that Love and Wit could suggest, to reveal the Cause of her Disorders. At last, she was prevail'd on to reveal it ; and he was strangely alarm'd at what she told him ; but being in his Prime of Strength, full of Vigour, and in perfect Health, could not believe his End was so near. But tho' he had not the least Faith in the Prediction, he could not help being uneasy that his Death was foretold to be so sudden ; and from the Moment he heard it, began to con-

ceive a violent Indignation against the unknown Predictor. He told his Wife, he was resolv'd to convince her he was an Impostor, tho' it cost him 1000 l. He acquainted a good many Friends with the Story, and they all being of his Opinion, or at least feigning to be so out of Complaisance, he took them along with him to the *Castle Tavern* in *Drury-Lane*, and sent for Mr. *Campbell*, who happening to be at home when the Drawer deliver'd the Message, came immediately: He look'd round the Room as soon as ever he enter'd it, and, inform'd by his good Genius, presently knew his Company was not desir'd on any friendly Purpose; nor did he scruple to make them sensible he was appriz'd of the Ill-will they causelessly had to him; but taking Pen and Paper, writ these Words — *I see very well that there is no Body here but what would be glad of some Means to prove me a Cheat and a Villain; but I will be kinder to one among you.* Then he took another Piece of Paper, and turning to the Gentleman who was the Husband to the above-mention'd Lady, he writ in this Manner: *You are at present happy in a Wife; take care that you preserve that Happiaess — She is free of her Tongue, free of her Tears, and, I am afraid, you will, in a short Time, prove, that she is also free of something more — I wish she is not too light-footed for your Love to overtake her.* As great an Aversion as he had conceiv'd for Mr. *Campbell*, and as much as he was determin'd to disbelieve him, he was thrown into almost mortal Agonies at the reading these Lines; and was struck into so great a Confusion, that all he could do was to give him five Guineas for the Trouble he had given him, and saying to his Friends, That this *Dumb Man* was certainly a Devil; went away much less at Ease than

than when he came. He liv'd with his Wife, however, very happily about three Year after this, till one unhappy Night, chancing to be Abroad together at a Dancing, a fine gay Spark, who had more Wit than Honour, and thought it more glorious to be gallant than virtuous, made his Court to this Lady with such Success, that she return'd to her former Contempt of the City, and all who belong'd to it; detested her Husband, and went away with this new Lover, who promised her Mountains. Her Elopement was the breaking of her Husband; he grew immediately to neglect his Affairs; his Correspondants perceiv'd his Indolence, made what Returns they pleas'd; his Stock insensibly decay'd; Poverty came on; and he, too late, entring into Consideration of the Misery he had suffer'd himself to fall into, run mad, and by some of his Freinds was confin'd in a House appropriated for Persons afflicted as he was. While he remain'd in this unhappy State, his thoughtless Wife sent for Mr. *Campbell*, to consult him about her future Fortune: The Place appointed happen'd to be the very Tavern where her Husband had met him. There our *Sage* found her, accompanied by a young Lover, who seem'd as ambitious as herself to know what was ordain'd for him; and by her had been inform'd, it was in this Man alone to give him an Information. But as I understood afterward, there was very little remarkable in his Fate; for which Reason I shall not trouble your Lordship with any Account of it; nor did I hear any thing since of the Lady, tho' I believe there were other Particulars sufficiently worth Observation, if I had made an Enquiry; but an extraordinary Event happening to my self about that Time, took up my Thoughts

Thoughts too much to permit me to regard those of another.

I was not at Mr. *Campbell's* for, I believe, the Space of ten or twelve Months; but at my first renewing my Visits there, met with an Adventure as surprizing as any I have mentioned. A good fine Woman, of a middle Age, and two Daughters, the eldest of which was not above fourteen, came to experience what was in his Power to inform them. The youngest, who I perceiv'd was the Darling, and, indeed, an extreme pretty Girl, begg'd she might know her Fortune first: The fond Mother was willing to gratify her Impatience; and accordingly Mr. *Campbell* examin'd her Face. He had not studied long before he writ down, as the first Compliment, her Name—*Susannah Goldsmith* — The Girl, not permitting him to proceed, snatch'd up the Paper, and turning to her Mother — *Oh, Madam!* said she, *look here, I am to be married to a Goldsmith!* — But the Mother, who knew better the Meaning of it, had no sooner look'd upon it, than she fell into a Swoon — Mr. *Campbell* knock'd for a Woman to come up, who brought Water, a Smelling-Bottle, and Things proper to bring her to herself; at her Recovery, she took up the Pen, and writ a great deal to Mr. *Campbell*, which they both took care I should not look over; and as soon as he had read it, he doubled it and tore it cross-ways, that nothing of what was in it might be discover'd. When he had done with the Mother, he writ the Name of the eldest Daughter, which was *Mary* — I was strangely surpriz'd, but could pick out nothing of the Meaning of all this, till they, taking their leave, Mr. *Campbell* waited on them down Stairs. I must confess, my Curiosity was rais'd
to

to such a Height, that I was resolv'd to satisfy it, if possible. The Moment they turn'd their Backs, I began to scramble up all the Papers he had torn. His immediate Return gave me no Opportunity to piece them together while I staid there, but I took care to put every Scrap which had any Writing on it into my Pocket; and when I came Home, fell to work hard. I believe it was three or four Hours before I could make any Sense of what I read, he had so mischievously disjointed the Sentences; but at last, with much ado, I found out, that the youngest Daughter was begot by a Gentleman whose Name was *Goldsmith*; but that the Affair had been carried on with so much Conduct and Discretion, that no Body had the least Imagination of it, and the suppos'd Father had provided as well for her, as for the other who was really his own. It was now no strange thing to me to reflect on the Lady's swooning at reading what he writ; a Detection of what had been kept so secret from the whole World, now made so unexpectedly, and indeed so unimaginably, was enough to confuse and astonish One of the greatest Presence of Mind: It was impossible for her to doubt the divining Faculty of this wonderful Dumb Man! she had a Proof too strong for Suspicion, nor was she ungenerous enough (as those I have been speaking of) to deny, or be angry at the bold Truths he told her. On the contrary, she became his great Admirer, and one of his best Benefactors — I believe I have met with her there fifty Times since, tho' on what Business I could not find out; for both the *Oracle* and *Consulter* made use of an uncommon Caution in the concealing what they writ to each other; and not all the Cunning which my Curiosity taught me, could

could enable me to discover the least Tittle of their Correspondence after the first Time.



C H A P. IV.



HAVING now a little Relaxation from that Weight of Cares which for so many Months had debarr'd me from all the Recreations of my Life, I began again to know what 'twas to have a Disposition to Gaiety, and accordingly went to every Place where I could expect to meet with any thing capable of giving me Diversion. Mr. *Campbell's* House, by reason of the vast Variety of Company that frequented it, and the many whimsical Adventures that happen'd among them, was as proper a Scene of Mirth as any I knew; and, Business, or not Business, I was generally a Guest there once or twice a Week. But were I to recount the hundredth Part of the comical Transactions I have been Witness of among the Fortune-mongers, I should swell my little Narrative to a Volume. Besides, tho' there was commonly something comical enough in them to make me laugh for the present, yet few of them but what are too trifling to trouble your Lordship with a Repetition of — I shall therefore only mention those which I think either prodigiously remarkable, or sufficiently odd to be entertaining. Of the first sort I look on the Story of Mrs. *Saxon* to be justly deserving that Character; but I may spare my self the Pains of reciting it, since it is
already

already done to my Hands, in as full and as true a Manner as one would wish, in that Book I have already quoted, --- viz. *The Life of Mr. Campbell*, to which I refer you, as also for the wonderful Discovery of the Daughter of *Amandus*; only adding, that I was an Eye and Ear-witness of both those Adventures, and have seen and talk'd to the Persons concern'd in them a hundred times since. Therefore I intreat, if you have not yet read that Book, that you will immediately send for it, if it be for no more than to be acquainted with those two little Histories, than which I think nothing can be more worthy Observation, and which I can aver are set down with the utmost Veracity.

But to proceed with those Occurrences, which, when you have perus'd that Treatise, will yet be new. I must inform you of one, which, tho' a little farcial, is not less memorable than any you shall hear of: It is of an *Abigail*, who being desperately in Love with her Lady's Coachman, and finding him not altogether so vigorous in his Solicitations as she wish'd him to be, would needs have Mr. *Campbell* tell her the Reason. I never saw him more unwilling in all my Life to answer any Question than this. He made her wait several Hours, without so much as asking her to eat, (which was a Wonder,) and at last writ no more than these Words:

You must be patient, Time will discover all.

The Wench was not able to bear being serv'd in this Manner. She thought, at least, she should have known the Day and Hour which was to make her happy; and finding her self disappointed, began

began to rave and tear like a mad Creature : — *She would have her Money again, — ay marry would she. — Campbell was an Impostor, and had cheated her of a Crown ; — but she would be even with him.* The Man of Penetration only laugh'd at her Indignation ; and while she was flouncing about the Room, open'd the Window, and looking carelessly on the People as they pass'd by, saw a young Woman knock at his Door ; he had no sooner cast his Eyes on her, than he turn'd to her that he had put into so great a Passion ; and taking up the Paper, writ again in this Manner :

Here comes the Cause of your Unhappiness. — Arthur loves this young Woman better than ever he did, or will, you. I was loth to tel you, because I know you have lent him 50 l. in hopes he will marry you ; — but you courted him first, or he would not have deceiv'd you. — 'Tis your own Fault : — Therefore be discreet and good-natur'd ; let him take her he likes ; and do you give him Time, he will pay you the Money.

By the Time he had finish'd this, the Rival was come up Stairs, whom the other immediately knew ; for they had been Fellow-Servants in a House. She presently flew upon her, call'd her a thousand Names, such as People of that Station and Education ordinarily make use of to express their Anger, and ask'd her how she could be so treacherous to take her Sweet-heart from her. The poor Girl was frighted, and amaz'd to meet her there, and much more, to hear her self tax'd in this Manner with a Thing she thought had not been suspected ; but before she could make any Answer to her Interrogatories, in came the *Hero* of these *Rival Queens*. — The *Roxana* of 'em turn'd her Fury on him ; and not having any Notion by what Means she came by this Discovery, did

did not presently know in what Manner it was best for him to reply; till casting his Eyes on the Table, he saw what had been writ;— and knowing it was a Discovery that must be made some time or other, thought it might be as seasonable now as at any other, since so wise a Man was present, who he hop'd might mitigate the Matter. The Sage, indeed, did all he could; but what Advice can be of Force to appease the Rage of a deceiv'd and disappointed Lover? The more he endeavour'd to calm her Fury, the more it increas'd, and she fell to downright Scolding, then to crying, and then to Scolding again; till finding neither her Tears, nor Indignation, were available, she left the House, swearing she would send a Bailiff immediately to arrest him for her 50*l.*— The poor Fellow was in a terrible Fright that she would do as she said: But Mr. Campbell comforted him by writing these Lines.

Young Man, do not be under any Concern — This foolish Hussy came to consult me about the Reason of your not marrying her. I was loth to tell her, because I saw the Obligation you were under to her, and which you could not presently get quit of; but your belov'd Mistress happening to come in, to gratify the other's Impatience, but more to vindicate my own Skill, I was forc'd to unravel the Mystery of your Love. But you need be under no Apprehension. If she does arrest you, send for me; I will find you Bail: — For I know you have an Aunt died within these three Days, who has left you five hundred Pounds: You may easily pay her, and settle to your Mind.

The Coachman was strangely surpriz'd at what he read. He confess'd he had indeed an Aunt of a great Age; but that he knew nothing of her Death, nor that she was sick, and much less had
any

any Hopes of her leaving him such a Sum as Mr. *Campbell* mention'd; tho' he said withal, that she was very well able to do it, but that he had disobligh'd her too much to expect she would remember him in her Will. Having signify'd thus much in Writing, the Seir immediately answer'd thus:

I know she has been angry at some Extravagancies you have been guilty of; but she forgave it all — Take my Word she is dead, and has left you the Sum I told you, besides Linnen and Goods, and other valuable Things. As a Proof of what I say, before 16 Hours are past, you will receive a Letter from a 'Cousin in the Country, with an Account of all I have told you.

This Assurance a little lifted up the Fellow's Heart; and he took his Leave, with his Love under his Arm, assuring Mr. *Campbell*, if he found his Words prove true, he would wait on him again, and make him a Present of a Ring. When they were gone, Mr. *Campbell* made a thousand Apologies to me for suffering such Company to be in the same Room; but the Chimneys being mending, and Workmen in the House, he had no other Place to bring any Body into; and his Business was of such a Nature, as would not allow him to disoblige any one. I could not forbear laughing at his apologizing for what was the greatest Obligation in the World to me, and told him, I found he had not consulted his *Familiar* on the Account of my Disposition; for if he had, he would have known it so much inclin'd to Curiosity, that I should never have forgiven him, if he had deny'd me the Pleasure of this Adventure, as a Proof of what I said.

I went the next Day again, because the Coachman had promis'd (if he receiv'd any such Letter

ter

ter as Mr. Campbell made him hope) to be there. Accordingly he came, and acknowledged every Word of the Prediction was fulfill'd. --- The Oracle then set himself to consider what might be farther the Fate of his Client; and soon informed him that he would be married in a few Days to the Woman he lov'd; that they should keep a great Inn in the Road to *Exeter*, have many fine Children, and be prosperous in all their Undertakings. --- This also came to pass as he foretold; and they are both so grateful, that every *Christmas-Day* Mr. Campbell's Table is furnished with a Turkey and Chine of their sending up, as a Remembrance of their Respect.

I don't know what your Lordship may think of this Story; but in my Judgment, nothing can be a greater Evidence of the Skill I attempt to vindicate. To me it appears so strong and undeniable an Argument, that there needs no more than to believe it, to convince you there is a Power in that Man of foreseeing the most hid Events. But I have such a Number of this kind yet to acquaint you with, that it is but losing Time to dwell any longer on this. A certain Lady, who I need mention no otherwise to make you know who 'tis I mean, than her Intimacy with the Duke of ---, came one Day when I was there. By some means or other she got Knowledge I was there, and would not come in to the same Room not caring (as I found afterwards she said) to be under the Lash of my Satirical Nature: But I was pretty even with her, for the Moment I heard the Rush of her Silks going down Stairs. I run into the Room where she had been, and snatch'd up a good many of the Papers she had writ, and some that Mr. Camp-

bell had reply'd in. --- In *fine*, I furnish'd myself with enough to know both who she was, and the Business which brought her thither. I discover'd that she had not been Mistress of that impregnable Chastity, which the World at that Time believed her to be. --- That she had not had Cruelty enough to let my *Lord Duke* languish forever, in an hopeless Passion. Neither had he Honour enough to derogate from the rest of his Sex, but had nighted her as much since her Condescension, as he had admir'd her before. -- The Favour she desir'd of Mr *Campbell*, was to oblige her with the Secret, (if there was such a Thing in Nature,) to revive a decay'd Fire, and to revigorate a Passion which she found at present at its last Gasps. His Answer to all this was, that her best Way was to endeavour to become indifferent too; for that there never was, or ever would be a Way found out to bring to Life a Passion which of it self expir'd. --- That said he, which by Absence or Unkindness seems to be extinguish'd, may easily enough be recover'd into a second Blaze; but that which meets with a reciprocal Flame, and uninterrupted mingles in a mutual Fire, burns for a Time too fierce to be lasting; soon wastes Strength and Force; and when it dies, it dies for ever. --- There was a vast deal more, all to the same Purpose, and which plainly shew'd, what the whole Town has since, by her Indiscretion, been made sensible of; that she lov'd with too little Restraint, for him to love her long.

You see my Lord, what strange unaccountable Creatures you Men are; and how little in spite of all your boasted Reason, and Strength of Resolution, you are capable of knowing your own Minds: Else sure you would not with so much Pains

Pains and Assiduity pursue, what when once caught, your scorn. --- But you'll say I have no Occasion to make this Reproach; and therefore, on second Thoughts, will forbear till I have more Reason. Besides, I know a Person of your Gallantry, cannot have liv'd without a good deal of this kind of Persecution; so I will not join in the tormenting you, at least, till you provoke me to it by some Action, which as yet I am no way apprehensive of.

I must confess my Conscience tells me, 'tis cruel to be merry at the Misfortunes of other People; yet for the Life of me, I cannot forbear laughing at the awkward Complaints I have sometimes met with. The Woes of Love, unless describ'd in a very elegant Manner, and inflicted on a very beautiful Object, make the Teller so very ridiculous, that neither good Nature or Complaisance have Power to oblige me to listen to them seriously; and if by chance, I feel a little Compassion, (which indeed very rarely happens,) 'tis so overcome by a quite different Emotion, that it scarce deserves that Name. My Mirth, however, they never fail to excite; and I should be unkind to my self, to wish there were no fond believing Fools among our Sex, nor Hypocrites among yours, since the greatest Diversion I ever met with, has been occasion'd by them. There came one Day to Mr. *Campbell's*, a young Lass dress'd in very rich Clothes, and with as much Formality and Exactness, as tho' she had been that Day to have dined at my Lord Mayor's Feast. Any Body of the least Discernment, might easily perceive she understood but little of Conversation; and the most she knew of what we call Address, was to flirt her Fan, and make a Courtesy when she was

F 2

spoke

spoke to. Yet this Creature, forsooth, pretended to be in Love; had found some Fellow that had nothing else to do with his Time, than to fool some part of it away with her. --- And she believing all he said, took it to Heart, that he at last grew weary of her. --- Poor *Miss Prim* writ to Mr. *Campbell* a long Account of all the fine Things the perjur'd Swain had said to her. --- Gave a full Account of the Passion he had inspir'd her with, and complain'd of his Falshood and Barbarity in such a Fashion, that it was impossible to read without laughing. --- She made no Secret of her Misfortune. Myself and three or four more Ladies, who were in the Room at the same Time, were let into the Secret; which in revealing, she made so many ugly Faces, vented Sighs in so awkward a Manner, and wept, or rather cry'd so ungracefully, that if the God of Love had not been blind, he would have been quite ashamed of so inglorious a Votary. --- All the good Manners which Mr. *Campbell* is really Master of, all the Complaisance which his Business obliges them to have, for those who pay him their Money, could scarce prevail on him to forbear turning this Damsel's Despair into Ridicule; he writ a pretty many severe Things to her, which, if she had had the least Grain of Penetration, she might have found the Meaning of. But she was entirely free from that Fault, your Lordship sometimes accuses me with, imagining myself too soon affronted. --- One of the Papers he writ to her, I think very good: The Contents were these;

I would not have you fancy yourself unhappy. --- It is impossible that Love can ever make you wretched: There are but few People whom that Passion can have any real Influence over. --- A Child may cry and sob for
the

the Loss of his Rattle ; but soon forgets his Misfortune, because the Soul at those Tears, is not capable of being touched ; and what affects the Senses alone, cannot be said to be very material, either to Happiness or Misery. --- You are yet too young, --- and will be so for a long Time, to understand any Thing of Love, but the Name.

She took this as a Compliment on her looking young ; and seem'd mightily pleas'd with it, by her simpering. But I presently knew he meant otherwise, and that it was not the Greyness of her *Tears*, but *Understanding* that rendred her incapable of the Delicacies of Love.

I soon found there was little of Consequence to be discover'd in this Company, and therefore took my Leave, without ever enquiring afterwards what Consolation he thought fit to afford her.

At my next Visit, I scarce had Time to pay the usual Civilities of those whose Curiosity or Business brings them thither, (*a Guinea, and I am glad of this Opportunity to see you,*) when he was hurried into another Room, to some People who waited for him with Impatience. --- I, who was then left alone, was in abundance of Trouble in my Mind to know what and *who* they were. The Door was close shut ; but I had the good Fortune to find a little Chink in the Wainscot, thro' which I saw it was a pretty elderly Gentleman, and a Woman who seem'd near the same Age : There was a third Person too ; but I could not see his Face. --- They all appear'd to be of good Fashion, and well dress'd, tho' plain. --- The Seer was busily employ'd in viewing the Lineaments of that Face which was hid with me. --- A profound Silence being among them, I could disco-

ver nothing more; so fat me down again. But I had not left my Peep-Hole above half an Hour before I heard --- *Oh Lord God of Abraham! How wonderful are thy Works!* --- And then in another Voice, — *Mighty is the Preserver of Isaac!* — *Strange Things doth he reveal!* --- I never was more at a Loss in my whole Life, than I was to find out the Meaning of these Exclamations. --- At first; it seemed to me they were some very devout Presbyterians at Prayers; but I did not remain long in this Dilemma, my Curiosity getting the better of my good Manners, and resolving, if possible, to inform myself, I pushed open the Door, and ruff'd in upon them; pretending I came to look for a Pen, They appear'd not at all concern'd at the Liberty I had taken, and when I address'd myself to the Gentlewoman to ask Pardon for it, she told me they came on no secret Affair, and desir'd me to tell her if ever I had been there before. To which, when I had answer'd in the Affirmative) *And did this Gentleman (says she) tell you your Name?* Yes, Madam, answer'd I. *They presum'd she, you will not be surprized when I let you know he has written down my Husbands directly as it is spelt, and a great many Accidents of his Life.* As she spoke these Words, she gave me a Paper which Mr. Campbell had just writ, and which had been the Occasion of their Admiration. --- I took it, and found the Contents were these.

Rowland Gidion, *You are a Jew, — You are an unfortunate Mitn at present; great Losses by Sea, — bad Servants at home. — All Things have gone wrong with you for some Years. — I see a Figure about you I don't like: — You are under an ill Tongue, and have been so these twelve Years. — Your Health is also impair'd, and no Prosperity*

Prosperity can fall to your Lot. till that wicked Charm is remov'd.

As I was reading this, the third Person who I mention'd, took upon him to ask Mr. Campbell if he thought he could cure him. The dumb Oracle seem'd a little disgusted at the Question; but getting over it, took up his Pen, and with a gay Air writ him this Reply,

Sir you are a Physician, a Man of great Learning, and as much Ingenuity as 'tis possible to meet with. --- But you are a Jew; and I doubt not but to perform that in the Name of Christ, which all your Art will be ineffectual to enable you to do.

By their own Confessions; I found all he had told them, as to their Names and Circumstances was true. --- Rowland Gidion was, it seems, a Merchant in Fenchurch-Street, and the other a very eminent Physician among the Jews. But to make short of my Story, Mr. Campbell undertook and perform'd the Cure of this Witchcraft, Ill Tongue, or whatever it was that disturb'd this Gentleman, and receiv'd a Benevolence for his Pains, more suitable to the Generosity, than Circumstances of the Person who gave it.

This Story of the Jews bring another into my Mind, which was not a little astonishing even to me, who so frequently was Witness of this dumb Man's Power of discerning even the most conceal'd Actions of People's Lives. There were with him one Day four or five fine Ladies, Women of excellent Sense and Conversation; but by their bantering Mr. Campbell's Maid (whose Name was *Christian*) and saying what they thought proper in Ridicule of the Name, and the original Meaning of it, I found them to be Jews: But as great Unbelievers as they were, they seem'd to have a very great

Faith in whatever this Prophet would have them believe. All of them, but one, gratified him for the Pains he had been at with them, very handsomely and willingly; but she who I found had never been there before, shew'd herself a little stingy, and was loth to give any Thing; which Mr. *Campbell* perceiving, writ to her, That if she would not come down with her Gold, he had a Way to make her. --- On which all the rest laugh'd prodigiouſly. But she told him she defy'd him, his little Familiar, or whatever other supernatural Power he might call to his Assistance. --- On which he immediately takes a Sheet of clean Paper, writ on it, folded it up like a Letter, seal'd it, and directed it for *Jacob* - Merchant at *Amsterdam*. --- When he had done, he shew'd it to her, and writ at the same Time, --- *Madam if you are not willing to contribute any Thing for the Advantage of your well Wisher, I will send to this Gentleman; he will pay it for you: He has Obligations to you of a much greater Value.* --- The Lady grew pale as Death; was ready to swoon in her Chair; beg'd him not to send it, and she would give him all the Money she had in the World. This only served for a little Merryment Mr. *Campbell* was far from designing any such Thing; and desir'd her to be easy, since he did it only for Jest sake. She gave him a couple of Guineas immediately, and they all went away highly satisfy'd with his Capacity. She he put that Trick upon, had indeed Reason to be convinc'd of his Art; for that Gentleman *Jacob* --- at *Amsterdam*, whom he made her believe he would write to, was a Man she had been prodigious fond of; but had been us'd by him with such monstrous Ingratitude, that the very Mention of his Name was ready to throw her into Fits, much more the

Appre-

Apprehensions of any Letter being sent to him concerning her. This I found out afterwards, by meeting with some Papers which she dropp'd at a Visit to him, a great while after the first Time I saw her there.

I believe if Mr. *Campbell* had known the Pains I took to find out the Affairs of those who came to consult him, he would have forbid me his House: But his Art of Divination did not stoop so low as to give him any Idea of the little foolish Curiosity I was then possess'd with. Not but he gave me Hints sometimes that I was of an inquisitive Nature; and when I have shew'd myself more forward, than indeed became a Woman who pretended to good Breeding, in pressing into the Company of People who seem'd not desirous of being seen by a Stranger, he would often smile and write to me, *O Woman! Woman! Woman! The Sin of Eve taints thy whole Sex.*

But alas! I once paid dearly for my Curiosity: For hearing there was a Lady in the next Room, who begg'd she might be seen by none but the *Seer*; himself, or his Family, I gave the Maid a Crown-piece to lend me her Housewife's Apron, and round-ear'd Coif, and went in to stir the Fire as the Servant of the House: I had by this means a full View of the Lady; which I then thought was one of the most lovely I had ever beheld, tho' my Hatred to her presently after, made her appear in a contrary Light; for she happ'ning to sit a good Distance off the Chimney, gave me some Papers to burn. But instead of doing as I was bid, I cram'd them into my Pocket, made my Courtesy, and came away highly rejoiced at the Belief I had it in my Power to know what had occasioned her to come. - - - I had indeed that
Power

Power to know. --- O cursed Knowledge! --- How happy had I been never to have known. I found by those Papers she lov'd, and was most tenderly belov'd by him, who, till that fatal Moment, I thought myself secure of. --- But there I found the Story of his Falshood plain. --- I found that I retain'd no more of his Thoughts, than what were plotting to get rid of me, in as handsome a Manner as he could. --- I could not doubt of my Misfortune: I saw his dearlov'd Name writ at full length, and my too charming Rival's joined to it. I need not tell your Lordship, the Rage, the Grief, and the Despair, that seiz'd my Soul at this unlook'd-for Discovery. You are too well acquainted with my Passion, and my Humour, not to know it was impossible for me to support it with Moderation. I rav'd, I tore; I fell into such Agonies, that Mr. Campbell was sent for in, to endeavour to pacify me. The poor Maid had the worst of it; for he turn'd her out of Doors that Moment, for assisting me in my Design, and chid me prodigiously for my Curiosity: I, on the other hand, accused him of Treachery, for concealing from me what it so much concern'd me to know. He grew quite angry at last, and writ to me these Words.

You have no Reason to condemn me, Madam: I always told you the Man you lov'd, was unworthy your Affection, by Reason of his changing Temper. --- He never knew his own Mind himself, and what he loves to Day, he may despise to Morrow. --- He lov'd you longer and better than ever he did any of your Sex; but I told you it would not last. The Lady he now so passionately seems to adore, will in a little Time be forsaken: You will see her wretched, take my Word for it; for my Advice will have no more Effect on her, than it has had on you. ---

T 1. 2.

That Man was born to deceive and ruin your Sex. --- But if you will believe, and be undone, who but your selves can you blame? --- I gave you Warning; --- you would not take it: Therefore you are in Fault, not I. I told you he would soon make his Addresses to another: I had no Reason to expose her to you. --- I never do it by any Body that consults me.

All this was so reasonable, that had I been Mistress of my own Thoughts, I should have asked his Pardon for my rash Proceeding: But alas! I had no longer the Power of Consideration: I still continued to upbraid him, as tho' he had been the Cause of my Unhappiness, and vented my ill Humour in a Manner so affrontive, that he flew out of the Room, at last, in all the Indignation imaginable. --- His Wife did all she could to give me Consolation: But what Persuasions can be of Force to a mitigate the Fury of an incens'd, jealous, disappointed Woman? All Endeavours to quell a Rage so rais'd, are fruitless; like Oyl poured on the Flames, they but *encrease* the Fury they would *abate*: And certainly nothing ever equalld the Distraction I was in at that Time. I had so disordered myself, that I could not be seen, and continued in Mrs. Campbell's Chamber till dark, that the Chairmen who carried me home, might take the less Notice of my Confusion. This was but the Beginning of my Madness; the next I proceeded to all the Mischief the *Devil's*: *Jealousy* could suggest. Your Lordship knows the Success of my Plots, how fatal they were to the Peace of a whole Family, how much my Rival suffered by my discovering it to her Relations, and how my own Character was made ridiculous, by the Wildness of my ungovernable Rage. Heavens! that Women can be mad
enough

enough to publish their own Disgrace, and swell the Triumphs of him that has undone 'em! Yet so it is with our inconsiderate Sex! --- To vent a present Passion, --- for the short-liv'd Ease of railing at the Baseness of an ungrateful Lover, --- to gain a little Pity, --- we proclaim our Folly, and become the Jest of all who know us. --- A forsaken Woman immediately grows the Object of Derision, --- rallied by the Men, and pointed at by every little Flirt, who fancies herself secure in her own Charms of never being so, and thinks 'tis want of Merit only makes a Wretch.

But I am got into a Theme, which whenever I reflect on, hurries me too far. --- I have got over the Storm, and should endeavour to forget the Horrors of it, at least so far as not to make my Friends uneasy by the Repetition, especially one who has been so well acquainted with 'em himself, and knows too well the racking Pangs of Doubt, Suspense, Jealousy, Despair, and all the attending Feinds that wait on disappointed Love, to endure to be reminded what they are. -- For my dear Lord, I am sensible, tho' our Wounds have been a long time heal'd, there yet remains a Tenderness, which, if touch'd, will smart afresh. --- The Darts of Passion, such as we have felt, make too indeliable an Impression ever to be quite eraz'd; -- they are not content with the eternal Scar they leave on the Reputation: --- They also, in spite of all we can do, or all we may pretend, are not remov'd so clearly, but that as long as we live we carry about us a Tincture of the former Venom, a galling Memory of what has been, a stinging Anguish, and an unceasing Remorse! Deny it if you can, or dare; for what I have said I can give such Proofs, not only from my own Experience,
(for

(for *that* you may charge on the Weakness of my Sex, or Resolution,) but likewise from your own Behaviour, which in a thousand little unguarded Particulars has told me you cannot forget you have been a Lover. When next I have the Honour to entertain you, I will make it evident, provided you will pardon the Freedom; and if I have the Power to convince you, confess it. But this, I believe, I shall find pretty difficult to bring to pass; for how free soever from Pride in other Things, your Sex but ill endures to own Conviction; and I know, since your Discovery of the Unworthiness of the Object of your Affections, nothing can be more disagreeable than the Reflection how many have been Witnesses of your Passion, except hearing that you are still believ'd to be possessed of it. Therefore I will not be so rude to say that is my Thoughts, but only that while you contemplate on her *Falseness*, you cannot avoid remembring that she was charming also; and while you say she was unjust, ungrateful and perfidious, your Soul, your secret Soul, tho' your Tongue is mute, avows her lovely and engaging, ---- You scorn her *Principles*, but must adore her *Person*; --- are enrag'd at the *Artifices* by which you were deceiv'd, but admire the *Wit* which inspir'd 'em. --- In fine, there will be always such a Mixture of Love and Hate blended in your Sentiments of that Woman, that you can never be said to be entirely easy. ---- Just so it is with me, and all who have lov'd sincerely. Would it were not so, and that you could really persuade me to be of another Opinion, as I know you will endeavour to do; that nothing of what I have express'd, has any relation to you.

I was so enrag'd at Mr. *Campbell* for not letting me into the Secret of the Lady who was my Rival, that I went not to his House in a great while; but in that time the poor Maid, whom he had turn'd away merely on my Account, came to solicit me to recommend her to some Friend of mine, being entirely destitute of a Service. I knew of none of my Acquaintance that wanted a Servant; but thinking myself obliged to take some Care of her, as she had lost her Place only for assisting me in the Gratification of my foolish Humour of Curiosity, I took her into my House till she could provide for herself otherwise; and from her I was told a vast Number of astonishing Predictions, which in her Time had come to pass exactly as Mr. *Campbell* had said. Particularly a young Woman, a Relation of hers, happening to come to see her, on some Occasion Mr. *Campbell* going thro' the Room where she was sitting, cast his Eyes on her; he immediately grew pale, trembled, Drops of Sweat ran down his Face like Rain, and he was so disorder'd, that when he came up, his Wife thought he would have fallen into a Fit. The Maid was call'd to get something for her Master to take; but as soon as she came into the Room, he started up from the Couch where he was lying, and told his Wife on his Fingers, to order the Maid to bid that young Woman below go Home, and never come into his House again.—The Wife was a little alarm'd at such an Injunction from a Man of his good Nature; but the Maid was much more so, and could not imagine what her Kinswoman had done that could make her Master take such a Distaste to her. She did, however, as she was bid; but never left entreating her Mistress, to desire he would let 'em know the Cause of it.—

It

It was a long Time before Mrs. *Campbell* cou'd prevail on him to satisfy this Request: --- But at last overcome, or rather teiz'd into it by an incessant Sollicitation, he writ this dreadful Prediction.

That poor young Woman is born to a Fate most Horrid. --- She has been in Love: --- She is debauch'd by the Man she lov'd. --- He has promis'd Marriage, but will not keep his Word. --- She is now with Child; and I see a terrible Death threatning her. --- She, and the Infant she goes with, die a violent Death; --- but which Way, I know not, tho' it will happen shortly.

The Girl had this Paper, and shew'd it to me; and told me, that what Mr. *Campbell* foresaw, happen'd in about seven Weeks after. --- She, miserable Wretch! was, indeed, with Child; and the Villain, who was the Father, was so far from performing his Promise of marrying her, that he abus'd her when she claim'd it. --- Call'd her Whore, and said the Child was not his; refus'd to do any thing for her; and the poor Soul, not daring to acquaint her Father with it, (who, it seems, was married to a second Wife, and not over kind to her,) she had no body to apply to for the least Relief. --- She conceal'd her great Belly from every body, till the Time approached for her Delivery; and then finding her Pangs come on, and no Assistance, no Provision, nor no Hopes, mad and desperate with the Racks she was in both of Mind and Body; in that dreadful Moment she threw herself suddenly out of a Window three Pair of Stairs high, and was dash'd in Pieces. The Force of her Fall made the wretched Infant burst from her, perhaps some Hours before it shou'd, and added to the dreadful Spectacle. This sad Accident happen'd about eighteen Years ago. I
remember

remember to have heard the Story cry'd about Street; but there are so many *Grub-Street Pamphlets*, without any Word of Truth in 'em, publish'd to get Money, that I seldom us'd to give any great Heed to any thing of that Kind, till the Maid telling me of it, and shewing me the Prediction, left me no Ground to doubt it was but too real a Transaction,

I had a great many other little Histories from her, which I cannot at present call to mind, tho' I remember some of 'em were very remarkable, and, perhaps, in the Continuation of my Discourse, they may occur to my Memory. I believe this had not been inserted, but that speaking of the Woes of Love, I thought I could not give a greater Testimony of the ill Consequences of that pernicious Passion, than this dreadful one.



C H A P. V.



THE Heat of my Resentment being a little over, I began to reflect on the Injustice of it, which, together with my natural Propensity to Curiosity, prevail'd on me to renew my Visits to Mr. *Campbell*; as formerly; and I think my self oblig'd to acknowledge the prodigious Civility with which he welcom'd me, after absenting myself, without any Reason, for almost two Years, was infinitely more than I deserv'd; but his perfect good Sense taught him to be above taking Notice of those little Extravagancies which the weakness

ness of my Sex (made weaker yet by my resistless Passions) had render'd me guilty of ; he only smil'd when I made my Apology. But I had scarce Time to finish it, before a Woman burst into the Room in a very rude and abrupt manner ; and by her Way of Behaviour, shew'd me, as in a Glass, the Transformation I had been under when I was there before, and how monstrously Passion disfigures the *Person*, as well as *Reason*, of those who harbour it. She who, when her Fury was a little abated, I perceiv'd to be a Woman of singular good Sense, and what one might call extremely handsome, appear'd, at her first Entrance, the very Reverse of both. — She had quite forgot all Decorum ; lost, for some Moments, all that belongs to a Woman of Discretion, or good Breeding. — Her Eyes shot Fire ; her Cheeks bloated with Fury ; her Lips trembled ; every Feature was distorted ; her Voice was big, hoarse, and masculine ; and her Expressions such as are ordinarily made use of by Fish-Wives, Market-Women, and others of the same Degree of Gentry. As she came up Stairs, I heard her say, to some body that wou'd have hinder'd her from opening the Door where I was ; *I don't care who is with him, — I'll expose him for an ignorant, impudent Fellow : The whole Town shall know him for an Imposture. — I'll teach him to put his Tricks upon me : — I'll have him to know I understand better Things, than to be bubbled out of my Money for his Lyes ;* and a great deal more to the same Purpose. As I was afterwards inform'd he had told her, she shou'd be married to one Mr. *William Hall*, a Sea-Surgeon, who at that Time was gone a Voyage. She had happen'd to read the News-Papers that Morning, which gave an Account of some Ships being lost in a Storm,

among which was that he was aboard of. — And this it was which had put her into this Fury; which she continu'd in for a good while after she came into the Room, writing to him all she had said of him; and shewing me the Papers as she writ 'em, and calling him a thousand Rogues; and bidding me not believe a Word of his Predictions, for he knew nothing: What he told her, which it was now impossible shou'd ever come to pass, prov'd him to be an Impostor. I was a little confounded at it my self; because it was the first Time I ever had any Reason to believe he was mistaken. But Mr. Campbell vouchsafing no Answer to the injurious Language she gave him, walk'd thoughtfully about the Room all the Time she was railing; and at last, coming out of the deep Study he had been in, with a great Start, as tho' something just then had awakened him with a Voice beyond what we are able to conceive, he made but one Step to the Table where the Standish stood; and looking earnestly in her Face, writ down these Words; which I observ'd with so much Wonder, that I cannot lose any Part of 'em.

You do ill to tax me with imposing on you, till you know whether I have done so, or not. — I confess you have some Reason to doubt the Truth of what I told you, because the Ship is lost; — but I can tell you more than yet you have heard. — All the Officers, and Crew, are perished, but that very William Hall, who, in spite of Impossibilities, is destin'd to be your Husband: — He is miraculously preserv'd on a Plank, by which he got to a Rock: He is on it now. I see him almost dead with Fatigue; and he will be very near famishing, before he can reach to any House to get Relief. — He is above 200 Miles off, but will be in London in three Weeks at farthest.

farthest. He has nothing but the Clothes on his Back. — He will beg his Way up. — You will feed him, clothe him, marry him, and bury him, all within a Tear.

She grew a little more calm at the reading this; and looking on me, *Sure, Madam, (said she,) he wou'd not dare to be so very positive, if he were not certain.* I answer'd her, with relating some Instances I had been Witness of of his Skill; and told her, I was very confident all wou'd happen as he foretold. — She then began to look it over again, and grew highly satisfy'd; but in the last Prediction, that of burying him, she said, if she believ'd the rest, she must that also of losing him in so short a Time, which wou'd be an inconsolable Affliction to her: She signified her Mind, in this Point, to Mr. Campbell, who made her this Reply.

The Hardships he has endur'd in this Voyage are such, as will very much impair his Constitution: I question much if any Man but himself cou'd go thro' it. But he will come safe to London; where the sudden Change from Danger, Horror, and Despair, to Joy, Peace, and Ease, — from Want to Plenty, will have an Effect as fatal as the most pernicious Enemy to Life. — You must bury him; but I wou'd not have poison'd the Felicity of your Meeting by the melancholy Fore-knowledge of your Parting, if you had not provok'd me to it, by your Suspicion of my Veracity. — However, take Comfort; you will be happy in another Husband after his Death.

Here she made a thousand Protestations, that she wou'd never entertain the least Thought of any other Man: But few People know their own Minds in that Affair. Mr. Campbell did not seem to take any Notice of what she declar'd as to that; and because he knew it was a Theme not at all pleasing to her, as her present Sentiments were,

did not insist much upon it. — She promis'd, when she took her Leave, that if Mr. *Hall* did return, as he had said, she wou'd bring him to wait on Mr. *Campbell*. And after she was gone, I entreated it, as the greatest Favour he cou'd do me, to send a Messenger privately for me whenever they came. To which he readily acquiesced; telling me, he was very willing, as I had been Witness of the Abuse he had receiv'd on the Account of her Doubt, I shou'd also that he did not deserve it from her. Accordingly, about five Weeks after, his Maid came to let me know they were both at her Master's; that they were married; and every thing had happen'd just as he had foretold. I took a Chair, and follow'd her immediately, and found 'em in Mr. *Campbell's* Dining-Room, where he was treating 'em with a Bowl of Rack-Punch. From their own Mouths I receiv'd a Confirmation of what the Maid had told me; and a vast deal of Remorse was express'd by the Woman, for the Injustice she had been guilty of, in the disbelieving what had been prophesy'd. — I observ'd a great Chagrine hung on her Spirits; which she told me, in a Whisper, was occasion'd by the Apprehension of losing the Man she so dearly lov'd. I omitted nothing which I thought might be of Service to give her Comfort; but she continued very melancholy, tho' she had Prudence sufficient to enable her to Dissemble it before him, for whose Sake it was occasion'd. I heartily pitied the Restraint she was under, which really took from her all the Felicity, which else at that Time she might have enjoy'd: — But, alas! in about three Months after, the so much-dreaded Prediction came to pass; and before the Expiration of a Year, I met her again at Mr. *Campbell's*,

one of the most disconsolate Widows I ever saw. — She appear'd so truly afflicted, that I almost doubted the Truth of his last Promise, and cou'd scarce believe so settled a Grief, as her's seem'd to be, cou'd so far admit of a Cure, as to be capable of any new Impression. But the *Seer*, who looks beyond Appearances, was in the right: A little Time convinc'd me I was deceiv'd in my Conjecture: She threw off her Mourning, assum'd her former Gaiety; again took Pleasure in seeing herself admir'd; — again listen'd to the Talk of Love: And the last News I heard of her, was, that she was courted by a Gentleman every Way deserving her Affections; that she lik'd him well enough to encourage his Addresses; and that it was expected a few Days wou'd make him her Husband. I know not yet whether the Knot is tyed; but Mr. *Campbell's* positive Assertion that it will be, leaves me no room to imagine any thing will happen to disappoint, or break it off.

I know not what your Lordship may think of this Story; but I assure you I was both an Eye and Ear-Witness of it, in the very Manner I have related it; which, if I had not, I must confess, this and others which I have mention'd, have in 'em something so strange, that it wou'd go near to stagger my Faith, tho' told me by those I had the greatest Confidence in. — Methinks it wou'd prodigiously rejoice me, if the Account of these Adventures, wou'd tempt you to make a Tryal of their Possibility. — If I cou'd once have the Power of perswading you to make a Visit to this *Dumb Predictor*, I am satisfy'd you wou'd be inform'd of Things which wou'd oblige you to believe all I have alledg'd in his Favour; which at present, I acknowledge, I am in some Doubt of,

notwithstanding the good Opinion you are so kind to have of my Sincerity.

There could not be a greater Unbeliever than Mrs. D——; but at last she had good Nature enough to accompany me thither. She was not like some of those ungenerous Creatures; I have before mention'd, suspicious I would give any Intelligence of her Affairs: But if she had, those Things which he writ to her, she acknowledg'd were out of my Power to inform him of. From her first Visit, she became as great an Admirer of his Art, as she had been before a Contemner of his Pretensions to it; and has receiv'd so much Benefit by some Warnings he gave her, and Instructions how to behave in some difficult Points, that she never sees me without giving me some Demonstrations how much she thinks herself oblig'd to me, for introducing her to his Acquaintance. One Day, when she and I were there together, he had so extreamly satisfy'd her in something she was desirous of knowing, and which she acknowledg'd to have been one of the most severe Tryals of his Skill that she could possibly invent, she was in so good a Humour, that she gratify'd him in a manner as gallant and generous, as ever I saw any thing in my Life: While he was gone into another Room, to some other Company that waited for him, she took *Ten Guineas* out of her Purse, and laid them one by one between some Quires of Paper which happen'd to be in the Window. I ask'd her, what she did that for? *You shall see presently,* (said she;) and when she had plac'd 'em so, that no Mortal would imagine there was any thing there, tho' they had even remov'd the Paper, she writ on a little Piece, which she tore off,

Sir,

Sir, You have prodigiously oblig'd me in the Solution of that Question I ask'd you to Day: I wou'd willingly make you a Present suitable to your Art; but that is impossible. — However, what is in my Power I have laid for you in this Room: — If you will take half the Trouble to consult for your own Interest, as you do for that of other People, you will easily know where I have conceal'd what I desire you to accept from your humble Servant.

He return'd soon after she had writ this Note; which receiving with a low Bow, he stood for a Moment in a thinking Posture; and then immediately remov'd the Papers, and lifted up the very Leaf in which she had conceal'd the Money. There were many other Places in the Room, where more probably it might have been laid; for, as she said, as she had hid it, any body but he wou'd sooner have imagin'd it in a Corner less difficult to find it in: The Carelessness of it was a better Disguize, than tho' she had put it in the Ashes under the Grate, or unripp'd a Cushion for it. But in this, as in every thing else, he prov'd himself the Man of Discernment; and it gave us no small matter of Diversion, as well as Wonder, how, in a Moment, his good Genius inform'd him of every thing requisite to make him justly look'd on as a Prodigy.

This Lady was an entire Convert; and it gave me no little Pleasure to think, I brought over to my Party a Person of so excellent a Judgment, and nice Penetration, as the whole World allows her to be: The Gaiety of her Temper made her extreamly pleas'd to accompany me thither frequently, when neither of us had any real Business, only made some Pretence to satisfy that Curiosity, which she had pretty near as large a Share of as your humble Servant. I don't think we ever

went without bringing home some Discovery or other, which serv'd us to laugh at by our selves. I shall give your Lordship an Account of one, which really might furnish out the Pen of a Writer with Matter sufficient to make an entertaining Novel: A certain Person, of our Occasion, has fill'd some twenty Sheets with less Variety than this, which shall not take you up above five Minutes in the reading: But then you must consider, I shall only relate plain Matter of Fact, without any Illustrations, or Embellishments. I shall only tell your Lordship what the Persons concern'd in it *did*, not what they *thought*; and as for the Passions, the Joys, the Hopes, the Fears, the Agonies, and Disquiets, leave 'em to your Imagination to conceive to what a Height they rose, which I am sensible will raise 'em to a more elegant Degree, than any Words I am able to express 'em by.

As my self and Mrs. D——, who, as I have told you, was now become my constant Companion in these Visits, was there one Day, a young Lady, who cou'd not be above fifteen, made her first Appearance at the Shrine of this more than *Delphick Oracle*: Her first Question was, (for she seem'd to be of a very free Humour, and made no Secret of what she desir'd to be inform'd of,) When she shou'd get a Husband? I think, I never saw Mr. Campbell so much pos'd in my Life: He took up the Pen twenty Times before he was able to make her any Answer. I was never more surpriz'd at the most prodigious Effect of his Skill than I was now, to find he made a Difficulty of what, at other times, appear'd so easy to him: But as I was contemplating what should be the Reason of his unusual Dulness, he confounded me more by writing to her in this manner,

Madam,

Madam, You will be married too soon for your Satisfaction, and too late for your Interest. — You will disappoint, and be disappointed: But that which you will meet, will be much greater than that you will give. — The Vow you make at the Altar, you will abjure in the Bed-Chamber; and yet be free from Breach of Promise. — You shall be the Wife of two Persons at the same Time, and yet preserve your Honour and Reputation. — When all this is past, you shall be a happy Woman with Mr. J——n E——s.

Mr. Campbell was so little accustomed to write in Enigmas, that my Confusion in reading this Paper was little inferior to her's it was directed to. — But it was in vain that both of us entreated him to explain: He either cou'd not, or wou'd not reveal farther than what might be pick'd out of these mystick Words; which, indeed, was just nothing at all, but to let one know there was something extraordinary couch'd in the Fate he meant. She stay'd some Hours, offer'd him five Guineas if he would unfold any one of these riddling Articles he had set down; but all wou'd not do: And all she cou'd get from him, was, that in a very little Time she wou'd know without his Aid. — She went away less satisfy'd than she came, and left us in all the Perplexity imaginable. Mrs. D—— and my self plagu'd him to Death, to let us into this Affair; for we had seen so many Proofs of his Skill, that we were both of Opinion, it was not because he wanted the Power, he wou'd reveal no more; and imagin'd something very bad attended this Lady, since he cloth'd his Prediction in Phrases so abstruse. But he continu'd obstinate, and oblig'd us to be content with the Liberty of guessing as we pleas'd. I believe, for near two Months, we scarce mis'd one Day
calling

calling on him, in hopes to meet her there again, and be inform'd of something farther of this Adventure: But our Labour was lost; she appear'd no more, having by this Time sufficiently experienc'd, that all those seeming Riddles were possible. Our Patience at last beginning to be tir'd, we left off going; and an unexpected Accident fell in my Way, which, when I had given over all Hopes, disclos'd the whole Transaction. I had some Business with a *Lawyer*, who, being a Relation, thought he might be free enough with me, to make me stay till he had dispatch'd a *Client* who was a greater Stranger. I waited in an outer Room for his coming to me for half an Hour, I believe; and at last saw him hand a Lady into her Chair, who I immediately knew to be the same I had so long wish'd to see at Mr. *Campbell's*. When she was gone from the Door, he was preparing to apologize for being so long absent; but I prevented him, by entreating him to tell me, who the Lady was that just now had taken Leave. *Do you know her*, (said he, laughing.) *I have seen her*, (answer'd I;) *but would be glad to be inform'd of something more of her Affairs than I am yet acquainted with*; and then I told him where I had met her, and the Reasons I had for my Curiosity. I had no sooner recounted to him what Mr. *Campbell* had writ, which I perfectly well remembred, than he lifted up his Eyes and Hands, in Token of Amazement: *If what you say* (resum'd he) *be true*, (as I cannot make a Doubt of it, without ascribing a Gift to you I never imagin'd you Mistress of, the Art of Divination,) *that Dumb Man is certainly the Wonder of the World!* He cou'd not presently get Leave from his Astonishment to ease the Curiosity his Words had encreas'd; but when he had, he recounted to

me the most odd, romantick, whimsical Adventure, sure, that ever happen'd in Reality. He told me, that the Lady I enquir'd after had a very great Fortune, and had it entirely, tho' she was so young, at her own Dispose : She had receiv'd the Addresses of a Gentleman whom she very well approv'd of ; but he absenting himself from her on a sudden, on some little Quarrel, without writing to her, or taking any Notice that he wish'd a Reconciliation, inspir'd her with so much Resentment, that she resolv'd to marry out of hand, to be reveng'd of him. In this favourable Disposition of Mind, a young Spark attacks her with such Success, that he gains her Consent, and in a few Days they were married. As they came out of Church, they were met by the above-mention'd Gentleman, who upbraided her for the Disappointment of those Hopes she had given him. She cou'd not, before her *Bridegroom*, let him know, it was because she had Reason to imagine he had not continu'd his Addresses with the same Ardency with which he had begun 'em ; and only told him, she had follow'd her Inclination in the Choice she had made, for which she was accountable to None. The discarded Lover went away, but not quite so wretched as perhaps she thought him. The new married Couple din'd together at her Lodgings, where they were also bedded. — I know not how to relate to your Lordship this Part of the Adventure, as it was told me ; — but it seems the *Bridegroom's* Behaviour was very different from what might be expected, — The next Morning, and all the Day, he assum'd the Prerogative of a *Husband* ; took upon him to command her, and treated her in the most churlish Manner imaginable. — All their Nights and Days, for above a Fortnight,

(which

(which was the whole Time of their being together) he continued the same; and truly one cannot much blame her for resolving not to live with him. — She went to a Relation's House, and there advis'd what was to be done to obtain a Divorce. The Lawyer, who told me the Story, was sent for to be consult'd: But he cou'd propose no Way but one, which was to prefer a Complaint of his Behaviour. — Your Lordship may guess what Sort of a Tryal that wou'd have been: The Lady was sensible of it, and had more Modesty than to comply with those Measures. On which they at last agreed, as the only remaining Remedy, that the Lawyer shou'd go to the Husband, hear what he had to alledge in his Defence, and make some Proposals to him for Separation. All this was done: But tho' half her Fortune was offer'd, nothing cou'd prevail on the Husband to quit his Claim but a Bond, That on no Account, on no Pretence whatsoever, the Lady shou'd ever speak to, write to, or have any Communication whatsoever, with *E—d M—n*, (the Gentleman who made his Addresles to her before;) and this Bond to be made so, that on Failure her whole Fortune in Money, Plate, Jewels, even to her very wearing Clothes, shou'd be forfeited. — All these Conditions, hard as they were, (for as I have already said, she lik'd him, and had consented to marry the other only in a Pique,) were granted; and to tell him she agreed to his Proposal, was the Business which had brought her thither that Day. — Here was the first Part of Mr. *Campbell's* Prediction sufficiently made out.

You will disappoint, and be disappointed; but that which you will meet, will be greater than that you will give.

You

You may be sure I long'd to know the Result of an Affair which seem'd to promise something extraordinary; and entreated the *Lawyer* to find out as much as possible, and bring me an Account. He had good Nature enough to assure me that he wou'd; and in three or four Days after made good his Promise, in a Manner more satisfactory than I cou'd have hop'd, or expected. He told me, that after the Signing of the Bond, the Husband sent immediately for Mr. E---d M---n; who happening to be in the Way, obey'd the Summons. As soon as he came into the Room, the former gave him the History of what had been transacted, interlarding it with a good deal of Ridicule: *You see, Sir!* (said he, laughing,) *that tho' this Lady had Complaisance enough for me to discharge you on my Account, I have so much Compassion for the Misery the Loss of her must of necessity involve you in, that I here give up my Claim, abjure the Name of Husband, and resign her to you, (spoilest, and unenjoy'd, for me;) if you are enough her Admirer to accept of her just as she came into the World.* 'Tis easy to guess the Lady was in Confusion and Rage enough at this Treatment; but dare not open her Lips, either to revile, or complain, for fear the Penalty of the Bond shou'd be put in Force. The Lover, as full of Passion as he had once made her believe he was, had more Discretion than to accept of a Woman for a Wife, who, if she were really as innocent as *Eve* before the Fall, wou'd, by marrying him, be reduc'd to a Condition as *naked* too; and thought, to challenge the Man who had laid her under this Restraint, was sufficient to prove he had an Esteem for her. — But this poor Lady was as much disappointed in her Hopes of *Revenge*, as she had been before in her *Love*. — The Person challeng'd presently discover'd

cover'd herself to be a *Woman*, and consequently unfit for such an Encounter as the other demand-
 ed. --- Having pluck'd off her Perriwig, all the Company knew her to be a Lady who had long been courted by Mr. *E---d M---n*; but the other's Fortune being greater, had alienated his Affections to her: --- On which she had dress'd herself in Mens Clothes, and contriv'd this Stratagem to disappoint his Hopes. --- There was no Body in the Room that did not commend her Ingenuity, and blame the Inconstancy of her Lover. --- Even the Lady, who had suffer'd so much Uneasiness by the Artifice, had Generosity enough not only to pardon it, but also to tell her she thought herself oblig'd to her for preventing her giving herself to a Man, who, having been false to *one*, would doubtless be so to *all*. These Reflections, which with Justice were cast on him, gave him so much Confusion, that for a good while he knew not what to say; but recollecting himself as well as he could, and believing the best way to put a Stop to their Raillery would be to join in it, turning to the *Lady Plotter*, and assuming an Air as unconcern'd as his inward Emotions would give him leave to wear, *Well, Madam*, (said he,) *since you have taken so much Pains to break off my Marriage here, and no Body will judge it proceeded from any other Motive than because you would have me yourself*, --- *pray when shall be the happy Day?* But the Lady to whom these Words were address'd answer'd 'em in a manner very different from what he expected; and looking at him with a Countenance wholly compos'd of Scorn, --- *When I consent to marry you*, (said she,) *I will give the World leave to report I have made and carried on this Design thro' the Suggestions of my Passion*. --- *But when my future Behaviour*

viour shall testify I think of you but with that Contempt which your Mutability merits, it will be known that Love had the least Share in prompting my Invention. She spoke a good deal more to the same purpose; and the Gentleman was forc'd to leave 'em, without being able to make any Replies to the Ridicule they all join'd in against him.

I should have been prodigiously charm'd with this Lady's Character, had she kept up to her first Resolution: But, alas! in spite of all her Wit she prov'd herself at last a weak, tender-hearted, fond, believing *Woman*, accepted of his Submissions, forgave his past Inconstancy, and is now his Wife. --- The other Lady is also married to a Gentleman of the Name Mr. *Campbell* writ to her, and as happy as he told her she would be.

I had no sooner got Intelligence of this Adventure from my Relation, than I run to Mr. *Campbell's*, to upbraid his Ill-nature in refusing to inform me of what was so very diverting; and told him that I was now Mistress of the Secret without his Assistance. --- He laugh'd at me prodigiously for the Eagerness I express'd to know the Affairs of other People, while I seem'd entirely regardless of my own; unless it were of those which he accounted trifling in respect of the others, what related to my Passion; and again assur'd me that he would never encourage that foolish inquisitive Humour in me; nor oblige me at other People's Expence. --- I could have been half angry with him for telling me my Faults so plainly: But when I consider'd he took that Liberty for no other reason than to engage me to employ my Thoughts on Subjects more improving, I found it so friendly a Part, that I was rather obligated to him than the contrary. But how little I was of

a Humour to follow his good Advice, the many Observations which since that I have made of his Clients, will convince you.

The same Day there came an old Gentleman, who appear'd to be so near making his *Exit*, that whoever had seen him would have wonder'd he should be desirous of knowing any thing more than he already had experienc'd, of a *World* he must so shortly bid adieu to; and as to what should happen in the *other*, I could never find out in all my Search that Mr. *Campbell* pretended to any Knowledge of it.

In spite of the Lesson I had just receiv'd, I could not find in my Heart to leave the House without informing myself, if possible, what Business had engag'd a Visit from this venerable *Don*. --- I saw by Mr. *Campbell's* manner of receiving him that he was a Stranger, and imagin'd by his offering him half a Crown that he had also been little acquainted with his Fame. --- The *Oracle* very modestly let him know that was not an Offering he ever accepted; and the other, rather than go back unsatisfied, was willing to double it. I told him Mr. *Campbell* seldom took *Silver*; but all I could say was in vain to make him produce *Gold*. At last he threw down two *Crown-pieces*, but could not be brought to advance the odd *Sixpence*. --- But Mr. *Campbell* agreed to take it, and set himself to do what he was desired, a great many Pieces of Paper pass'd between 'em; but the ill-natur'd Creature took care I should not look over a Word. Before they had finish'd, three Ladies of Quality came up Stairs, and oblig'd Mr. *Campbell* to take his old Consulter into another Room, that we were in happening to be the best. *Reverendissimo* had enough to do to pack up his Hat, Cane,

Cane, Sword, Spectacles, and Papers, before they enter'd, and in the Hurry dropp'd two Pieces, which I was quick enough to snatch up. ---- They were both Mr. Campbell's writing: But I found enough by 'em to know it was to enquire of the Integrity of a young Lass this old Spark had a mind to marry, which had prevail'd on him to give his Money; which I perceiv'd he lov'd better than any thing in the World, but her. In the first I read these Words:

If you would take my Advice, it should be not to marry: — But I see all I can tell you will not prevent it: — But it will make you miserable, and shorten your Days.

In the other I found this written:

I do not say she is naught; but she will be so: --- You will find her free both of her Person and her Furse. --- You us'd your first Wife ill, who was a virtuous Woman, and the Justice of Providence will permit this to revenge her Cause; --- and I can give you but little Hopes of any future good Fortune. --- You have seen your best Days, — and I fear you will ----

The rest was torn off, and I was oblig'd to content myself with what I could gather from these Scraps; for I knew 'twas to no purpose to desire any farther Information from him, who only had the Power to give it; nor, indeed, had Courage to ask it, after the Remonstrances he had so lately made me.

The Ladies, however, whose Interruption had given me an Opportunity of knowing thus much by their agreeable Chat, compensated for my want of knowing more. --- I thought myself very happy in their Society while Mr. Campbell continued engag'd, which was not long; for finding the old Gentleman incapable of following his Advice, he dismiss'd him as soon as he could. ---

I expected a good deal of Discovery from these Ladies, but was disappointed at that time; for I found they had all been there several times before, tho' I had not the good Fortune to meet 'em, and only call'd to see him, and to know if he had finish'd a Book, which it seems he had promis'd to do for one of them. He assur'd them it should be ready in three or four Days at farthest, and desir'd them to send about that time. --- They stay'd but the drinking off a Pot of Tea, which he had order'd to be made for them, and took their Leaves. I was strangely disturb'd in Spirit, that I had no way in the World to discover what he had to tell them. --- But whatever Planet it was that rul'd at my Nativity, and inclin'd me to such an uncommon Curiosity, it also, for the most part, favour'd me with the Gratification of it.

Having been a Morning or two after this at the Shops, buying some Things I wanted, I took it into my Head to go and breakfast with Mrs. *Campbell*, happening to be pretty near. The Maid immediately shew'd me up into the Dining-Room, but told me her *Master*, not being very well, was not risen yet, and that her *Mistress* was gone to Market, but that she expected her every Minute. ---- I was a little tir'd with walking, having never been much accusom'd to it, and sat down to rest me, designing to tarry till either the Husband should get up, or the Wife return. I had not been there above a Moment before casting my Eyes on the *Settle* I saw some gilt Paper made up in a Book, and cover'd with Marble. I presently guess'd this might be the Book I had heard the Ladies speak of the Evening I had met 'em there, and took it up with a Joy answerable to my Impatience of knowing what it contain'd. --- I found

I had not been deceiv'd in my Imagination; and having so good an Opportunity, a Pen and Ink standing by, copy'd it over, that I might lose nothing of it, and have sent you the very Words directly as he writ them.

Page 1. *Madam J--- L--- born May 16, 1688, married in 1705. You have an excellent Husband, if Wealth, Honour, Reputation, an agreeable Form, a Temper without Fault, and an unceasing Tenderness and Esteem for you can make a Man worthy your Affections, he richly does deserve them; yet you are uneasy at your present State, --- inclinable to the worst Passion you can entertain, which is Jealousy. --- The Complaisance (tho' no more than is fit for him to shew) with which he treats your Sex, gives you Disorders, which you are not always able to conceal. --- I fear this Humour will grow upon you. --- You will at last fly into Extravagancies, which will give him some Distaste.*

Page 2. *I see great Contention between you in the Year 1709, --- an entire Separation in the Year 1711. --- Means will be used by Relations on both Sides for a Reconciliation, --- but --- your Heart will be too much estrang'd. --- A young Gentleman of a middle Stature, black Hair and Eyes, is born an Enemy to your Peace. --- A black Woman born under Saturn, and a Blemish in her Eyes, stands forth to do you a Prejudice. --- A great Number of Enemies rise up against you. --- You neglect the Admonitions of your Friends, and I fear will be unhappy for some Time.*

Page 3. *The next Year promises much better, Riches by Deaths; — three, or two at least, will be of great Advantage to you. --- A total Divorce from your Husband in the Year 1714. --- In the same Year you will bury a Son. --- Several good Offers of Marriage, which you will refuse. — A Danger threatens you by a Fall, or Water;*

but you will escape it ; — and about that Time your Husband will die.

Page 4. *Nothing of consequence will happen till about the Year 1717, or 1718, an eternal Breach between you and a dear Friend ; --- it will be occasion'd by a Woman. --- You will marry soon after. --- Your second Husband's Name is G --- e B --- l, a Man of a great Estate, a Widower : By him you will have many fine Children, but not above two to live. --- You will bury that Husband, and be very near marrying again, --- but something will happen to prevent it.*

Page 5. *I see thro' all your Life more Good than Ill. --- From your Childhood, to the Day of your Death, you are surrounded with Enemies, most of 'em of your own Sex ; but few of them will have Power to do you any Prejudice. --- I dare promise you a long Life, and to the last free from Sickness and Poverty. As for the Distempers of the Mind, you must study a little Philosophy, and they will vanish.*

Page 6. *I would advise you to speak as little as possible of any thing, which if known, may give your Enemies a Pretence to scandalize you ; for I see Baseness and Treachery toward you : 'Tis hard to know a Friend ; therefore trust no Body, and you cannot be deceived. --- You are naturally too open, --- but endeavour to correct that Failing.*

Page 7. *The Censure of the World will all your Life attend you. --- You will be always envied by the Women, and admired by the Men ; but the less you listen to the one, or the other, the happier you will be.*

At the time I happened on this Book, this Lady, whom I knew by Fame, had not been married above two Years, and seem'd then to be the happiest Woman on Earth. There was so little Probability in most of these Predictions, that I began to imagine, That once in his Life, the Seer had

had been mistaken. But the Catastrophe prov'd otherwise, and every thing that he foretold, except her second Husband's Death, is already fulfill'd, and that too is in a fair way to come to pass; for making it my Business to enquire pretty much into the Affairs of that Family, I heard the other Day that he was very ill of a Fever, from which the Physicians despair'd of his Recovery.

I fancy your Lordship will wonder what I have meant all this while by talking of a *Book*: But you must know, that those People who are desirous of being inform'd at once of all the Accidents of their Life, have these little Volumes made up for 'em, for which they pay considerably more than for a *single Question*, or his Opinion of their Fortune in *general*, as indeed it is highly reasonable; for one may suppose by his setting down Events in such and such particular Years, that he consults the *Planets*, and is at infinitely more Pains than when he goes no farther than what his *second Sight* gives him an *Idea* of; and this convinces me, ~~as~~ **as** I have before observ'd, that he has a perfect Understanding in *Astrology*, which serves to *particularize* what his *other* Gift would enable him to disclose but with *Confusion*. 'Tis certain that when he first looks on People, he conceives a Knowledge of what Accidents will happen to 'em; but then they are in a *Chaos*, mingled and blended so with one another, that it would be impossible for him to divide 'em into that Form as you see he does, and fix any one of 'em to any direct Point of Time, as in this Book, without the Study of that Science, which few will allow him to know any thing of. But this I leave to your Lordship's better Judgment to determine, which I hope you will not refuse to acquaint me with, when I have made an end

of relating the Observations I have made on his Predictions.



C H A P. VI.

STRANGE and unaccountable are some Peoples Notions of themselves, how blind indeed are most to their own Imperfections; and what a Number of Wretches are there who are made so only by their Vanity! When deceiv'd by our *own* Opinion, 'tis easy to be brought to believe that of *another's*. The most improbable Fictions gain a speedy Credit, when once the Heart takes part, and wishes 'em sincere. --- Age and Deformity imagines itself agreeable when Flattery says 'tis so, and thinks the Mirror false which contradicts the Tongue of the Deceiver. --- A Woman of my Acquaintance, who could not be less than 60, and as ugly as she was old, but vastly rich, did not think it an Impossibility that a young Gentleman of 24 should be passionately in Love with her; and being told by him that nothing but the making him her Husband could save him from laying violent Hands on his Life, had too much Charity in her Nature to suffer him to be guilty of that Crime; and tho' she had many Children and Grandchildren, some of which were unprovided for, yet she thought it less unjust to leave them to the Care of Providence, by giving what she had, with herself, to a Husband, who had nothing but the Clothes on his Back, than let so fine, so sweet, and so loving a Gentleman come to an untimely

timely End thro' her Cruelty.---- She married him, and no doubt believ'd she should make him prodigiously happy in her Embraces; but, I know not how, some little unexpected Coldnesses in his Behaviour (which she was a very good Judge of) gave her reason to suspect she had been mistaken. ---- Strangely perplex'd and disturb'd in Mind, where should she come to complain of her Misfortune but to me. A proper Person I know your Lordship will think either to pity or advise her: but how much soever you may laugh at the Choice of her Confident, I assure you (in spite of the little Commiseration I have in my Nature for Woes such as hers) I made a shift to form a Countenance of Condolance, look'd very grave, and told her I was extremely sorry and surpriz'd to hear a Woman of her Beauty and Accomplishments should be slighted thus in the first Week of her Marriage; and Mr. *Campbell* just then coming into my Thoughts, perswaded her to go with me to him for his Opinion of the Matter, to which she readily consented; and I put on my Hood and Scarf to accompany her, proposing to myself a good deal of Diverfion in the Dialogue between them.

When we came to Mr. *Campbell's*, we found every Room full of Company, and he so very much employ'd among them, that we could not hope he would be able to disengage himself in a great while; but when I had made him understand that the Lady who was with me had a Business of the greatest Importance in the World to communicate to him, he promised that he would dispatch with all possible Expedition all the rest of his Consultors.

It was notwithstanding three Hours at least before he could get Liberty to come to us, and a little longer would have made the old Lady quite out of Patience: But at last we had the good Fortune to have him to ourselves; and she gave him her Question, which she had writ ready at my House, and brought in her Pocket. --- There was a long Preamble recounting the Passion her Husband had profess'd for her before Marriage, --- and the slender Proofs she had found of it since, --- the Love she had for him, --- and the Disturbance it was to her to have any Reason to doubt she had been mistaken in her Opinion of his, --- and a great deal more of such like Stuff: --- But the main Point was to know the Cause of his Neglect, and whether he would ever reassume those Ardours for her which he once pretended to feel.

Mr. *Campbell* look'd on her, and read over her Harangue with a Contempt of the Person who made it; which was visible enough in his Countenance to me who knew his way, and easily guess'd what his Thoughts were on such an Occasion: --- But she, who never imagin'd there was any thing in her but what commanded Respect and Admiration, was far from taking notice of it, and sat bridling and making so many Grimaces (which she design'd for Graces) all the time he was taking a View of the Lines of her Face, that it was with all the Difficulty in the World I restrain'd myself from bursting into a loud Laughter.

Having taken as full a Survey of her Face as was necessary for his Purpose, (and I dare swear as he desired,) and studied for a Moment or two, he writ her this Reply.

The Question you ask is not material enough for me to dwell upon. --- I fear you will have a terrible Solution without

without my Help. --- I am sorry I stay'd from you so long. --- Two Hours ago your Fate might have been prevented. --- But perhaps it is not yet too late to save something. --- Go Home, and see what is doing there; --- your Presence is more necessary there than any thing I can do for your Welfare will make it here.

My Consternation what he meant by these Words was equal, if not superior to hers they were directed to. The Confidence I had in his Skill assur'd me there was something extraordinary had happened since she came out, and would fain have persuaded her to follow his Advice; but she, who had no Notion of the Truth, writ to him to explain his Meaning. --- I saw he was angry at her Delay, and shaking his Head and frowning, gave her this Answer: ---

While I am telling you what the Danger is that threatens you, the Ruin may be effected. --- Once more, I charge you take a Coach, and be gone Home this Moment, or you will not be worth a Petticoat to put on.

He threw down the Pen as he had writ these Words, and rose from the Table in a sort of a Fury. --- She would fain have known *if her House was on fire, or if Thieves were got in*: But he was so engag'd at seeing her so dilatory, that he flew out of the Room, leaving me to persuade her, which at last I did, But she told me she would return as soon as she had made the Discovery he told her of; and engag'd me to stay till she came back, and in the mean time prevail on him, if I could, to give his Opinion of her Husband's Affection; for that it was that engross'd the Thoughts of this old *Enamorado*, in spite of all the Dangers which she was told hung over her.

I did as she desired me; but Mr. Campbell gave me, as I thought he would not, no other Satisfaction,

tion, than telling me I might answer that Question as well as he; *for did I think there was a Possibility for a Man of his Years to love a Woman of her's?* We had a great deal of Conversation during the time of her Absence of the Madness of such unsuitable Matches, and what unhappy Events they very often were the Cause of. --- But in less than an Hour she return'd again, crying and wringing her Hands, *Oh!* said she to me, *this dumb Man is certainly the Devil, --- he knows every thing. --- When I came to my Door I found a Cart loaded with my Goods, going to be carried away. --- I offer'd to stop 'em, --- but the Fellows who my villainous Husband hir'd the other Day for Servants, told me I had no Power; --- what they did, they did by their Master's Order. --- I thought I should have died when as soon as I got in I found my House stripp'd of every Thing that was valuable in it: --- All my Plute, my Jewels, Money, Pictures, Linnen, my very wearing Clothes are gone! --- But this is not all my Trouble, my Granddaughter Sarah, who, you know, I brought up from a Child, is the Person for whom I am us'd in this barbarous manner: She has join'd with my Rogue of a Husband, told him where every Thing was, help'd to pack 'em up while I have been here; and they are gone together, no Body can tell where. ---* She ended her Account of her Losses with such bitter Exclamations and Anguish of Soul, that I began now to pity her, and seriously entreated Mr. Campbell to give her his Advice which way to proceed. --- But he was able to afford her no great Consolation. --- He told her, That her only Remedy was Patience; for if she should take never so much Pains to seek a Redress, it would be ineffectual, the Persons who had wrong'd her would be beyond her Reach before she would get any Intelligence of them. --- And all he could tell her, to pacify

pacify her, was, That they would be as miserable as she could wish them in a very little Time; and that she should not die till she had her Revenge in as compleat a manner as she could wish, or as her Injuries deserv'd. --- This a little kept up her Spirits, and she came away with me in the midst of her Troubles, expressing an Admiration of his Art.

A little Time, indeed, brought all to pass exactly as he said: the old Lady heard that the ungrateful Couple had made choice of *Paris* for their Sanctuary, where they made the same Use People commonly do of ill-got Gains, let it fly without any Consideration what would become of 'em when what they had was gone, set up an Equipage, and revelled for a few Months in all the Luxury they could invent; till the last Guinea being gone, both grew wretched to the lowest degree of Infamy and Contempt: For not knowing which way to turn themselves, and not daring to come back to *England*, to face any of their Relations, *he* was reduc'd for Bread to become a Bully at a Gaming-Table, and *she* sold Oranges about the Streets; a Fate, indeed, which neither of 'em was unworthy of; and which, had they given Time for the least Reflection on the Justice of the all-seeing Providence, they could not but have expected.

Another Instance of the little Happiness there is to be look'd for in a married Life for those who enter into it at Years so disagreeable, not much unlike this, happened, if your Lordship remembers, among some of our particular Acquaintance. --- You know how resolute, in spite of all the Admonitions of her Friends, and the Ridicule of all who knew her, the late Lady *D---* was to marry

marry the Colonel; and how soon he let her know it was not her Person which had engag'd him, but only the Means of furnishing himself for an Affair more agreeable to him. ---- If I am not mistaken he went also to *Paris* with the young Lady, who was so unhappy to charm, and be charmed by him. --- But what made me mention their Story here was, that happening to visit my old Lady after this Misfortune, she told me she could blame no Body but herself for it; for she had sufficient Warning given her, if her Passion had permitted her to regard it; and then shew'd me a Paper which Mr. *Campbell* had writ for her, giving an Account of the Adventure just as it has happen'd, long before there was any Appearance of it, or perhaps the Parties themselves had any Thoughts of acting as they since have done.

A Reflection on this, and many other Affairs of the like nature, is enough to make one wonder that those People who have Faith in Mr. *Campbell's* Predictions, should not, when told so plainly, as he sometimes does, of the Evils they are about bringing on themselves, endeavour to prevent 'em, and, if possible, disappoint the Malice of their *ill Genius*. --- But this very rarely happens, and never, I believe, when *Love* is the Motive; for that little Enemy to Reason and to Happiness, always comes at first in a Shape too pleasing to be resisted; we even court Misfortunes which must spring from him, and think to be his Martyr were a Blessing; --- while possess'd of the Notions he inspires, the Follies we commit on his Account seem Delicacies; --- the Pains we feel, and which we are justly laugh'd at for, we value ourselves upon; --- and the more Danger of being undone, the more Heroism we prove, as the Poet says:

Falshood

Falshood and Ruin all look lovely there. ---

But I am got into a Theme again, from which I know you will be afraid I shall not easily quit; but for once I will disappoint you, and return to Subjects more capable of entertaining you:

*For Love's a Toy becoming Youth alone,
But in Maturity should ne'er be shown:
If in our Hearts the lurking Folly stays,
Let Wisdom's Chains confine the Rebel Blaze;
For if it mounts once to the Tongue and Eyes,
The ill-tim'd Softness Food for Scorn supplies!
Unpity'd, even by those who feel the same,
All our Reward for Constancy is Shame.*

Your Lordship, I know, has often heard me speak of Mr. L-----r, as allow'd by the understanding Part of the World to be a Man of profound Sense. Like most of the Learned, he had a vast Aversion to what is call'd Fortune-telling. I believe he suffer'd himself to be teaz'd by me for a whole Year before he yielded to accompany me to Mr. Campbell's, and at last consented but in Complaisance. I never shall forget the Uneasiness I was in all the while we were going together, for fear some Accident should occasion his not being answer'd according to the Assurance I had taken upon me to make him: Not that I doubted the Infallibility of the *Dumb Oracle*, having seen too many undeniable Testimonies of it; but it came into my Head that he might be engag'd with other Company, might not be well, or it might be a Day (as sometimes it was, tho' very rarely) that he had not the Spirit of Divination

tion at Command. I had appear'd so positive, that I would not for the World have met with any Disappointment, knowing very well that the least Difficulty on Mr. Campbell's side would have made the other, who was naturally satirical enough, laugh at my Credulity, and report it for a lasting Jest to all the Acquaintance I had. But not to keep you in Suspence, by relating these immaterial Particulars of mine, we met with him at Home alone, and in as good a Humour for our Purpose as I could have wish'd him. The first Question that Mr. L---r put to him was, if he should ever be a *Widower*? To which the *Seer*, having look'd earnestly on his Face, writ to him.

You have been a Widower twice, but take care how you venture on a third Wife. If you marry the Woman you have some Thoughts on at present, you will have Cause enough to wish she were as short-liv'd as your two former ones.

I, who very well knew that he had really buried two Wives, and was at that time courting a Woman, who, indeed, seem'd to be a very unsuitable Match, look'd on him, and expected an Exclamation of Wonder at this Proof of a Skill he had so much suspected; but instead of that, rising from his Chair in a Passion, and throwing away scornfully the Paper which Mr. Campbell had given him: *Madam*, said he to me, *I did not think when I came hither, purely to gratify your Request, you would have been so ungenerous as to have given this Information, without which I know this Fellow could never have written to me in this manner.* I had been so much accustomed to this kind of Treatment, as I have already told your Lordship, from my own Sex, that I resolv'd never to carry any more of them there; but that I imputed to their want of judging right-ly,

ly, and could not have believ'd I should have met with the same from one whose Sense the whole World had so good an Opinion of. I made him no other Answer, than denying what he said; which however he still persisted in, and grew so angry at last, that, I believe, forgetting all Complaisance, he would have gone away, and left me there, if Mr. Campbell, who by the Motion of our Lips, and the Disorders of both our Countenances, if by no other Intelligence, perfectly knew our Minds, had not, taking up the Pen hastily, prevented him, by writing these Words:

I am much mistaken if you do not wrong an innocent Lady: I dare swear she is above joining in an Imposition to any one: And for my Part, I wou'd not thank an Intelligence so imperfect, as is in her Power to give me of you. — I cou'd tell you of some Affairs which wou'd convince you of the Truth of what I say: — But as the Warmth you are in, springs only from your Disbelief of my Art, and not from any other ill Will to me; I will not resent it so far, as to mention any thing you wou'd keep secret; — but if you desire to know what it is I mean, if you will give me Leave to wait on you into the next Room, your Curiosity shall be satisfied at full.

As much enrage as Mr. L——r had been, he seem'd a little confounded at the Assurance which he saw in the Countenance of the *Dumb Man*; and as he has since confess'd, began to repent of the Rashness he had been guilty of to me. However, he had too high a Spirit to own he had been in an Error, at least, till his *Conviction* had entirely got the better of his *Incredulity*. But he immediately made a Sign to Mr. Campbell. that he was willing to do as he desir'd; and they left me to divert myself with a Book, call'd, *The Life of Mr. Duncan Campbell*, which was just then publish'd; and I
neither

neither saw my unbelieving Friend, nor the Person who undertook to make a Convert of him, in three Hours after.

But I was very well satisfied for waiting so long; when, at their Return, Mr. L——r begg'd a thousand Pardons of me for what he had said; and confess'd, he had all his Life, till that Moment, done an Injury to that Gentleman, which the Remainder of shou'd be spent in, and endeavour to make Reparation for. I wou'd very fain have known what those Secrets were which Mr. Campbell, by his Discovery of, had gain'd himself so great an Admirer, from one who was before as much the contrary: But my Curiosity was not here so fortunate as it generally us'd to be. As sorry as Mr. L——r was for having affronted me, he wou'd not consent to buy my Pardon at that Rate; nor cou'd Mr. Campbell's Gratitude (tho' in other Things never backward) for my bringing him a new Customer, oblige him to give me the least Hint of what I ask'd concerning this Affair. — Nor till this Day have I any Notion what it cou'd be, unless it was something of a Child he had by the celebrated Mrs. B——, which your Lordship has doubtless heard of, because it made so great a Noise in Town after his Death, though entirely untalk'd of in his Life. But whatever it was, he became, as Mr. Campbell told me, as good a Friend as ever he met with; and did nothing without his Advice: One Part of which was not to marry the Lady he design'd; who, on his breaking off, had the good Fortune, (if I may call it so, since she made no better Use of it,) to appear agreeable in the Eyes of a Man of singular good Sense, and a very great Estate. He made her his Wife in a short Time; but she no sooner saw

saw herself settled in a Condition, from which nothing but Death cou'd Displace her. Then she began to play the Tyrant; the whole Town immediately rung of her Extravagancies *Abroad*, and Penuriousness and ill Nature at *Home*. Her Husband grew almost weary of his Life; and my Friend found how much Reason he had to acknowledge an Obligation to Mr. *Campbell*, who alone was the Cause he was not in the Condition of that much-to-be-pitied Gentleman.

There is nothing in which Mr. *Campbell* differs from the common Fortune-Tellers more than in his plain Dealing. *They*, to please the Fools, that put their Trust in them, always flatter them with Predictions of coming Happiness; but *He*, though often loth to speak the worst, because it is not in the Courage of every one to support the Knowledge of Events so terrible as he sometimes foresees, never deceives his Consulters with fictitious Hopes. He will not, perhaps, name the very Evil they are to undergo: But he tells them, that he fears something of a Misfortune attends them; and endeavours, by a thousand Arguments, drawn from Morality and Christianity, to arm them for the coming Woe. There are some Misfortunes threaten'd by the Malevolence of ill-dispos'd Conjunctions, at the Nativity of a Person, which prudent Management may avert, or at least abate; and those, he never fails to give Warning of, and the best Advice which Way they are to be avoided; as in the Case of several, which I have known, and are still living, and undisputable Witnesses of what I aver. One remarkable Instance I think will not be improper to relate, is of a young Lady, who happen'd to come in one Day when I was there. She was young, and seem-

ingly so gay, that whoever had seen her, as I did, wou'd never have suspected that her Heart labour'd under any Oppression. But as I found afterward she was in Love, and had yeilded so far to her Passion, as to make her Honour the Sacrifice of it. She was young with Child; and it was to know the future Behaviour of the Father of it; (who, like most Men, in such a Circumstance, already grew slighting to her,) that she came to consult Mr. Campbell. He was very unwilling to resolve her any thing she ask'd; but being press'd, past Refusal, he at last writ to her.

You have been very imprudent in your Management: You have resign'd your All to a Man who despises the Conquest he has gain'd. — But this I can tell you for your Comfort; you will live to see your self reveng'd: He will be kill'd in a Duel.

She was very importunate to know farther; but though she offer'd him two Guineas, he wou'd not be prevail'd on to write any more. After she was gone, I desir'd to know the Cause of his Refusal, which he told me was; that he foresaw a violent Death to her by her own Hands, which being impossible to prevent, he wou'd not afflict her with. *It will make a great Noise,* (said he on his Fingers, which a Person, who was there, interpreted to me,) *and you cannot fail to hear of it when it happens; and that you may be certain it is this very Lady, I shall let you know her Name is M——y S——rs.* Accordingly I heard about three Months after of a Lady of that Name, who being with Child by a Gentleman, (who, as Mr. Campbell had foretold, was kill'd in a Duel by an intimate Acquaintance,) to avoid the Scandal the World throws on such Affairs, took Poison, and at once destroy'd both herself, and the Infant within her.

Another

Another Accident, almost as dreadful, happen'd about the same Time. It was of a young Lad of about seventeen Years of Age; who being deluded into the Choice of a *Guardian*, and soon discovering himself ill us'd by him, consulted the *dumb Oracle* by what Means he should avoid the Injustice which the beginning of his *Trustees* Behaviour threaten'd him with. Mr. *Campbell* sigh'd, and look'd extremely concern'd all the time he was examining his Face; and when he had done, writ to him in this manner.

I wish you had ask'd my Advice before you had made choice of that Man for your Guardian; but 'tis now too late: Besides, you have a nearer Friend, a Mother, I think, that thinks less for your Interest than her own Satisfaction; she is in Love with him, will marry him, and the Consequence will be to cheat you out of every Thing your Father left you.

The poor Lad appear'd strangely confounded at reading these Lines: He confess'd he had a Mother, who had not been so kind to him as might be expected, since he was her only Child; but protested he knew nothing of any Courtship between his Guardian and her. And having return'd an Answer to this purpose to Mr. *Campbell*, received a second Prediction from his Hand in these Words:

How close soever they may carry it, they are at this time contracted, and will be married before the Full of the Moon; and the Proof of what I tell you, and some other Proceedings, will make you so uneasy, that you will resolve to go to Sea; — but I would advise you to the contrary. — You are a very ingenious young Man, and may make your Fortune here, if you will be rul'd by those who wish you well, and take proper Measures.

This was all he would let him know at present; only charg'd him to come again, when he had experienc'd the Truth of his Prediction, by the Marriage of his *Mother* with his *Guardian*; which the young Man assuring him that he would; and paying his Compliment of half a Guinea, took his Leave.

Some Time after, I believe it might be about five or six Months, happening to be there again, I saw him enter; and perfectly remembring his Face, and what Mr. *Campbell* had said to him, immediately ask'd him if his Mother was married, and according to the Time, and to the Person he was foretold: Which he having answer'd in the Affirmative, with a prodigious Admiration of Mr. *Campbell's* Skill, told me also that the second Part of his Prediction was likewise come to pass; That he was determin'd to go to Sea; that every thing was provided for his Voyage; and that he now visit'd him to know what Success he should have abroad. --- Mr. *Campbell*, who while we were talking had been engag'd in another Room, came in that Moment, and prevented my saying any more, which else I should have done, to remind him, that the Person who had so wonderfully foretold what had befallen him, had also advis'd him not to entertain any Thoughts of the Sea: But there was little Probability he would have regarded my Persuasions, when all Mr. *Campbell* could do to put him off was ineffectual. --- After telling him that he saw an Infinity of Happiness to him if he stay'd in *England*, and nothing but Misfortune if he travell'd; and finding him still obstinately bent to continue in his Resolution, he writ to him in a manner to deter him, which I never

never before saw him do so freely. The Words were as follows:

Since so great a Prospect of Prosperity, as I have taken the Pains to delineate, cannot engage you to stay in your own Country, nor the Miseries which threaten you in another, make you fearful of venturing, — I think myself oblig'd to let you know that if you go, you run on your Destruction: — Inevitable Death attends you: — You will be first Shipwreck'd; thrown on a desert Isle; where you will remain some Days and Nights in all the Terrors imaginable, pinch'd with Hunger, and the want of every Necessary of Life, in Expectation every Moment of being devour'd by wild Beasts, and at last perish by the Fury of 'em, when half starv'd, and unable to make either Escape or Defence.

So terrible a Prediction given by one, on whose Knowledge he had so much reason to depend, one would think should have had an Influence over him sufficient to have alter'd his Resolution; but where People are predestinated to any Ill, there is no Possibility of avoiding it. He told Mr. Campbell, That did he see all those Dangers with Eyes as open as his, he would rather chuse to plunge into them, than stay in a Place where he had been us'd with so much Inhumanity, by the Persons from whom alone he could hope for Protection. He went away with a Look the most disconsolate that ever I saw; nor did the *Seer* appear much less concern'd, being perfectly assur'd, as he told me afterward, that every Thing would happen as he had foreboded.

By the strangest Accident in the World, some Time afterwards, I chanc'd to be in Company with the Mother of this Lad; whom I should not have known to be so, but by her telling the Persons she came to visit, That the News-Papers had given an

Account that the Ship her Son went in was cast away. On which the Gentlewoman made Answer, by saying, That if it were so, and she in her Place, she should never enjoy herself; for doubtless it was no other than her ill Usage of him, and Marriage with his unfaithful *Guardian*, which had drove him from his native Country. These Words immediately brought into my Head Mr. *Campbell's* Prediction; and thinking it very much to the Advantage of his Reputation, reported it to all that were in the Room. The Mother seem'd astonish'd, and presently express'd a Desire of seeing this prodigious Man. I told her I would go with her if she pleas'd, (having a Curiosity of seeing in what manner he would behave to her.) Accordingly we took Coach, and went directly to his House.—I am certain she had not been in the Room with him above three Minutes when he writ thus:

You are a barbarous Woman: For the Love of a young Fellow you have sacrific'd an only Child, who might have liv'd to have been a Comfort to you. --- What Blessings can you expect are in store for you from a just Heaven, who never is regardless of Crimes, such as yours? Were I in your Place I should have little Inclination to consult Futurity, since without gross Flattery nothing could be promis'd of Felicity.

The Woman seem'd a little concern'd at reading this, and presently return'd, That she did not come to ask any thing further than the Certainty of her Son's Fate, which she had Hope was not so bad as he had foretold:—She said the News-Papers frequently were mistaken in their Intelligence; and in case the Ship was lost, there was a Possibility he might be sav'd. She also assur'd him, that she truly repented her ill Treatment of him, and would willingly part with all she had in the World

to see him once more. The Seer shook his Head while he was reading what she writ, and reply'd in this manner:

Your Penitence is now too late, your Son is dead, --- most miserably perish'd: --- Pray Heaven your Soul do not answer it at the great Day. --- That wicked Man who induc'd you to that Barbarity which drove him hence, has a Load of Guilt upon him, which a Sea of Tears can hardly wash away. I would not for the Treasure of both the Indies be in his Condition. --- But this is not his last of Crimes: Yourself, in his Usage of you, will experience that there is nothing of Ill which he is not capable of. The Folly you have been guilty of in marryiag him will be sufficiently punish'd by his Inhumanity in this World. --- 'Tis well if the next absolves you. --- But to tell you of that is not my Province. --- God forgive you, and enable you to bear what you have brought upon yourself.

She wept excessively, and seem'd so oppress'd with Grief, that for a good while she was utterly unable to make any Reply. --- But when she had gain'd a little Cessation, she took the Pen, and entreated him to let her know in what manner the ill Treatment he threaten'd her with from her Husband was to be inflicted. And he immediately inform'd her, That it would be in every way that was vexatious: --- He would not only spend her Substance in riotous living, --- whoring, --- drinking, --- gaming, --- but he would also abuse her Body by Blows; and at last bring home an infectious Distemper, which should consume her with incessant Pains till it destroy'd her.

Her Courage was not of Force to endure the Knowledge of such Disasters. She shriek'd, and utter'd such extravagant Exclamations, as brought all the Company in the House, which were a great

many, into the Room to enquire the Cause. The Sight of such a Number of Witnesses of her Distraction, brought her a little to herself; and having order'd a Chair to be call'd, went away in a Humour very different from that in which she came.

Having given your Lordship so many Testimonies of my Curiosity, you will not wonder that it led me to make an Enquiry concerning this Woman and her Husband; and in due Time heard of every Thing happening directly as he had told her. But I did not give myself this Trouble out of any Suspicion that Mr. *Campbell* had been mistaken, having myself too sadly experienc'd his Power of Divination; but I was willing to hear it also confess'd from the Mouths of those People who, like me, had prov'd it.

After this I saw him not for, I believe, the Space of eight or nine Months, being in the Country on that unhappy Affair, which your Lordship has so feelingly pitied me for engaging in. And when I went to visit him at my Return, found him involv'd over Head and Ears in Law; Subpœna's, Declarations, Witnesses, Judgments, Executions, now took up all his Thoughts: He had no Time, nor, I believe, thus perplex'd, Capacity to answer his Consulters. And 'tis impossible to conceive the Prejudice these unlucky Affairs have done his Reputation, as well as his Interest. All that came to him were not acquainted with the Reasons that they were refus'd; and those that were, had not, perhaps, Consideration enough to excuse it. And to my certain Knowledge several have gone from his House, and reported, that he was an ignorant Fellow, and knew nothing of what he pretended to, when his own Troubles
have

have made him neglectful of any others. But I, who very well knew it had not been his Custom to send away even the meanest of his Clients unsatisfied, nor had never seen any thing like the Confusion in his House, which now appear'd in all about him, made it my Business to inform myself of the true Cause, and soon discover'd that most of the Prosecutions he labour'd under were occasion'd by Malice. --- And indeed, among all the Abuses of the Law that ever reach'd my Ears, I never heard of any equal to those made use of against him. And what made his Misfortunes fall with the heavier Weight upon him, was, the Ingratitude of those who had call'd themselves his Friends, --- People that had eat at his Table, had his Purse at Command, and the same Privilege in his House on all Accounts as tho' it were their own, deny'd him the least Assistance in his Calamity; nay, some of them with an unexampled Barbarity, a Baseness, more Devil-like than any thing that boasted of Humanity, join'd with his cruel Enemies in their Endeavours to sink him beyond the Hope of rising more.

Your Lordship will, perhaps, be surpriz'd that he, who had so perfect a Knowledge of the Accidents attending other People, should be so ignorant of what would happen to himself. To which I answer, That his great Application to Study for those who desire it of him, has made him neglectful of every Thing for himself. — I have known him so very careless, that at the very time he took the Trouble to describe a Person who had stole a Silver Spoon from another, he would not give himself a Moment's Thought for a Piece of Plate of a much greater Value which was taken out of his own House, — But this is an Oversight,
for

for which he has dearly paid. And tho' no Man, that ever pretended to the Gift of Divination, ever had so clear a Judgment in discovering the secret Intents of those most perfect in the Art of Dissimulation, yet when it was only his own Interest to dive into 'em, not the most ignorant was more easily deceiv'd.

But, as I was saying, tho' he had Fortitude enough to enable him, alone and unassisted, to stem a Sea of Difficulties, yet the Grief he labour'd under at such causeless Barbarity brought him into Fits, and an ill Habit of Body; which, when he had pretty well overcome what had occasion'd it, he could not perfectly shake off. --- To this Day he is troubled with a kind of paralytical Trembling and Disorder in his Head, which at some times renders him unfit for Business: And methinks it is the greatest Pity in the World, that a Man endu'd by Heaven with a Gift so beneficial to Mankind; should have any thing to discompose him. ---- But there are a sort of Wretches, who are capable of taking no other Satisfaction than in giving Pain, especially to any who they see more worthy of Estimation than themselves. *Envy*, the Parent of *Spleen*, preys with incessant Fury on the Heart which harbours it, if no Means can be found out to feed the Vulture with the Ruin of those whose Merits have created it.



C H A P. VII.

I Made several Visits to Mr. *Campbell* during the Time of his Troubles, but received but little Gratification for my Curiosity. He saw no Company on the Account of Foretelling; and those who were admitted to sit an Hour or two with him, might take it as a Favour. But one Day happening to be there, when he was busy with some Lawyers below, I was left alone in the Dining-Room, the Door of his Closet, where he kept all his Books and Papers, was left open, which, till that time, tho' I had often wish'd it, I never had the good Fortune to find so. I would not lose the Opportunity, but stepp'd in, and snatch'd up as many Papers as two large Pockets would hold. There happen'd to be a great many Letters among them from several of his Clients, some of them are diverting enough; and I have taken the Pains to transcribe them Word for Word, and will send the Copies to your Lordship by the first Post, to peruse them at your Leisure. There were also two Books of Fortune, which he had writ for Ladies, before his Vexations came upon him, and, I suppose, in the sudden Hurry of his Affairs had forgot to send: One of them was directed to a Lady particularly known to you; for which reason, I believe, you will not think it impertinent if I acquaint you with the Contents.

To Madam S---h W---d,

Page 1. Born in January, the 16th Day, in the Year 1690. Auspicious Influences have attended you till the Age of 17. --- Venus had then the Preheminence. — You were solicited by a Man of Quality : — But his Affections were not so sincere as he pretended, or as you believed them to be. --- I see many Misfortunes which have befallen you on that Account. --- A great Fit of Sickness ensued on your breaking off with him. --- You were near Death merely thro' Grief.

Page 2. At the 19th Year several good Offers of Marriage. --- You refus'd them. --- Married in your 20th. Nothing remarkable till your 22d ; two Children at a Birth ; and soon after renewed your Acquaintance with your first Love. --- Your Husband grew jealous : --- They fight ; and from that unhappy Quarrel sprung almost all the Misfortunes of your Life.

Page 3. An Elopement from your Husband in the Year 1715. A cohabiting with that Lord who occasioned your Separation. You grew uneasy on the Account of some Woman : He was impatient, — could not brook your Upbraidings. --- You parted from him, but was young with Child. --- Law-Suits, Troubles of all Kinds were the Consequence of this : Not yet finish'd, nor will till the Year 1725.

Page 4. Your Husband dies in the Year 1726, and your ill Fate seems to have exhausted all its Fury with his Life. --- Prosperity increases with your Years. --- Offers of Marriage, — Reconciliation with your Friends. — An Estate falls to you by the Death of a near Relation, a Brother, I think, You will marry soon after, very much to your Advantage. --- I see Children, and a long and happy Life.

Page 5. I see but one Misfortune after the Year 1725 which threatens you ; and that may be avoided, if you take care

care of a *Red-hair'd Woman*. --- *A black Man*, pretty tall, and fat, seems to wish you no Good. --- Never tell your Secrets to any such Persons, and their Malice cannot hurt you.

I shall not give your Lordship the Trouble by sending the other, having nothing in it remarkable, nor design'd for any Body you are acquainted with; but as for *this*, I am pretty certain you are sufficiently assur'd of the Truth of most of the Particulars. When I had copy'd as many of the Letters as I thought worth my Pains, I took the Originals in my Pockets, and left them on a Table that stood in a Corner of the Dining-Room, for the Closet-Door was fast. — Mr. *Campbell* was quick-sighted enough to discover what I had done, and chid me, as much as good Manners would permit, for my Curiosity. But I had so little Regard for that, that had another Opportunity offer'd to have done the same, I should not have put so great a Constraint on my Inclinations as to have refus'd it.

The *Oracle* being a little recover'd from that Cloud of Vexations which had so long obscur'd him, --- again permitted his Consulters to approach him, --- Crowds of all sorts now attended his *Levee*. ---- His House, which had so lately seem'd desolate as a Wilderness, had now every Room in it throng'd with Visitants. The Footmen were jocular in the Hall, while their Ladies were anxious above Stairs, in dubious Expectation of what Fate was decreed for them. --- Here might be seen Demonstrations of Joy for the Promise of future Happiness, --- there Tears, Swoonings, and Distractions, for predicted Evils: --- In a word, Imagination cannot figure out a Place of greater Variety of Humours than this was.

Among

Among the Number of those who resorted to this celebrated *Shrine*, there was a young Woman, whom I had seen often, but could never dive into the Business which induc'd her to be so frequent a Visitor, till one Evening happening to be there later than ordinary, every Body being dispatch'd but her, while Mr. *Campbell* was looking over some Books, for (as I have already told your Lordship) in some Cases he calls Astrology to his Assistance, I ask'd her what she thought of his Skill, which she presently answer'd, by telling me, that she look'd upon it as almost miraculous. *I am very glad to hear it*, return'd I; *for I was under some Apprehensions, by seeing you so often, that he had not yet been able to satisfy you in what you desired to know. Yes, yes, Madam!* said she, *he has resolv'd all the Questions I put to him. --- But he is now doing something for me which requires a great deal of Time; and I am oblig'd to come to him every Day till it be finish'd.* If before I had a Curiosity of knowing her Affairs, I was inflam'd with a vast deal more at hearing her speak these Words: I could not for my Soul imagine what it was Mr. *Campbell* had undertaken for her; for I never *heard*, and indeed had a better Opinion of him, than to *believe* he made use of any of those Impositions which some impudent Fellows, and Women, who call themselves *Fortunetellers*, practise, to deceive the ignorant Wretches that confide in them; I mean such Feats as shewing Faces in a Glass, giving Charms to inspire Love, or to maintain it, --- and a thousand other fantastick, ridiculous Spells, which rather would excite Derision, than raise Belief in the thinking Part of the World. However, not being of a Humour to trust my own Opinion, at least in Things of no consequence, tho' Heaven

knows

knows too much sway'd by it in others, I resolv'd, if possible, to be satisfied. Accordingly I stay'd there much longer than my Custom, and having ask'd her which Part of the Town she liv'd at, I told her my Way was hers, and if she pleas'd, since I must have a Coach, I would set her down. She thank'd me very kindly for my Civility, and told me she would accept of my Offer; but I was obliged to tarry yet another Hour before she was ready to accompany me. When I had got her with me, I ordered the Coachman to drive as slow as possible he could make his Horses walk, pretending an Indisposition in my Head; but in reality I contriv'd it so, only that I might have the longer Time with her, and the better be able to attend to what she said. --- I would ask her nothing in plain Terms, but began to enter into a Discourse of the prodigious Effects of Mr. Campbell's Art. --- *I wonder*, said I, *he does not keep his Coach; I am certain he might get Money enough to do it, if the World were as well acquainted with what he can do as I am.* --- I was going on, when she interrupted me. --- *I believe, Madam!* cry'd she hastily, *it is but few whom he acquaints with the Depth of his Skill.* --- *I assure you it was a long while before I could persuade him to undertake what I desired; and when he promised to do it, he let me know he should take it very ill if I spoke of it to any Body.* I was more and more impatient to find out what she meant, and resolving to dive into it to the uttermost. *He made me*, said I, *give him the same Assurance; and indeed I have kept my Word: Nor should I own it to you, but that I perceive you are let into the Secret of this greatest, and most beneficial Part of his Power.* These Words presently making her imagine I had employ'd him on the same Account, robb'd her of all the Caution she had

had hitherto made use of: *And pray, Madam! resum'd she, was it to bring back an ungrateful Lover, or on any other Score that he oblig'd you?* I was a little puzzled to answer this Question, but resolving to stick at nothing which afforded a Probability of engaging her to make me her Confident, I told her I had made use of him that way on more than one Affair; and then ask'd her how far he had gone on *hers*. To which she immediately reply'd in this fashion: *He has taken a great deal of Pains, said she: He tells me he has been up three Nights together consulting his magical Intelligencers; but it seems the Man I would have the Spell work upon wears a Charm about him, which makes it very difficult for any Enchantment to have an Effect on him.* As we continu'd our Conversation, I found, that having been forsaken by a Man to whom she had been contracted, and too kind, and finding all natural Means ineffectual, she had, at last, Recourse to others; and that Mr. Campbell, with much Persuasion, had engag'd to serve her in it. I was strangely alarm'd at hearing this, having never seen any thing like an Approbation of such Proceedings in his Behaviour, and was impatient till I told him how much I had been deceived.

Accordingly the next Morning, as soon as I thought he was stirring, I went to his House, and communicated the Discovery I had made, and my Sentiments upon it. --- He could not help laughing when he first read them; but soon after changing his Countenance into a Look something more austere, he took Paper, and answer'd what I had writ in this manner.

'Tis the first time I ever humour'd any of your Sex so far as this, and am now likely to be ridicul'd for what was only the Effects of Pity and Charity. --- That silly Woman

Woman who told you this Story, came to me with her Eyes swell'd out of her Head, told me her Misfortunes, and shew'd me a little Bottle of Opium, which she was resolv'd to take that Night, unless I could find some way to relieve her. --- I was very plain with her, and assur'd her she had to do with a Villain, and advis'd her to think no more of him; but all would not do, she swore she would destroy herself if she could not have him. Looking into her Nativity, I found her, indeed, threaten'd with a violent Death about that time, and began to study how to prevent it. --- I know, according to the Proverb, that Passions over violent are soonest abated; therefore, to delay the Execution of any such dreadful Design, I pretended to come into her Measures, and bring him to her by the Force of Spells. --- I told her it would take up a great deal of Time, and that she must come to me every Day till it were done; and by this Stratagem have hitherto preserv'd her, who else had been in her Grave. The Influence of her ill Planets will soon be over; and I perceive the Force of her Grief is not so great by many Degrees as it was. --- When I have brought her to Reason, she shall know the Artifice I have made use of; but I oblig'd her to keep it secret, and am very angry she has reveal'd it, because it may be reported that I make use of unlawful and diabolical Means, which I have the same Horror and Detestation at the Thoughts of, as the most scrupulous of those who exclaim against it.

I thought myself oblig'd in Honour to clear the poor Woman from that Imputation of Levity she seem'd guilty of, and confess'd the Snare I had laid to draw the Secret from her; which 'tis most certain she would not have reveal'd, had she not believ'd me a Person proper to be intrusted with it, as having experienc'd the same.

After this I made a constant Enquiry of Mr. Campbell how his Plot succeeded, which he told me

was so effectual, that every time I ask'd the Question she grew less and less uneasy; and at last began not to be very solicitous whether or not it was in the Power of Art to retrieve her Lover's Inclinations. --- And, as he said he would, he let her know, as soon as he found her become indifferent enough to bear it, that all he had pretended to do was but a pious Deceit, to cheat her of that Death she seem'd so bent to embrace, contrary to the Will of her Creator; --- assuring her, that whatever Rogues might make some ignorant People believe, there was no such Things in reality as Spells, Amulets, and Love-Powders; --- and that the only Charm which could retain Affection, was Modesty and Virtue.

I cannot express to your Lordship how much it pleas'd me to find Mr. *Campbell* innocent in this Affair, which had it been otherwise, I should never have forgiven myself, either for harbouring so good an Opinion of him in my own Thoughts, or giving him the Character I had done to all my Acquaintance.

It was much about this time that my Brother was taken ill; and desiring to know of Mr. *Campbell* if he would get the better of his Distemper, received from him a Prediction, which I have before given you a brief Account of by Word of Mouth, but will now relate at large, as himself writ it down.

Your Brother will most certainly recover of this Indisposition, but rejoice not too soon; a worse Misfortune than Death will fall on him. --- You are an unfortunate Family, and the Men among you, as well as the Women, are doom'd to suffer by false Friends, and too readily believing those that speak you fair.

It

It was to no purpose that I entreated him to explain this *Ænigma*: He told me that the Fate that threaten'd him was impossible to be prevented, and for that reason he would say no more; I should know it but too soon. I begg'd him still, with all the Earnestness I was able; reminding him, that if the Mischief he foretold was to come thro' the Falshood of a pretended Friend, that Person, if known, might be avoided. He grew as chagrin'd as ever I saw him at my continuing to press him, and at last writ these Lines, which were all I could obtain from him.

If there were a Possibility of doing your Brother any Service, you might command the utmost of my Skill; -- but once more I assure you his Misfortune is not to be repell'd: -- The Mischief that will fall on him is already as good as executed, tho' he perceives it not. -- Endeavour to arm yourself against the Blow, --- which I will explain no otherwise than this; -- it will touch his Reputation as well as his Life, -- and not all the Endeavours of his lamenting Friends will be able to retrieve the one, or gain a Pardon for the other.

Judge, my Lord, how true these Words were; you are sensible how immediately after his Recovery from that Sickness, in which we had just Reason to despair of his Life, he was impeach'd by the Malice of that accurs'd and most consummate Villain, whom for many Years he had fed and cloth'd. You know with what indefatigable Industry and Expence my dear Mother solicited in his behalf, and how vain the Efforts that she, and all the Friends she made, prov'd to save him. But why am I enter'd into a Theme so dreadful, not only to my own Remembrance, but also to yours, who, on the same unhappy Score, lost many whom you very much esteem'd. Mistaken Poli-

cy! ---- rash, unthinking Zeal! ---- delusive Hopes! ---- false, flattering Expectations! ---- How many have you betray'd to Ruin! --- What Numbers of wretched Families have cause to curse you! --- Melancholly Reflection! --- Dire Consideration! Entertain'd too late, and never, never to be remov'd! Yet whatever Miseries their Posterity are doom'd to bear, the *Principals* themselves generally die contented with their Fate; nay, often glory in it, and think the barren, airy Praise of a few, whose Inclinations lead them the same way, a sufficient Recompence for all they suffer. --- A Gentleman, an Admirer of all those that sell a Martyr to his Opinion, made the following Lines on one of them; which, to shew you how stedfastly they adhere to one another, (a Virtue, I confess, truly deserving Applause,) I shall give myself the Pains to copy over.

A P O E M on the Death of a Loyalist.

F A I N. would I pay my Tribute to thy Hearse,
And sigh thy Death in never-dying Verse;
 But I in vain invoke my Muse, for she
 (Alas!) is dead with him for Company:
Like to those Indian Wives, who count the Thread
Of their Life ended when their Mate is dead.
When Souls thus link'd divorce, one cannot part
Without the breaking of the other's Heart.
To vent my Sorrows yield me no Relief,
He grieves but little that can tell his Grief.
Let others less concern'd this Truth approve,
And strive to shew their Wit more than their Love.
My Grief confutes the Laws of Numbers, I,
Whilst others write, will weep thy Elegy;
Each Line my Tears a Colon's Charge defray,
Verses have Periods, but no Periods they.

These

These were, I am told, engrav'd on the Tomb of this Gentleman ; but afterwards eraz'd by those of the opposite Party. As for the Poetry, I am no Judge, and leave it to your Lordship's Determination whether to laugh at, or approve ; I send it only to let you see there are People in the World whose Love survives the Life of the Person belov'd, tho' the little Sincerity both you and I have met with, would induce us to think otherwise. But no more of that, a Time will come when all must appear without Disguise, and every naked Thought be disclos'd to the unnumber'd Millions that surround us ; Dissimulation and sham'd Hypocrisy meet their due Reward, and Truth and Honour, however unhappy *here*, be crown'd with everlasting Praise : --- And 'tis the Certainty of this alone can make the ill-treated virtuous Few endure with Patience the Insults of their inhuman Foes, and those more galling Troubles which spring from the detected Falshood of a seeming Friend.



C H A P. VIII.



O shew your Lordship how much either Advice, or a Warning of approaching Ill, is able to deter some People from taking those Measures which infallibly lead to Ruin ; I was one Day at Mr. *Campbell's*, carry'd thither by no other Motive than my old unextinguishable Curiosity,

Curiosity, when a couple of Women came in to know what Fate had decreed should be the Portion of the younger of them; she was indeed very pretty, and dress'd rich, but had something of an undefcribable Awkwardness in her Gate, and the Manner of putting on her Clothes, which spoke she had not been born to wear such as she then had on, and was, at least in my Opinion, sufficient to *degoust* any Man of Taste. She had, however, her Admirers; and it was to know which of them would be the most advantageous Match, that her careful Mother had brought her to Mr. Campbell. He shook his Head the Moment he saw them come into the Room, and having receiv'd the usual Compliment of a Guinea, writ no more for a considerable Time than,

'Tis Pity, — great Pity I protest; but there's no avoiding Destiny, when Inclination joins to govern Actions.

The old Woman seem'd very much chagin'd at the reading these Lines, and cry'd out to me (who before was ignorant what he had writ) *See here, Madam! said she, what can he mean? I dare swear my Daughter has no Inclinations but such as will be for her Interest and Reputation. No, upon my Word, Mamma,* replied Mother's great Girl, *I don't trouble my Head about the Men; if he means so, I scorn his Words.* I could not help laughing, as knowing full well Mr. Campbell had his Reasons for writing in that manner; but disguising my Sentiments as much as possible, to fall in with their Humours, I told them, that perhaps Mr. Campbell might mean the reverse of what they imagin'd. *I suppose, said I, the Pity he seems to be so full of, is to those Gentlemen who are so unhappy as to love without return; and 'tis possible he perceives an Aversion in your Nature to all soft Amusements.* It may be so indeed, resum'd the old Mother, for I
was

was very hard to be gain'd myself; I warrant you I had my Choice of a Hundred, no Body could please me; — I was for something made in Wax: For my Part, I thought I never should have been persuaded to endure the Thoughts of going to Bed to a Man; and I believe the Child is like me. While we were talking in this manner Mr. Campbell ey'd us with a Look that spoke Derision; not that, as some People have maliciously suggested, he heard any Part of our Conversation, but seeing into the Tempers of those Women, and observing their Affectation, he doubted not but they were acting the Parts they generally did in publick. And as for me, he knew well enough what 'twas engag'd me to enter into Discourse with them. — But the Mother desiring him again to set down the Particulars of her Daughter's Fortune, he at last writ,

Trouble me no more; she will be a Whore.

I thought they would have beat him at these Words; but all their Passion avail'd but little, he still continu'd in the same Mind; and again writ,

She will be a Whore before she is three Days older; or I am content to be called an Impostor; a Name never given me yet without severe Repentance for the Injury.

I never found Mr. Campbell so rudely plain before; and tho' I presently knew there must be more than ordinary Grounds for what he said, yet I could not forbear blaming him in my Mind for the Grossness of the Word, since I had known him several times couch the very same *Meaning* in Terms much less disobliging. After they had rail'd themselves weary, and were gone, vowing to be reveng'd on him for the Affront, I ask'd him how it came to pass that he had deviated so far

from good Manners, as to use any Woman in that manner?

Because, answer'd he, *I would be troubled with 'em no more.*

This more amaz'd me, having always thought that Money made every Body welcome; and I intreated to know why he was averſe to receiving any more of theirs, who, had they been treated with more Tenderneſs, perhaps might have been frequent Customers. --- I preſs'd him ſo long with ſuch kind of Interrogatories, that to get rid of me he took a little Piece of Paper and writ theſe Lines.

That young Girl, whom I told would be a Whore, will find the Truth of my Prediction before ſhe is a Week old. — A Fellow courts her now only to debauch her, but ſhe is Fool enough to believe he is ſincere: She will meet him this very Night: — He will gain his Ends of her: — The Mother will ſuſpect it, and tax her with it: — She will run away immediately, in Confidence of her Lover's receiving: — He is cold: — She is afraid to return Home, and ſo comes on the Common; — and in that miſerable State will live and die.

When I had read this, I could not help letting the Seer know, that I thought he had proceeded with this unhappy Girl in a manner very different from that which is influenc'd by good Nature or Honour, ſince it had been infinitely more agreeable to both, to have told the Dangers which threaten'd her with Mildneſs, and endeavour'd by timely Cautions and Advice to have ſav'd her. --- I found he was a little angry at this Reprimand; but allowing the Juſtice of it, ſo far as it appear'd to me, diſſolving the Frown he had put on at his firſt looking over what I had writ, with all the good

good Humour in the World he sat him down to give me this Reason for his Behaviour.

There are People of so perverse a Nature, that all Advice is lost upon them; and you must believe, if I know any thing of the Art I profess, I cannot be ignorant of the Disposition of those who come to consult. — I see a natural Propensity in this young Woman to ruin herself; and tho' she were never so certain that all the Miseries of Life should attend the Gratification of her Desires, so obstinate she is, she would run to meet them, rather than forfeit a Moment's present Satisfaction. — She is not so unbelieving of my Predictions as she pretends, but cares not what happens so she has but the fulfilling her own Will. --- Therefore being sensible of this, why should I throw away my Time in Advice, which I know will not be taken?

These Lines gave me some few melancholly Reflections on my own Misfortune, of being too little willing to receive Advice; and I writ again to him, to remind him that she was not the only Obstinate; yet he had been more good-humour'd to others, meaning myself, who had been as little capable of following his Instructions as this Girl could be. He shook his Head a little at this Remonstrance, but made me a Compliment, that he perceived so many other good Qualities in me, that he had Hope he might have overcome that Foible of Self-will, but that he did not think himself obliged to take that Pains with every Body, especially with one whose Weakness of Judgment, could afford him no Aid in any Efforts he should have made to that Purpose. --- But that I might not grow too vain on this fine Speech, he clos'd it with telling me, that the more capable I was of relishing the wholesome Counsel he had given me, the more I was to be condemn'd for yielding to the encroaching Follies, which it was impossible
could

could have appear'd to me in so charming a Form, as to those whose dim-ey'd Reason look'd thro' a false Perspective, and the less I ought to be pity'd for any Misfortunes they had brought on me. --- I remember he finish'd his Satire with these Lines :

'Tis well, and more than they ought to expect, if those who strive to captivate their Reason can find Compassion on Earth, or Forgiveness from Heaven.

But I should become insufferably tedious if I should repeat to your Lordship half the Reproaches he frequently threw on me, when ever any Opportunity offered, of handsomely telling me how industrious I had been to my Undoing, and how indefatigable in seeking Misfortunes, which else would have been far off. --- Whenever he enter'd into any of these Conversations, I was sure to shorten my Visit, and I doubt not but at some times, when my Curiosity began to be too troublesome to him, he began them on purpose to get me out of the House.

I happen'd to be there another Day, when the Daughter of a certain *Pawn-Broker*, very well known in the Neighbourhood of *Covent-Garden*, came in, to enquire after the Influence of her Stars. Mr. *Campbell* seem'd as little pleas'd with what he found in her Nativity, as with the other Lady's I have been speaking of; but she being very pressing, he was oblig'd to give an Answer to some particular Questions, but what they were I could not discover, tho' you may believe I took all imaginable Pains; till at last, some more Company coming into the Room, she began to gather up her Papers in haste, and in the Hurry dropp'd one, which, I being on the Watch, immediately perceiving, threw down my Handkerchief,

as if it had fallen by Chance, and stooping to take it up, catch'd up the other with it. As soon as Mr. Campbell turn'd his Back, I spread my Fan, and holding the Paper on the Inside of it, read these Words:

I beg for your own Sake, you will not neglect this Advice; for if you do, you are ruin'd for ever: Depend upon it he has no Design of marrying you at present, tho' he loves you; and if you order Matters right, he may be your Husband in Time; but if you seem too free, or forward, he will take his Advantage of it. I would have you acquaint your Parents, and let him know that you will do nothing without their Advice—and be sure never to —

What followed was torn off; but on the other Side of the same Paper, I found some more Writing on the Top of it, in her Hand. There was this tender Declaration:

I cannot live without him, I love him equal to my Soul, --- and would willingly beg my Bread with him—starve with him—endure any thing rather than part with him.

Just under, Mr. Campbell answered her in this manner:

I do not bid you part with him, only hold off a little, till you know his Intentions: — The more coy you are, the more eager he will be. It is the Nature of Mankind to pursue what flies, and slight that which follows;— but you Women will never be wise enough to know this. — I tell you for your Good: — You may be happy if you manage right;—but the least false Step in an Affair like this, ruins you for ever.— I see the young Man has a Kindness for you, and will be brought to your Terms, if you do not yield to his.— Therefore whatever you do, never trust your self alone with him; — he has a persuasive Tongue, you have listening Ears, and a too fond

fond, and unsuspecting Heart. Be rul'd by me, and leave all to the Management of your Parents.

This was all I could pick out while she stay'd, but after she was gone, I found under her Chair a little Slip of Paper which she had torn cross-ways; however I join'd 'em so, as to make out these Lines. First in her Writing there was this:

I am to see him to Night at a Place where we meet sometimes, and then I will tell him I will hear nothing from him any more, till he has spoke with my Father and Mother.

Then Mr. Campbell's Answer was in these Words:

I would not have you see him to Night; something of ill will attend this Meeting: Besides, I would not have you tell him this your self; he may find some Way to persuade you off from letting your Parents into the Affair. --- If you will be ruled by me, write to him, — make an Excuse for not coming; --- and withall, make him acquainted that you have considered on it, and do not think it consistent with your Reputation, or your Interest, — or indeed any way proper for you to hold any Conversation of that kind, with a Man unknown to those who have the Care of you. --- You may write it kind enough too; --- but only let him see you have Sense to know what you ought to do your self, and also what you expect from him. — If he loves you, as he pretends, he will not take it ill: But try him however.

She had begun to write something in Objection to this Advice, but the Company coming in, prevented her; for there was no more than, *But I should be miserable for ever, if he should think that I---* I had a strong Notion in my Head, that all the Pains Mr. Campbell had taken to advise this young Woman, was to no Purpose; and in a little Time was convinced that I had not been deceiv'd in my Conjecture; for happening to be there about
some

some three Months after, who should I find but this unhappy Wretch crying, and tearing herself to Pieces : --- She was in such an Agony of Grief, that she regarded not my coming in, but exclaiming against her own Perverseness in not behaving according to Mr. *Campbell's* Directions, and cursing the Perfidy of Mankind. I soon discover'd by her Talk, that she had gone, in spite of the Prediction, to meet her Lover that very Night, of which she had been warn'd ; and that in the room of obliging him to the Conditions Mr. *Campbell* had prescribed, she had, by yielding to all his Desires, put herself past the Power of commanding, and lost the Probability of being his in a more honourable Way. In a very few Days after, she had made this shameful Concession, he went on board a Ship for *France*, a Place, it seems, he had long had it in his Head to go to, tho' he had Wit enough, or rather Baseness, not to let her know it. She now told Mr. *Campbell* that she found herself with Child, and was in daily Apprehensions of its being discovered, and turned out of Doors ; and where to go to hide her Shame, she was altogether ignorant, nor how to supply herself with Money in this Extremity, having never been able to hear one Word of her ungrateful Lover since his Departure.

Mr. *Campbell* was very angry when he heard what she had done, and tho' he seem'd to pity her Misfortune, could not forbear letting her know she deserved it, in these Expressions

I have made a Resolution never to give my Advice to any Person who has refus'd it once ; --- if you would have been rul'd by me, all this had been prevented, and by this Time you had been a happy Wife. --- I told you that he had a deceitful Tongue ; but either you would not believe

believe me, or trusted to your own Judgment, and by that Vanity or Infidelity are undone.--- I can now say nothing to you, but to persuade you to Patience, for that is the only Relief in Misfortunes such as yours.

She had no sooner read this, than she cry'd out; *Then I will hang myself;— I will not live an Hour;—* and vented a thousand such like Extravagancies, which the Violence of her Grief inspired her with; which the good-natur'd Seer, by her Motions, and the Distortions of her Countenance easily guessing at, took up the Pen, and again writ in this Manner:

I see you are resolv'd not to take my Counsel in any thing I gave you: That at first, which would certainly have made you happy; and now I give you the best your Condition will admit of:— Patience is, I still tell you, your best Relief,— but you will not regard me: But if you would study Moderation a little, it may be I cou'd give you some Comfort.

Alas! cry'd the poor Wretch, What can I do?— How can I be patient, when I don't know but I may be turn'd out of Doors to perish in the Street.

She was in too great an Agony to be able to write this herself, but I did it for her; and heartily commiserating her Condition, entreated Mr. Campbell to put her in what Method he thought best for the Mitigation of her Calamity. To which he answer'd thus:

I would have her conceal it, if possible, for a Month or two longer, in which Time her Father will die, and leave her sufficient to provide for herself and Child, when it comes:— But if he should know it before, it might enrage him so much, that in the present Passion he might leave all to the Management of her Mother, who is of a rigid, inflexible Disposition.--- She may pretend some other Indisposition to disguise the true Cause,
and

and go into the Country for a while, if she thinks she shall be too curiously observed.

I perceiv'd a little Chearfulness in her Countenance when I shew'd her this; and she told me she had an Aunt in *Wiltshire*, who she knew would be glad to see her, and assur'd Mr. *Campbell* she would do as he directed in all Things. After this, she took her leave, promising to come again as soon as this last Prediction should be fulfill'd; --- and indeed she was so generous as to keep her Word. In about six Weeks Time I saw her there again in deep Mourning: — Her Father was dead, and had left her 500*l.* at her own Dispose, and she had it in her Power to support herself without the Fear of any Body. — But she confess'd she owed her Life to Mr. *Campbell*; for that she had been fully bent to make herself away, but for his Persuasions, and the Assurance he gave her, that she should be out of the Danger of being expos'd in the Manner she apprehended.

I have often seen her there since, and her Child with her, which is a Girl, and one, the *Oracle* declares, born under Influences so auspicious, that her good Luck in other Things will sufficiently compensate for the Misfortune of her Birth.



CHAP IX.



H O' innumerable have been the good Offices which Mr. *Campbell*, by his Predictions and Advice, has done for those who have come to consult him, yet I believe no Man on Earth has
ever

ever met with more ill Treatment, Injustice, and Barbarity: His very Misfortunes would entitle him to your Lordship's Favour, if he had no Desert; but if the true Character I have given him, may be allowed Belief, I am sure you will acknowledge him to be Master of a very great Share. But to shew you how little good Nature has the Power of mollifying the hardened Hearts of some who call themselves Christians, I cannot conclude this Discourse, without relating a few Passages of his Usage. At my first Acquaintance with him, he being then very young, he was learning to fence, and qualifying himself in all those Exercises which became a Man design'd for the Army: I who knew he had no such Design, asked the Reason of it, he answer'd, that he foresaw the Difficulties he should meet with in the World, would furnish him with frequent Occasions of using that Skill he was endeavouring to acquire. And, indeed, a very little Time after proved the Truth of what he said: An unhappy Reprobate, who had by Mr. *Campbell's* Predictions been disappointed in his Design of ruining an innocent Girl, conceived such an Hatred to him, that he drew upon him with an Intention to take away his Life; but the other who by this Time was grown very expert at his Weapon, soon disarmed him, receiving only a slight Wound in the Arm. A Surgeon was immediately sent for to dress him; but either his own Curiosity, or some secret Bribe he had received from his Adversary, induced him to make such coroding Applications, that in a Day or two the Wound which first appear'd but like a Scratch, disclosed the naked Bone, and gave such exquisite Torture to the *Patient*, that he must have forgot all Artifice, and cursed the cruel
Giver

Giver, if he had had the Power of Speech; to make Tryal of which, the Surgeon afterwards confess'd had been the only Reason of his laying Plaisters so different from what he ought to have done! The barbarous Jest however had been carried on so far, that our *Dumb Oracle* had certainly lost his Arm, if not his Life, if Providence had not directed him for Relief to one Mr. *Alexander Geeky*, a Surgeon in *Queen-Street*. He was gnawing his own Flesh thro' Extremity of Anguish, when this worthy Artist came to him; and with the Blessing of God in a few Weeks perfectly restor'd him. The vile Wretch, who had brought him into this Condition, was all the while enrag'd to the last Degree, believing he would die, not thro' any Remorse, for the Base Practice he had us'd upon him, but because he imagin'd he should lose the Fees he demanded, which, I think, were five Guineas; and had Bailiffs out for him: But by the Diligence of Mr. *Campbell's* Servants, he was disappointed. As soon as he was able to come abroad, he went to the *Rose Tavern*, *Temple-Bar*, and sent for him, and laying Half a Guinea, and an oaken Plant on the Table, made him know by Signs that one of these two should procure him a Discharge. The timorous Wretch trembled at the Sight of a Person he had so greatly injur'd, and gladly gave a Receipt for all Debts, Dues, and Demands, from the Beginning of the World to that Day, and thought himself happy to come off so. But our young *Seer* had not been abroad above three or four Days, his Arm yet in a Scarf, before he was attack'd at a Coffee-House, in *Bridger-Street*, by one of those *Heroes*, who make it their Business to quarrel in publick Places: But Mr. *Campbell*, notwithstanding he had the Use but of one Hand,

was as nimble as he, and presently disarm'd him, then shortning his Sword, put the Point to his Breast, and shew'd him what he could do, and obliging him to beg his Life, generously throw away his Sword. There were twenty or thirty Gentlemen of Rank by at the same Time, several of 'em I have since convers'd with, and heard them speak of this Action very much to Mr. *Campbell's* Honour. This happened but a few Days before that Accident at the Playhouse, which I need not repeat, because I have had it from your Lordship's own Mouth, how basely he was attempted on there, and with how much Courage and Resolution he defended himself till a noble Lord came up to him, took his Part, and acknowledging a Kindred with him, aw'd his bold Adversaries into a forc'd Civility.

I cannot omit letting you know of a very barbarous Action which one of my own Sex was guilty of: It was a Lady, who, like a great many others, would not be perswaded but that Mr. *Campbell* could speak; and as he was standing one Day in a thoughtful Posture, his Fingers happening to be in the Crease of a Door; she, on a sudden, push'd it back with all her Force, believing the Extremity of the Pain would rob him of his accustomed Guard, and oblige him to cry out; but it had no other Effect than to make him stamp, and utter a kind of inarticulate Noise, but nothing that discover'd he had the Use of Speech. Her Curiosity was now satisfy'd, and I had it from her own Mouth, that she was very sorry she had done so much, for, unloosing the Door, she found that one of his Fingers was squeezed quite flat, and the others bruis'd and mortified in a most dreadful Manner. But this was not all the Tricks that

that were play'd him, to endeavour to oblige him to confess a Faculty which is most certain he never had. My Lady *Johnson* told me, that happening to be at *New-Castle* upon *Tyne*, when Mr. *Campbell* was there, he was assaulted by four desperate Bravadoes, and used in such a Manner as would have infallibly cost him his Life, if she, who was an excellent Surgeon, and did a great many Cures among the poor People, had not presently blooded him, and apply'd proper Medicines for his Relief.

To shew you how obstinate most People were once in their Opinion, that he but dissembled Dumbness, I was one Day at a Lady's, where Mr. *Henry Vaughan*, a Surgeon of very good Repute, at that Time living in *Drury-Lane*, came in, and told the Company, laughing, that he was going to make the *Dumb* to speak: I ask'd him what he meant; and he reply'd, He was that Afternoon to perform that sad Operation of cutting a *Fistola*, which he assured me was worse to the Patient who endured it, than cutting off Legs or Arms. --- *The Person*, said he, that is to undergo it, is the famous *Fortune-Teller*, *Duncan Campbell*, who pretends to be *Deaf and Dumb*; but I'll engage I make him speak before I have done with him. All the Company was impatient to know the End of this Adventure, and engaged him to come back and give us an Account; which in about an Hour after he did, but in a Humour very different from that in which he left us. He acknowledged his Mistake; and said, he was now convinc'd that Mr. *Campbell* could not speak, since he had endured as much as ever mortal Man went through, and had not utter'd the least Syllable, and in his Agonies vented the Sense he had of them, by a Noise which suffici-

ently testified he was really denied the Benefit of expressing what he felt any other Way.

Among the rest of my Observations on the Persons who visited Mr. *Campbell*, I had taken Notice of a fine Grave old Lady, for whom he always seem'd to have a very great Regard; and, indeed, a kind of Awe appeared in his Countenance whenever he saw her come in: For a long time I took her for some Relation, but finding after that she was not, I had a very great Curiosity to know what Business brought her there so frequently, but could never find it out, till one Day, after a great deal of Writing had past between them, the old Lady began to throw off her accusom'd Gravity of Countenance, and assume one all Rage and Indignation: She told Mrs. *Campbell*, that her Husband had very basely deceiv'd her; and that relying on his Predictions, had been a very great Loss to her. I, who was sitting in the Room at the same time, took the Opportunity, which her Anger gave me, of asking in what manner he had impos'd upon her. On which, in her Passion, she told me, That she had a Daughter esteem'd a very great Beauty, and having been Courted by an Officer in the Army, who was than in *Spain*, where he had continued seven Years, in all which Time he had never Writ to her, she had refused a great many advantageous Offers that had been made her in his Absence, depending on the Truth of what Mr. *Campbell* had told her, That he would be her Husband; which now she was certain was the falsest thing in the World, for there was little Probability he had any Thoughts of marrying a Woman, that he had not writ to in seven Years. I endeavour'd to vindicate Mr. *Campbell's* Character, and pacify her as well as I could, tho', to deal freely,

in spite of my Knowledge of his Skill, I could scarce forbear being of her Opinion. However, between Mrs. *Campbell* and my self, she was at last brought into a good Humour; and the *Seer*, after she was so, repeated his Assurances that the same Gentleman would be her Son in-Law; and that what he had foretold wou'd happen in six Weeks at farthest. She yet seem'd a little Diffident; but he telling her, that he would not take it ill if she publish'd what he had predicted, and proclaim'd him to the whole World for a Cheat, and an Imposture, if by the Time he mention'd she did not find it true. With this she seem'd a little better satisfied than she had been, and went away.

She had made me an Invitation of coming to her House, which was in *Tuly-Street*, in *Southwark*; and you will easily believe me, when I tell you, that my Curiosity inclin'd me to go much about the time Mr. *Campbell* had fix'd for the Arrival of the Captain. I happen'd to be there at Dinner the very Moment he came Post to Town. The Joy between the two long-absent Lovers at this Meeting, is not to be express'd: He soon found Means to excuse his not Writing, and nothing was to be seen but Love and Pleasure. After some little Talk we told the Story of Mr. *Campbell's* Predictions to the Captain, who laugh'd heartily at our Simplicity, as he call'd it. However, we all agreed to send for Mr. *Campbell*, without letting him know any thing that had happen'd. On which Mrs. *Colburn*, (that was the Name of the Mother) writ, that her Daughter had got a Fall; and being unable to come to his House, desired he would come there. He readily comply'd, and the young Lady sat with her Leg on a Stool, to humour the Contrivance; But he had not been in the Room above two Mi-

nutes before he took Pen, Ink and Paper, and writ in this manner:

Madam, Pray let your Leg know its Use; get up, and dance; for your Captain is come home.

They were a little surpriz'd; but they compos'd their Countenances, and the old Lady answer'd him in these Words.

I wonder you are not ashamed to flatter People with such Fictions! Captain Shephard is dead; and it was on that Account we sent for you.

He look'd over her as she Writ; and before she had well finish'd the Sentence, reply'd to it thus:

It would better become you to bring forth the Entertainment, and call down the the Gentleman, who, I am certain, is now in the House. - - I doubt not, but I was sent for as a Trial of my Skill, and therefore expect a Welcome to your Mirth.

It was indeed, a Trial of Skill well prov'd; and they immediately comply'd with his Desires. The Captain was astonish'd, and the Day was clos'd with all the Testimonies of good Humour imaginable on all Sides. In about a Week's Time they were married, and Mr. Campbell's Prediction fully made out, to the Satisfaction of all Parties.

Having already mention'd Witchcraft, which I very well know, your Lordship makes a very great Jest of, I ought not to endeavour to confute your Opinion by any Examples I could produce; but there are one or two, which I was an Eye-witness of, and cannot forbear repeating, however Impertinent I may appear. You may remember, I was once about telling you a Story of this kind,
but

but you raillied me with so much Severity that I was oblig'd to break off; and since you cannot silence my Pen, by the same Methods as you did my Tongue, I shall now relate it at large.

One Mr. *Richard Coats*, a fine, jolly, personable Man, was so much transform'd from what he was by those Diabolical Means, that he was not to be known by his nearest Friends. It was as much as four or five People could do to hold him; he wou'd turn himself in a Moment, into as many different Shapes as the most Dextrous of our Posture-Masters, and fly upon those that endeavour'd to restrain him with a Strength, which visibly denoted he was agitated with Emotions, which might justly be call'd Supernatural. When he was out of these Fits, he look'd more like a Skeleton than any Thing that had Life, and was so weak that he could not go cross the Chamber without being supported by each Arm. His Father and Mother, who were People of very good Repute, and behaved themselves in the most credible Manner in the Neighbourhood where they liv'd, which was in *Leaden-Hall-Street*, (they kept a Tavern there some Years.) I may say, a hundred Times they have told me, with an inexpressible Concern, that this Misfortune of their Son's had cost them fifteen hundred Pounds, yet could never get the least Relief for him: At last a Report of Mr. *Campbell's* Talent that Way engag'd them to Consult him. He presently told them the young Man was bewitch'd; and assur'd them it was not past his Power to work the Effect they aim'd at. — Accordingly he took him in Hand, and in five or six Weeks Time perfectly Restor'd him. I have seen the same *Richard Coats* frequently at Mr. *Campbell's* House since his Recovery, and heard him acknowledge that he was in-

debted to him for more than his Life ; for at that Time that he was under that curf'd Influence, he felt infinitely beyond what any Tongue cou'd utter.

Another Cure, which I cannot forget, was of a Woman: Her Name was *Johnfon*. She was taken fuddenly with fuch ftrange Diforders, that all that faw her took her to be Mad : The Phyficians was of the fame Opinion. And after a long Endeavour to bring her to her Senfes was ineffectual, fhe was put into *Bedlam*, as the only Place to mend, or end her. Mr. *Campbell* by Accident happen'd to be there, and cafting his Eyes on her, immediately told the Company he was with, by Signs, that fhe was not mad, but bewitch'd ; and that all thofe Methods they made ufe of, in the Cure of Frenzy, rather added than decreas'd her Mifery. As it happen'd, there was one amongft them that was acquainted with her Friends, who relating Mr. *Campbell's* Sentiments on the Matter to them, they immediately came to advife with him, and he undertook to make her as well as ever. Which he perform'd in a very fhort Time, to the great Amazement of all who knew her,

But about the fame Time he gave an Inftance of a Talent infinitely more furprizing than any I have yet mention'd. I had very often feen a good grave fort of a Woman come to Mr. *Campbell's* : She was, I think, intrufted by *St. Thomas's Hospital* to overlook a great Number of Children there, who call'd her Governefs. Amongft them there was a little white-hair'd Boy extreamly Pretty, but had a fad Swelling, which was look'd upon, with other Symptoms, to be the *King's-Evil* : She defir'd Mr. *Campbell* to Stroke the Child, which he did
and

and after that she sent him every Day to his House to have the same repeated, till in 14 or 15 Days the Swelling abated, and in a little Time left not the least Mark it ever had been there: The Gentlewoman herself, and three others, who had been Eye-witnesses of this wonderful Cure, took their Oaths of the Truth of it before *Thomas Boulter Esq;* one of the Justices of the Peace for *Westminster*.

I was strangely surprized when I first heard this Story; and talking of it more particularly the next Time I was at Mr. *Campbell's*, I told him; I thought it a very great Fault (if he really had a Talent so very extraordinary) that he should hide it in a Napkin. A Gentleman who sat by seem'd to take me up for my Parenthesis, which look'd, he said, as if I doubted whether Mr. *Campbell* had it, or not. I was too great an Admirer of Mr. *Campbell*, and had been us'd too civilly in his House, to have mention'd such a Doubt with Desigh; and therefore endeavour'd to excuse my Inadvertency, by saying, That I had not the least Suspicion of his Skill; and that I did not see any Reason, since God had been pleas'd to allow that Gift to Kings and Princes, why there should not be a Possibility that other Men might also be Partakers of it, for we all are taught to believe there is no Respect of Persons in the Heavenly Beneficence.

Mr. *Campbell* would needs know what we were talking about, which being writ down to him, he very modestly answer'd, That he did not believe himself qualify'd to perform such Wonders, tho' unexpectedly, even to himself, he had been so fortunate to cure the Boy. - - He confess'd he did not live a Life so pure as a Person ought to do, that pretends to such Things: But when he cou'd run naked through Briars and Thorns, or lie whole Nights on no other Bed than Snow, as St. L - - did, he

he might then hope for such exalted Blessings, but not before.

But 'tis an evident Demonstration that I am about to conclude this tedious Discourse, that I have here presum'd to speak of Subjects, which I know to be so disagreeable to you, that if I had begun with them, I faithfully believe you had thrown the Paper away, without giving yourself the Trouble of examining whether there was any Thing in it, which you should think more worthy of your Consideration.

I shall conclude my tedious Relation with one whimsical Story, which, if I know any thing of your Lordship's Humour, will afford some Matter of Diversion: It was of a young Woman who really by her Dress, and Manner of Behaviour, appeared to be not of the lowest Rank of Life; she happened to come when our *Dumb Oracle* was abroad: But being told he would come in soon, she chatted away an Hour or two with Mrs. Campbell; and being of a pretty pert Humour, ask'd her how she cou'd be brought to like a Man that could not speak.— *Good God!* said she, *How did he make Love?*—*Lord!* *I wonder whether he can feel or not?*— She persecuted her with a thousand such-like idle Questions, telling her she wonder'd how so fine a Woman as she could venture on a Monster.— To all which Mrs. Campbell made but short Replys. At last, his coming home cut off any farther Conversation of this kind; but having never seen Mr. Campbell, it was not without a great deal of Difficulty she was persuaded it was he, imagining, as she afterwards confess'd, she should have seen something very deform'd, and miserable in his Aspect; and no body at that Time appearing better than he did, was enough to make her suspect

a Trick; but by writing her Name, and several Particulars of her Life, he soon made her sensible he was really the Person she came to consult. But the Jest is, that this fine Lady, who was so full of Wonder before, became so diligent in learning the Art of talking on her Fingers, that in a little Time she grew a perfect Mistress of it, and made use of it to invite Mr. *Campbell* to come to see her at her Lodgings by himself. But it would have made you laugh to hear how Mrs. *Campbell* banter'd in her Turn, asking, How does your Ladyship like my Choice now? Some Letters afterwards found among those Papers, which I stole out of his Closet, give indeed a too great Demonstration she liked him but too well.--- But I will trouble your Lordship no farther at this Time; if these little Accounts have any Thing in 'em which may be diverting to you, I have answer'd the End I propos'd in writing them. With this I send your Lordship, according to my Promise, that Bundle of Letters already mentioned, which seem to be writ by Clients of all Degrees and Capacities, and contain a good many both useful, as well as entertaining Reflections.

I am, my LORD,

With the greatest Respect,

Your LORDSHIP's

Most Devoted,

J U S T I C I A.

The End of the First P A R T.



ALL DISCOVER'D:
OR, A
SPY on the CONJURER.

PART II.

Being a COLLECTION of LETTERS found in Mr. CAMPBELL's
Closet.

By the LADY who Wrote the foregoing Sheets.





A
SUPPLEMENT
TO THE
FIRST PART.

My LORD,



OUR Approbation, and the Pleasure you are so good to make me believe you took in the reading my little Account of Mr. *Campbell*, has given me the Courage to offer you a Supplement, the former having been deficient in some Things I think not unworthy your Lordship's Consideration, particularly as to his Skill in nominating Persons, who have made bold with more than what of Right belongs to them. I know, that on this Account alone the Rooms of almost every common Fortune-teller's are throng'd. How much the better those who come to consult them are, I will not pretend to determine; but this I am certain of, that there is nothing in the World Mr. *Campbell*

M

is

is so much averſe to meddle with, tho' as often intrusted on this Score as on any. I have known him reject the Requests of his best Friends, and sometimes disoblige'd them past Forgiveness, rather than employ his Art that Way. Yet contrary as it is to his Nature, there is nothing more certain, than that it is far from being out of the Extent of his Power: And I believe I shall easily engage your Lordship to join in my Opinion, when I relate a little History, which I wonder how I came to omit in the foregoing Sheets, not only because it is really very diverting in it self, but also that it is as great an Instance of the wonderful Knowledge of that Man, whose Fame I would deservedly raise, as any I already have or can produce.

I was one Day at his House, where there happen'd to be a very great Concourse of Persons of the first Quality of both Sexes. As we were diverting one another with Stories adapted to the Place we were in, the Company was increas'd by the Number of five or six very fine young Ladies. One of them had lost a Diamond Necklace, a Pair of Earrings, and a great many other Jewels of Value. It seems she had been made acquainted with his Averſion to tell any thing concerning stolen Goods, and therefore urg'd her Request with a more than common Earnestness: She wept, wrung her Hands, writ him Word on a Piece of Paper, that she should never be easy, nay, that her very Life depended on his letting her know by whom she had been robb'd: But finding him still refractory, begg'd he would be so kind, at least, to let her know whether it were a Man, or a Woman; for she had some Suspicion of the Coachman, who, she said, on some Occasion, she had sent into her Closet: She had also some little Thoughts of the Cook-

Cook-Maid, who she had heard had not the best of Characters where she liv'd before. Therefore one of these two she imagin'd must be the Person, but which she could not be able to determine; but said, if Mr. *Campbell* would but name the Sex, she would charge one of them with the Fact, and so might possibly fright them into Confession. But all she could say or do was ineffectual to prevail on Mr. *Campbell* to give her any Satisfaction. At last a very pert young Lady, one of those that came with her, and I think the most lovely Creature I ever saw, took up a Pen, and writ to Mr. *Campbell* in this Manner:

I cannot imagine why any Body will come to you, if you are not able to tell this Lady by what Means she has lost her Jewels. I am sure you can tell nothing.

He made no Answer to this Reproach for some Minutes, but shook his Head at reading it. However, being willing to convince her that he had a Discernment beyond what she seem'd to believe, or indeed in reality imagin'd, (else she would scarce have so far provok'd him,) he added, to what she had writ, these Words:

I always desire to be excus'd from what relates to stolen Goods; but to make Reparation for denying this, I beg Leave to tell the Lady the Name of her Lover.

The merry Lady laugh'd heartily at him, and presently rejoyn'd:

You shall tell her nothing, since you refuse the only Thing she came to know; but if you have a mind to make a Convert of me, tell me the Name of the Man I love.

Mr. *Campbell* consented; and they went together into another Room. After staying a full Hour, she return'd with her Lover's Name, as she confess'd to all the Company; and said infinitely more in the Praise of his Art, than before she had done to the contrary; but discover'd a good deal of Disorder in her Countenance, which no body could at that Time guess the Meaning of. The Lady, who had been robb'd, still appear'd disconsolate, and complain'd of Mr. *Campbell's* Unkindness, who had it so much in his Power, and refus'd to satisfy her Demand: But he bid her be of Comfort, assuring her, that tho' he would not let her know the Name of the Thief, she should have all her Jewels brought home again in two or three Days. This made her a little more chearful; and they all took their Leaves. Mr. *Campbell* seem'd extremely troubled, and scarce refraining Weeping, writ on a Piece of Paper:

Gentlemen and Ladies, Could you believe this lovely Creature who just now left us, whose Eyes might deprive all Mankind of Freedom, whose Birth and Fortune are on an Equality with the Noblest, could be a Thief?

He shew'd this to all the Company, who were strangely amaz'd at reading it; but I was much more so, who knew how tender Mr. *Campbell* was of the Affairs and Reputation of all who came to consult him, even tho' they were of the meanest Rank of Life; and could not imagine how it came to pass that he should now expose a Lady before so many Witnesses. But he soon put an end to my Suspence, by letting us know, that the Advice he had given her being rejected, the whole History would be
been

been robb'd of) to him, and that he would have taken Care they should have been return'd to the known by her own ill Management. He acquainted us, that he would have had her brought the Things she had taken (which were those her Friend had Owner, without giving any Suspicion who it was had taken them; but added he, She will expose her self by sending them by a Porter, who will betray from whence he comes, and she will be a publick Town-talk. All this happen'd exactly as he said, and in the Time he foretold. But before the Discovery, an Acquaintance of a Gentleman, who it seems was an Admirer of that Lady, inform'd him of what Mr. *Campbell* had writ on this Affair. The Lover comes full of Indignation, upbraids the *Seer* with Scandal, threatens him; and, if the other had been a Person who would have tamely suffer'd such Usage, would have beat him. But Mr. *Campbell* soon oblig'd him to abate of his Indignation; told him, that he would go as far to justify that Lady as he could do; and that he had advis'd her, tho' to no Purpose, nor would have expos'd her, had he not foreseen she would do it her self. The Gentleman was both amaz'd, convinc'd, and troubled at what he heard. But the *Oracle* endeavour'd to console him as much as possible; assuring him, that the Lady would make an excellent Wife; that he would possess her shortly as such; and that this was only a childish Trick, which she would never be guilty of again; and that it was no more than many great People, born under the Influence of some malicious Planets, had done as well as she. All this, as I was afterwards very credibly inform'd, came to pass in a small Time.

The handsome Reconciliation he made in this Affair, was, in my Opinion, no less to Mr. *Camp-*

bell's Honour, than the Discovery it self. The handsome Excuses he made for the Lady to her Lover, made her ever after detest that little unthinking Pride which had made her guilty of such a Fault; for 'tis certain that she did it more out of Envy of the other's Gaiety, than any real Propensity to Covetousness; because her Father did not approve of giving her the like, she could not bear to see them on another, a Piece of Vanity too common in our Sex.

I have another Story, a pretty odd one, to acquaint your Lordship with. I have formerly spoke to your Lordship about six Persons of Quality who came to consult Mr. *Campbell*. About an Hour before they made their Appearance, a Couple of Gentlemen made him a Visit, and apprized him of what Guests he might expect. I read the Papers, and Mr. *Campbell's* Answers to them.

Mr. Campbell, this Afternoon there will be six Persons to visit you, all of Rank, four Ladies and two Men: One is a Lord, the other a Knight; one my Lady —, the other my Lady —; another my Lady —, and Mrs. —

Mr. *Campbell* was not a little astonish'd at receiving Informations he was so little accusom'd to, and so little needed or desir'd; and asking the Meaning, was presently told, that they would have him say in this Manner to one, and in that to another. But he would not give them leave to go on with their Instructions, telling them, that such kind of Proceedings were not only base in the highest Degree, but also very dangerous; that he would not say any thing to any one of them, but what he believed to be sincerely true, for the whole World. As he was writing, one of the Gentlemen

tlemen took his Pen out of his Hand, and writ to him in this Manner:

Mr. Campbell, do not be your own Enemy ; we have no other Design in our Visit than to help you out. We are perfectly satisfied in your Skill, and know you want no Assistance ; but as it is a vast deal of Pain, and requires some Time, (more perhaps than your approaching Guests will be willing to allow you,) we would save you that Trouble ; for they come only out of a Frolick, and we would have you surprize them all at once with strange Discoveries.

Mr. Campbell still continued to refuse promising what they ask'd, and remain'd firm to foretell nothing but, what when he saw them, his Art should assure him would inevitably come to pass. But, at last, one of the Gentlemen writ to him again these Words:

Whatever Predictions you may give the others, I entreat you will do one Thing to oblige me ; which is, that you will encourage the Lady in Velvet to go on an Expedition she is engaged in with a good Heart : She is my own Wife, and being fearful of the Sea, which we are obliged to cross, it may be in your Power to dispell that Timorousness, which has hitherto made her very uneasy.

This appeared so innocent and good-natur'd a Request, that Mr. Campbell had not the Power to refuse it, and after a thousand Oaths and Protections to have it kept an inviolable Secret, for the sake of his Reputation, he promis'd the Gentleman to do as he desir'd. They took their Leaves ; and soon after the expected Company came in. There was not one among them that he did not astonish with the Wonders of his Discernment ;

and the Proofs of his great Skill he shew'd in the Predictions he made on the others, made the Lady in Velvet easily give Credit to him, when he told her the Sea would not be her Enemy. All was easy and satisfied, till returning home, the Husband, who was not bless'd with the retentive Faculty, discover'd to her how he had dealt with Mr. *Campbell*. The next Day she came to upbraid him; but tho' he had it in his Power, by producing the Papers which had been writ to engage him to act in the Manner he had done, to excuse himself in the handsomest Manner imaginable, yet he took it so to heart, that he had been drawn in thus, contrary to his Custom, to his Principles, and to the Dignity of his Art, that he saw no Company for full six Months after.

This may serve to convince your Lordship of the Truth of what you have heard me often aver, that Mr. *Campbell* is so far from encouraging Intelligence, that he is averse to it, to the greatest Degree imaginable. But it is impossible to represent the Confusion and Concern he was in, when he found himself reproached for underhand Dealing by a Lady whose Quality, Virtue, Wit, Beauty, and good Nature, seem to vie with each other, which should most distinguish her. I do not know if ever he will be able to get over the Melancholy, which the Remembrance of this Proceeding has cost him.

In the Time of his absenting himself from Business, he received a Letter from a Gentleman in the Country, who, it seems, he had made acquainted with this Affair, which, among other Papers, I took out of his Close, and believe it will not be improper to insert here. The Words of it were as follows:

To Mr. CAMPBELL.

S I R,

SINCE you, whom I have so often consulted with Success in the most important Steps of Life, are pleased to desire my Opinion, as to the Rules of good Manners and Decency, and assure me that in the few Things I have taken the Liberty to advise you, you have found no Disadvantage; I will venture once more to give you my exact Sentiments, how I think you ought to behave in the Affair you wrote of.

The Story you acquainted me with, I take to be thus: That you had some Ladies of Quality, who came to your House as Visitors, in order to propound some Questions to you; and that a little before a Gentleman came and appriz'd you of it, telling you at the same Time who they were; that he was Husband to one of them; and desiring you, by way of Frolick, assuring you, their Visit was for no other End, to write his Sentiments down to them, instead of your own. I am very far from blaming you for humouring a Piece of Diversion, which appeared so innocent; but I cannot forbear being very angry that the Consequence should be able to give you so much Pain, and prevail with you to quit your Business, and neglect the Service of your Friends, who seriously want it. If a Man of Quality gives his Word of Honour, and departs from it, I cannot think that you are so much deceived by him, as he deceives his own Reputation, and betrays his Title to Nobility and Truth.

If you apprehend any Danger to your Character, by so small a Subterfuge, and so weak and unjust

unjust an Artifice, that is the only Thing I can condemn you for, because the Indecency is wholly on the Gentleman's Side, and his divulging the Story brings only an imaginary Reflection on your Conduct, but real Ignominy to his own. If you will take my Advice, I desire you, provided they should shew any Resentment for your past Carriage, (which I think is far more justifiable than theirs to you,) to publish an Advertisement in the News-Papers of the Matter of Fact, which a Gentleman, a Relation of mine, shall draw up as you shall direct; by which you may clear your self, arraign the Gentleman's double Dealings; and make ample Amends to the Ladies, whom you have offended by his Means. You need name no body, if you only mention the Time they came to you in the Advertisement, the World will know nothing of the Matter: The Ladies will take the Cue, the Gentleman will be put to Shame, and your self justified. Let me know what you intend to do by my Servant, whom I have ordered to attend your Answer, being always, and all on Occasions, pleased to prove how much I am,

Dear Sir,

Your much obliged,

and very Faithful

Humble Servant,

C. B.

Your

Your Lordship has so generously received the little Narrative I sent you last Week, that in spite of the Jest you make of Witchcraft, and my own Promise, never to trouble you with any Accounts relating to that, I cannot stifle the Inclination I find in my self, to give you a short Hint of some of his Performances that Way; which, before I begin, I humbly entreat your Pardon for, and that you will resolve to believe, I offer nothing, but what in the Course of my long Observation on the Actions of this famous Deaf and Dumb Man, I have ocular Demonstration of. I was one Day at his House, when a young Wench was brought by her Mother for his Advice: The poor Girl, it seems, had labour'd under such unaccountable Fits for the Space of three Years, that five People had not Strength to hold her. Her Mother had an extraordinary Opinion of Mr. *Campbell*, from some Accounts which had been given her of his Capacity in recovering those who had been troubled in the same Manner, and offer'd him all she was worth in the World, if he would undertake the Cure. He smil'd at her Proposal; for I think her Profession was of the lowest, and could not imagine that by such a Business as she follow'd, she could have sav'd enough to make a Gratification suitable to the Obligation. Therefore he let her know, he would do what she desir'd, if in his Power without any other Reward than her Prayers and Thanks; telling her it was infinitely more pleasing to him to do a good Action, than to receive a Recompence for it; and accordingly ordered Things for her. I, who never had any great Faith in Witchcraft, or those Stories I had heard of Hobgoblins, made it my Business to enquire after the Truth of this Girl's Distemper. I found several

veral very eminent Physicians had taken her in Hand, believing her Fits to be natural; but had no Success in their Endeavours. The more they prescrib'd, the worse she grew; and the wisest of them seem'd to be at a Loss from what Cause her Disorders proceeded. But after Mr. *Campbell* had made her take some Preparations, (whither for Form's sake, or that they were really necessary, I will not pretend to determine,) he gave her something to wear in her Bosom, assuring her that in nine Days she should be perfectly well. She might have two or three Fits more, he told her, but that would be all. I will not trouble your Lordship to particularize the hourly Alterations for the better that were found in her, nor the Pains I took to know the Truth of every Thing; you are sensible my Curiosity would suffer me to stick at nothing that would let me into the Certainty: In fine, he restored her, to a Miracle. Her Name, I very well remember, was *Sarah Mason*, and the Story has been pretty publick, and Mr. *Campbell* has the Reputation of a *Demy Deity* among the Neighbourhood where she lives. She still continues in perfect Health; and this is at least three Years ago. So wonderful a Cure brought great Numbers of Persons, who either really were, or fancied themselves to be afflicted in the like Manner; particularly a Woman from *Fulham*. She herself, as she avouched, had been for some Years troubled with strange Disorders in her Head, was unable to rest, and grew at last almost unfit for Business. All her Children, which I think were five in Number, were unaccountably seized with an odd kind of Madness, wrathed their Bodies in most frightful Postures, and those which before could speak intelligibly,

telligibly, were now not to be understood. Her Cattle died, her Corn was blasted ; every Thing went wrong ; infomuch, that of one of the *richest* Farmers near *London*, she was grown the *poorest*. Every body told her she was under an Evil Tongue, and the *Seer* confirmed it ; but withal, assured her there were Means in Nature to put a Stop to her Misfortunes. This may seem incredible ; and I tremble, to think how your Lordship will condemn me, when I take the Liberty to assure you that he kept his Word ; that in a very little Time she was as well as ever ; her Children were recover'd, and every Thing that she did, prosper'd ; and whereas before, the Moment she had bought a Cow, or an Ox, it died ; she now become a treble Gainer by every Bargain ; and to the Amazement of all who knew her in her Adversity, is the Envy of those who pitied her before. There was also another Person, who, by the Power of some infernal Charms, had been so much deform'd, that she was hardly to be known : Her Face was drawn on one Side, and her Body contracted in such a horrible Manner, that she seem'd as crooked as a Billet ; and by Mr. *Campbell's* Applications, was in six Months made as streight as an Arrow. I saw her in both these vastly different Appearances, and may therefore attest the Certainty ; but I will no farther presume on your Lordship's Patience with Histories of this kind, which I know will not be believ'd. Not that I imagine you will think I attempt an Imposition on your Judgment ; but you will, as the most favourable Opinion, suppose I have suffer'd one on my own : But I am afraid, in this Point, neither of us will be able to confute the other, and therefore will not say any Thing

Thing farther on the Affair; and however angry you may be at what I have done, I have too much Experience of the Sweetness of your Disposition, to labour under any Apprehensions of your retaining a Thought of Severity so long a Time as it will be before I shall have the Happiness of seeing you, being to go out of Town for a whole Month; tho', were I to enjoy that Blessing to-morrow, I should not be in any very violent Fears, since you who could never meet me with a Frown when I had given you those Causes which the Friendship you honour me with, makes you think the greatest Injuries I have done to my self, will never be very much offended at any other. But I am afraid by this Time, you begin to imagine I shall spin out this Discourse to as great a Length as the former; that Encouragement you have already given to what I have said of my Favourite *Oracle*, will induce me to be for ever persecuting you with continued Relations on the same Theme: But I will very soon ease of that Fear; and having given you one or two more little Passages of some of your own Acquaintance, conclude for the last on this Subject. The first is of a fine Lady, particularly known to your Lordship: I need say no more to make you sensible who it is I mean, than telling you 'tis the same whom I have often heard you chide for her immoderate Fondness of her little Dogs; but now I think on it, I may spare my self the Pains of reciting this Affair, since you will find it at full in a Letter which Mr. Campbell writ, in Answer to one he received from another Lady; where tho' he does not mention her Name, your Lordship will easily perceive, by your perfect Knowledge of her Character and Humour

who

who is meant. But this Lady *Love-puppy* brings to my Remembrance, how I discover'd who a Lady was, that I had often seen at Mr. *Campbell's*; but could never find out either her Name or Quality, till one Day happ'ning to look out of my own Window, which you know some time ago was opposite to *St. James's-Square*, I heard a little Lap-Dog cried, and, by the Marks which the Cryer gave, presently knew it was the same I had often seen with that Lady, who had seem'd so cautious of being discover'd. Therefore I would advise, whoever goes to any Place which they are not willing to be seen at, never to take a Dog with them; for I sent immediately to the House, where the Directions were given to bring the Dog, in Case it were found, and had an Account of the Lady as full as I could wish.

But all that I have already acquainted your Lordship with, has been but trifling in Comparison with that which I am now about to relate: What will you say, if I convince you that a Minister of State, one who has serv'd his Royal Master in Quality of a Plenipotentiary on more than one Affair; one who has always been accounted the greatest Politician of his Time? what will you think of such a Person that could stoop so low as to use his utmost Efforts to bring Mr. *Campbell* into his Measures? It may indeed seem strange! but when you consider that the greatest Virtuoso's have spent their Time in discovering the Nature of Insects, such as Butterflies, Grasshoppers, and the like, it is not so much to be wonder'd at this great Man should throw away some, in an Endeavour to find out the Nature of a Gift which appeared so astonishing in the Predictions of our *Dumb Oracle*. He visited him at first in Disguise; but

but Mr. Campbell discovering his true Quality, was afterwards invited to his House, and many noble Entertainments were made for him. All his Behaviour to him was such as testified he had conceived a very high Admiration for him, and passionately desir'd to be ranked in the Number of those who he call'd Friends. But at last, when he thought Time and Obligations had ripened him to a Humour fit for his Purpose, Now, (said he, on his Fingers, which Art he had learned, and pulling out a Purse, which could not contain less than five hundred Pieces,) *I have made a full Enquiry into your Affairs, Circumstances, and Disposition; and believe I know perfectly well the Truth of all: I have so true a Value for you, that if you will follow my Advice, what is in this Purse shall be a Trifle to you: You shall be greater than any Prophet for many Ages; you shall out-do Nostredamus; your Name shall be spread thro' all the Courts in Europe; you shall be courted by Kings: I have Intelligences from most Parts of the World, and can tell you what will happen Months before it does. All this I will inform you of, and it shall pass for Campbell's Predictions.* The Seer observed him heedfully; and when he perceived he had ended, told him in the same Language, that he thank'd him; but that he had no Ambition to be great, or have any Concern in State Affairs; that he thought himself much happier in his low Tranquility, than e'er a Statesman of them all; and that it was sufficient for him to know the Secrets of his fair Consulters, without aiming at those of crowned Heads. Nay, added he, *I am a kind of a Monarch my self, and can kill and hang at my own Discretion: Can turn a Minister of State out of his Mistress's Favour. And the General that has conquer'd Towns abroad, has often by me been dislodged*

at

at home. One Dash of my Pen has oblig'd him to raise the Siege; and the fair Lady he beleaguerr'd, open'd the Gates to a new Conqueror. In this merry Humour he took leave, without asking what he should have done to purchase the Effects of those fine Promises the great Man had so profusely made him. A Person who waited on them, and understood the Way of talking on the Fingers, told me all that had pass'd. I could not forbear letting Mr. *Campbell* know I was acquainted with this Secret, tho' I conceal'd by what Means I had discover'd it; which so amazed the Man of Divination, that he told me, I was a greater Witch than the Conjuror himself.

Not long after this, I happen'd to be at his House very early in the Morning, when a Gentleman-like Man made his Appearance as big as the Prince of *Conti*; but his Equipage look'd more like those who attend *Jack Ketch's* Court at *Tyburn*, than the Retinue of a Man of Quality; and in a Moment after I found the Master of them to be a Wolf in Sheep's Clothing. In short, the Maid coming hastily down to me, after they were gone up, told me Mr. *Campbell* was arrested in his Bed; and by what I could learn from her, it was thought dangerous to attack him any other Way. Immediately after, they all came down together, and discover'd themselves to be a Gang of Bailiffs. Mr. *Campbell* desir'd Leave to send for Bail, offer'd them Gold for Civility: But they knew their Business, nothing would prevail: He must go with them, and send for his Friends, where they, not he, should appoint. Nor were they content with this Inhumanity: One of them taking up a Pen, writ this *What, Mr. Conjuror, we have caught you at last?*

Could not you tell we should arrest you this Morning? And can't you foresee whither you shall go to Newgate, or not? with a great deal more of such kind of Scoffs: Which Mr. Campbell took no Notice of, but made what haste he could to get himself dress'd to go with them. Those Cannibals now thought themselves secure of their Prey; but when he was almost ready, he spoke on his Fingers to his Maid, bidding her bring his great Sword to the End of the Court, for he liv'd then in Exeter-Court, and stand there till he should pass by. The Wench observ'd his Directions, and took it so cunningly under her Apron, that not one of them perceiv'd it; and when her Master, attended by his Guard, was coming out, she slipp'd it into his Hand; which he immediately drew with so much Fury, that the Ruffians flew the brandish'd Light'ning, with a Precipitation that had like to have been fatal to one of them; for he fell backward into the Cellar, and had certainly broke his Neck, but for a Basket of Fruit, which was something softer than the Pavement, on which otherwise he must have fallen. The Captain of this Band was so terrified, that after having run a good Length up the Strand, at last caught hold of a Post, by Way of Shield, I suppose, and a Crowd gathering about him, confess'd the Cause, and told them withal, that he had been for many Years at Sea, that he had been accounted one of the best-Men of the Navy. I have been in many Dangers, said he, both by Land and by Water, but never knew what Fear was, till the Sight of that damn'd Conjuror's great Sword gave it me. I am certain it has some Enchantment in the Blade, beyond whatever was in Steel or Iron. Those sort of People are but little beloved by the Mob, and you may believe

believe he was more laugh'd at than pitied by those he made his Complaint to. Mr. Campbell being got safely to *Somerset-House*, put up his Sword, and sent Word to the Gentleman at the Post, that he had now put in Bail. This brought a double Affliction that the Bird was flown beyond Reach; and he came back, making a hideous Noise. The Noise which this Affair made, soon reach'd the Ear of Don Carlos, (for so I shall call the Gentleman who made Mr. Campbell such large Offers:) He thought this a lucky Opportunity to bring him over to his Bent, and sent his Chariot for him. When they were together, after two or three Bottles of Wine had rais'd him to a Pitch as he thought proper for his Purpose, he address'd himself by Pen and Ink, in this Manner. *You see what became of your refusing to follow my Advice; you might have been Master of a good Sum by this Time; but you are not only foolish, but also very scandalous, to run into People's Debts, and walk about in Defiance of Justice, as if you were a Highwayman. Be rul'd by me, who am inclinable to be your Friend. I'll send my Steward immediately, to pay all your Debts.* He writ a good deal more to the same Purpose; which Mr. Campbell having paused a little upon, answer'd in these Words. *I own my self infinitely obliged to you for the Care you seem to take of one so much below you as I am; but must take the Liberty to inform you, that I have been misrepresented to you, for I never, in all my Life, was guilty of running in Debt; I have often brought my self into Inconveniences, by being engaged for others, but owe nothing on my own Account. How can that be? resum'd the other, when to my certain Knowledge, you have been arrested above twenty Times within these two Years, have now two Suits in Chancery, and two or three Judgments against*

against you? The Seer, who knew all this to be too true, to cut off any farther Reflections, entreated *Don Carlos*, since he had been so good to offer his Steward to pay what was owing, that he would send him to enquire how much it was; And, said he, on his Fingers, *if you find I am indebted Sixpence, on my own Account, believe me to be a Villain; but if he brings you an Account, that it is only my own good Nature, in being bound for others, and too great Remissness in not always taking up Notes which I have paid, that has involv'd me in these unhappy Circumstances, I hope then you will be convinc'd that I am hardly us'd, and rather pity than condemn me.* The Person these Words were address'd to, walk'd hastily about the Room for some Time, in a mute Consideration of the Weight they carried; and being come to a Determination in his Thoughts, turning again to Mr. Cample'l, *I tell you*, said he, again on his Fingers, *that all the World is a Juggle, and if you have not a Share in it, I know not how you will be able to withstand the Fury of your Enemies: But depend on it, tho' I have humour'd you all this while in your own Way, I know very well you have more Wit than to be as innocent, as you pretend; therefore throw off the Counterfeit; I am weary of this Way of Conversation; speak to me at once; confess the Cheat, and I will make you happy.* Poor Mr. Campbell only shook his Head, in sign that he wish'd it were in his Power to do as he was desir'd. But the other finding it impossible to bring him to that, thought he would try him another Way. *Well then*, said he, in the same Manner he had done before, *since either you really cannot, or will not oblige me so far as to speak, you may at least favour me with the Discovery of some Secrets, which I am sensible are intrusted to you: I know you are in the Intrigue of my Lady —, and my Lord —, and sue*
Mrs. —,

Mrs. —, and many others; if you will make a Discovery of some of these Affairs, I will excuse the rest, and be your Friend. Mr. Campbell could scarce contain his Indignation at this Demand; but the Obligations he had to the Gentleman depriv'd him of the Power of resenting it, as otherwise he would have done; and he contented himself with writing in this Manner :

If I were in a Country where they torture Men to bring them to a Confession, I would be broke upon the Wheel before I would betray the Secrets of my worst Consulters.

As soon as he had writ this, he run away, in spite of the other's Endeavours to detain him. But the Generosity and Firmness of Resolution he had discover'd, in refusing such Offers, even in the worst Circumstances, rather than betray the Trust repos'd in him, made the Person who had tried him in this Manner, conceive so high an Opinion of him, that he sent him a handsome Letter the next Morning, with twenty Guineas enclos'd; spoke of him in all Companies with a great deal of Respect; and happ'ning to be some Time after at a Lady's House, where I was drinking Tea, he told me the whole Story of this, as I have related it to you, only with this Addition. *If he can speak, said he, and yet refrains as he does, he is the greatest Man living; and if he cannot, he is as great : He is a Prodigy to amuse the Ignorant, and puzzle the Wise.*

There was also a great Lady, one of the Royal Blood of Scotland, who formerly took a vast deal of Pains to find out the Truth of Mr. Campbell's Skill, which being at last fully confirmed in, she afterwards writ a great Number of fine Letters to him,

him, under the feigned Name of *Britannia*; but he complain'd to me that his late Troubles, and the Indisposition they have brought him under, has made him neglect that Correspondence, and many others, which afforded him a great deal of Honour, Profit, and Pleasure. I think it was by this Lady's Means he was introduc'd to the Company of three others, who, no sooner saw him, than they desir'd to consult him. One of them was a Wife, another a Widow, and the third a Maid: The two first had changed Habits, with an Intention to deceive him. After looking on them, he began to grow very uneasy, and frowning while he took up the Pen, writ to her that had the Widow's Dress on in this Manner.

You will too soon wear that Habit you now have put on to deceive me, for your Husband will die in a short Time, and leave you a poor Widow.

To her that was the real Widow, he writ these Words.

You are now courted by a fine Gentleman, his Name is C—les H—; you will marry him within a Year, and be very happy.

To the Maid he writ thus :

You have a Lover, who is very dear to you; but I cannot say it will be a Match. The Ring will be sought, and tried on: If it goes over the Joint before it falls to the Ground, you will marry him; but if it drops, something will happen to break it off.

All of them seem'd much surpriz'd at their several Destinies; but the last of them being indeed very

very soon, as she believed, to be married, seemed the most concerned. And it was not above a Fortnight after when they were all three together again, and a great deal more Company, the intended Bridegroom came into the Room. To pass away the Time, they went to Questions and Commands, and he was commanded to put on the Ring on the Finger of her who was to be his Bride, the Wedding being appointed for the next Day. As he was about to put it on, she started, perhaps remembering what *Mr. Campbell* had writ, and it fell indeed to the Ground. On this they all began to talk of his Prediction; but in an Hour or two after found it fatally fulfilled; for the Gentleman who was to be married, being stepp'd out of the Room, they heard a Pistol go off. Every body running to the Place whence the Report was heard, found to their great Astonishment, that the design'd Bridegroom had shot himself thro' the Head. All this I was told by the Lady her self, and also the Fate of her two Companions: The one of them, as *Mr. Campbell* had foretold, was in a very short Time left a Widow, and, contrary to her Expectations, a very poor one; and the other very fortunately married to the Gentleman he had nam'd. There is not three greater Admirers of his Skill in the whole World than these Ladies, and I believe the Number of those recommended by them, would not be very easily reckon'd.





ALL DISCOVER'D:
OR, A
SPY on the CONJURER.



LETTER I.

*From a Lady, willing to be perswaded the best
Action she could do, was to Cuckold her
Husband.*



Think I need not make you any Compliments on the Comprehensiveness of your Genius; my consulting you, may sufficiently inform you the good Opinion I have of you, which I desire you will maintain, since I am sensible it is in your Power.

My

My Husband still continues his ill Usage, and my Lover his Solicitations: What I desire to be inform'd of is the Consequence of this, for at present, I confess my self incapable of determining whether I shall, by preserving my *Virtue*, forego all Hopes of ever living in a State of Tranquility, or by forfeiting *that*, purchase a Title, at least, to all other Contentments.

I know what Answer you will make, if you Consult Religion: But I ask not what will be most to my Advantatge in the World to come, but what will give me the greatest Felicity in this. The Cruel, Barbarous Treatment I daily receive from my Husband, will justify me to my own Conscience; but as I take my Lover to be a Man as well as he, I would know if he be liable to the same Failings also; for if so, I should, by my Endeavour to amend my Condition, make it much worse. Your Answer, therefore, with a true Character of his Disposition, will infinitely oblige,

S I R,

Your Friend and Servant,

M. P.

LET-

LETTER II.

*From a Man very desirous to know if he were
a Cuckold.*

SIR,

A Little Quarrel happening to be about a Week ago between my Wife and I, as you know such Things are common when People are marry'd; she flew out of the House, and as I was afterwards inform'd, went to a young Man who Courted her before I was her Husband, and did not come Home till One a-Clock in the Morning; on which I gave her two or three good Blows with my Cane, as I think she deserv'd. But she did not seem so sensible of my Indignation as I expected, nor ever offer'd to make the least Excuse for what she had done. ---- Now, Sir, if your Skill be as great as the World believes, your are able to inform me, whether she really has been Guilty of wronging my Bed, or keeps Company with this Man only to provoke me; for I know her to be of a contentious Disposition. Your Answer to this, will very much oblige

Your most humble Servant,

J. B.

O

LET-

LETTER III.

*A Letter from a Lady who never had a Lover,
and was very desirous of being marry'd.*

S I R,

IF there be a Possibility that Art can reach so far as to penetrate into the Counsels of the Stars, and read the fix'd Decrees of Fate, long before the Events are known on Earth, I beg you will exert your self in favour of a Woman who has hitherto been the unhappiest of her Sex. - - - I want not a Portion suitable to my Birth, which is far from being mean; and if I may believe my Glass, or the Assurances of my Female Acquaintance, there is nothing disagreeable in my Person: I keep the best Company, wear the richest Cloths, am every Day abroad, converse with a great Number of Men, yet have never met with one that thought it worth his while to endeavour a more particular Conversation with me. - - - You cannot wonder, if I think it strange, to see my self neglected in this manner, when every homely Dowdy can have her Choice of Offers. I wou'd make you a Gratification suitable to the Obligation, if you cou'd give me a Reason for it; but if half I am worth in the World can purchase an Alteration of this
un-

unhappy Influence, which for these fix and thirty Years has deny'd me my Sexes greatest Pride and Pleasure, *Courtship*, I wou'd willingly bestow it. You cannot make a better use of that Talent, which so remarkably distinguishes you from the rest of Mankind, than for the Relief of one, who, if she continues much longer in this despicable Circumstance, will be driven to Dispair; but if capable of receiving any Consolation from you, will be the most grateful Person on Earth, and study nothing more than the Means of proving herself,

Dear Sir,

Your assur'd Friend,

M. D.



LETTER IV.

*From a Girl that had a mind to swear a
Rape against a Man.*

S I R,

EVERY Body tells me, that you can give Satisfaction in the most difficult Cases; and I assure you, mine is such a one: But if it is in the Compass of your Skill to instruct me what to do, I shall make you a very good Gratitude.

You must know, Sir, that a Gentleman that lodges in our House, has taken a great deal of Notice of me, always calling me his pretty Dear, chucking me under the Chin, and kissing me whenever I would let him: Nay, when we have been alone together, he has told me that he lik'd me better than any Woman in the World, and if he had not been marry'd, wou'd certainly have made me his Wife. --- This pass'd on for above three Months, and he was every Day more and more fond of me; but at last, his Wife happening to be abroad, he a little in Drink, and I in his Chamber, sitting by him on the Bed, talking kindly, as we us'd to do, he began to grow impudent. I bid him be quiet, and told him,
he

he was a naughty Man; and that I never shou'd endure him again, if he did not let me alone. But he did not mind a Word I said, but went on as he had begun, till he had quite ruin'd me. The House was full of People, and I durst not cry out, for fear any Body should come in, and laugh at me ; nor have I trusted any one in the World with the Secret but your self; and I do not know how to proceed without the Advice of a wiser Head than my own. That I am ravish'd, is a sad Truth ; but how to get Satisfaction for the Abuse, I am ignorant ; for 'tis forty to one the Villian will deny it, if I should tell my Friends of it. Pray be so kind to write me your Sentiments, and whether you think it will be of any Service to swear the Matter against him. As I have related it to you, be sincere in your Advice, and I will satisfy you for your Trouble, who am,

S I R,

Your unfortunate Friend,

and humble Servant,

S. L.

LETTER V.

Another from the same.

Upbraiding Mr. Campbell for dealing too freely with her.

S I R,

YOU are an ignorant, impudent Fellow, to write to me in such a manner: I think I am the best Judge of the Violence I receiv'd: I know I am ravish'd, whatever you may say to the contrary. 'Tis plain enough the Villain us'd Force to me, by his being afraid to see me ever since. I never go into his Room, but he turns his Back upon me, and takes all the Care in the World never to be alone with me, because he knows well enough what reason I have to scold at him; and yet you pretend to say, I cannot call it a *Rape*. - - - But, indeed, I shall call it so, and will have him up for it too; and if you won't put me in a Method how to proceed, somebody else shall, for I won't bear to be us'd so, and not so much as have an Opportunity to speak my Mind to him. 'Tis above a Fortnight ago, and I could never get him by himself since: But I will be reveng'd on him,
and

and you too. I'll proclaim you to the World for what you are, a silly Blockhead, an Impostor ; I'll make you know what 'tis to affront a Woman of Spirit and Resolution, and so I rest,

Your provok'd Enemy,

S. L.

LETTER VI.

*From a Man that desir'd to know if a Child
born at six Months could live.*

SIR,

YOU must know I have been marry'd just six Months last *Friday*, and this Morning my Wife was brought to bed of a brave lussy Boy. Now, I have all along been told, that such a Thing is impossible in Nature ; but the Midwife, and all the good Women, assure me now, that they have often been Witnesses of the very same. --- Some of my Neighbours, however, are very merry about it : Now I would not be their laughing Stock, nor would I suspect my Wife without Cause ; for I dare swear, she was a Maid when I

ALL *Discover'd*: Or,
marry'd her. I beg, therefore, that you will
give me your Opinion sincerely and candidly ;
for the which I send you a Guinea enclos'd,
and am,

S I R,

Your humble Servant,

T. S.

P. S. Pray send your Answer by the
Bearer.

LETTER VII.

From a Country Bubble.

S I R,

HEARING of your great Skill in many
Things, but more particularly in the Cure
of Witchcraft, I beg the Favour of you to give
me your Opinion, whether I am under that
Power, or not ; and for that Purpose will give
you a true Account of what Symptoms I find
in my self.

You must understand, I had an Estate of
800 Pounds a Year, as good Land as any is
in

in all *Effex*, clear of any Mortgage, or Sisters Portions; till hearing great talk of *London*, I must needs come and shew my self. --- A power of fine Folks came acquainted with me presently after I came, and they carried me to the Playhouses and Singing Houses, and all the Shew-Places. It cost me a deal of Mony; but I could have afforded that well enough, but I happen'd into a Room where they were rattling the Dice about at a strange Rate: For my part, I did not know how to Play, till one of my new Friends taught me: But I had such cursed Luck, that I lost in one Night above 1500 Pounds: I went the next Night, being perswaded, in hopes I should get it back again; but instead of that threw away as much more; and just in this manner I have continued to do ever since, till my Estate being dipp'd as far as I could find a Foot for Security, my last Refuge has been my Plate and Jewels. In short, dear Mr. *Campbell*, I have nothing now but my Clothes, that I can properly say are my own. --- An old Aunt of mine in the Country having been inform'd of what I have done, has come after me to *London*; and finding the Truth of what she had been told, and that in spite of all my Losses and Ill-luck, I cannot yet refrain from this cursed ruinous Diversion, she will have it that I am under an ill Tongue. And, indeed, I do not think otherwise my self; for I have neither Skill in the Art of Gaming, nor Pleasure in

in the Diversion; and yet I cannot quit it. I desire, therefore, that you will let me know whether it be so, or not; and if it be, as I am afraid it is, pray give me some Advice what to do, for I am reduc'd to the greatest Misfortunes in Life, and all through this Proceeding. If it be an Infatuation, I am told that you can relieve me from it; and no Body will be more grateful to you for the Pains you shall be at, than I will for all you do for me. Pray send an Answer by the Bearer, and your Judgment on what I have said; and if I must come to you, what Day is most lucky.

I am, Sir,

With all the Respect due to your Art,

Your most humble Servant,

N. C.



LET-

LETTER VIII.

*From a young Woman that had lost her Lover,
and knew not for what Reason.*

S I R,

IF ever you have exerted your Skill, I beg you now will do it, in favour of a most unhappy Woman, undone by Love, and the Ingratitude of a faithless Man. Never Woman was with more Tenderness solicited, nor was longer before she yeilded to seem won; for five tedious Years I heard unmov'd his soft persuasive Accents; forbore to answer them with a Return of Passion; and in all my Words, my Actions, and what is more, my Looks, appear'd as cold as Marble, and as impregnable to the Darts of Love. - - - But, oh! at last, - - - at last, in one unhappy Moment, I ruin'd all the Conduct of so many Years; and warm'd by the dear Tempter's Transports, like *Pythagoras's* Image, confess'd my self a Woman, and melted in the Follies of my Sex. --- Nor did I, so lost was I in Rapture, immediately repent the soft Concession! He seem'd all Truth, all heavenly Sincerity and Constancy! I was all Bliss! all Extacy! --- For about as many Weeks as he had wasted Time in gaining

gaining me, the fallacious Joy remain'd: ---
But after that, 'twas Horror, all Remorse, and
wild Despair! --- I saw him not! --- He
writ not to me! --- Spoke not of me! And
when I employ'd Messengers to ask the Cause,
he answer'd with Smiles, and artfully evaded
a Return! --- Never could I find out the Reason
of his sudden Change of Temper, tho' so
long cruel. Months are past since I beheld him
last! --- Jealous I know he is not; for since
my Condescension to reward his Passion, I
have renounced even the Society, or smallest
Acquaintance with any other Man. ---
He was, in reality, so truly ador'd by me, that
but to see or speak to any other was uneasy to
me. --- I dispis'd the whole Sex but him:
And if I had any Business with any of them,
employed some Woman of my Acquaintance
to negotiate for me by Proxy. --- I cannot
think the Charms of a new Face hath made
mine appear less agreeable, because I have
Spies on all his Actions, watch'd him where-
ever he went, and us'd every Invention that
Female Curiosity, or jealous Love, can inspire
in the most artful Breast. --- Nor can I ima-
gine that he is all at once turn'd Bigot, and
influenc'd by those whose Business 'tis to
fright us with Threats of future Punishments:
He has made me wretched *here*, to escape being
so himself *hereafter*. --- What then can it
be? Tell me thou mighty Man of Divina-
tion!

tion! Tell me to what curſed Cauſe I owe my Miſery! ----- That he did love me once, I am convinc'd by Proofs which could not be counterfeited; but why he no longer continues to do ſo, is a Myſtery which only can be unfolded by thy Art.--- I beg you then, by your Reputation, by that Fame which you ſo deſervedly have acquir'd, and by that good Nature and Compaſſion which they ſay you have, to do all in your Power to eaſe me of the Tortures of Suſpence, almoſt as terrible to be born, as my other Agonies; and by ſo doing you will for ever oblige a Perſon who has it in her Power to be

*Very much your Friend
and humble Servant*

A. D

P. S. If he has abſented himſelf only as a Tryal of my Faith, (which I dare not flatter my ſelf ſo far as to hope,) I beg you'll o'erjoy me with the pleaſing News, the Moment you have conſulted your little *Familiar*.



LETTER IX.

*From a Lady in Love with her Father's
Servant.*

SIR,

IF ever you were acquainted with the Force of Love, as some alledge, and will have it, that what is wanting in one Faculty, is abundantly made up in another, you need not be told how great a Leveller that Passion is. - - - I have the Misfortune to have found greater Charmes in a Person very inferior to me, than ever I could discern in those whose Birth and Fortune were my Equals - - - In short, I have not had the Power to restrain my kind Thoughts of a Servant in our House; and the Fellow encourag'd by my more than ordinary Indulgence, and some soft Glances, has prepar'd to make his Addresses. - - - Now, what I require of you, is, to consult your intelligent Faculty to inform me, whether, if I marry this Man, my Father will ever prevail'd on to give me a Portion. - - - I know you will tell me, I am not much in Love, and retain the Power of Consideration: To which I answer, That it is the Excess of Love makes me fearful of rendering him unhappy. - - - As
for

for my self I could starve with him; but cannot bear the Thoughts he should do so with me. I beg your immediate Answer, with a Solution of this Question; and am,

S I R,

Your most humble Servant,

E. S.

LETTER X.

From a Lady very much involv'd in Law,

S I R,

MY last Cause having prosper'd so well thro' your Advice, in detecting the Roguery of my Lawyer, I must entreat you to make use of your Skill, a second Time, on my Account. My Tryal comes on to Morrow, and I have some reason to fear my Attorney has taken a Fee on the contrary Side. --- And in the other Cause, that I told you of, when I was at your House, I have but small Encouragement to proceed. --- My chief Witness is absconded; and some People advise me to defer it till he can be found out. --- My Business
against

against my Sister is also in suspense; for if I should get the better of her at Common Law, I am told she will put me into *Chancery*. --- I am likewise in a great deal of Trouble concerning my Daughter *Phæbe*: The poor Girl is undone: I am afraid I shall be able to get nothing of the Rogue her Husband. He swears she is *Non compos*; and if he maintains her, it shall be in a Mad-House. --- I do not know what to do in all these Affairs without your Instructions; which I desire you will send by the Bearer; for I am oblig'd to go this Moment to a Proctor in *Doctors-Commons* about another vexatious Affair, which you shall know hereafter, or I would have come to you myself. -- But pray be careful, for I depend on you, who am,

S I R,

Ever your oblig'd Friend,

S. C.

P. S. I had forgot to tell you, that I am obligè to file a Bill against my Brother. I am fatigu'd to death with running about from Lawyer to Lawyer.

LET-

LETTER XI.

*From a Servant Maid under Temptations
from her Master:*

S I R;

B E I N G told that you resolve all lawful Questions, I have had a Mind to come to you a great while; but being but a Servant, and having a Mistress very hard to please, cannot get out when I would: So I send this to let you know my Case, and to desire you will be so kind as to tell me what I had best to do.

You must know my Friends are but mean, and having no great Matter to give me, bred me up to House Business, which, I thank God, I can do very well; and as to Washing, Scouring, Cleaning a House, and making Haste on an Errand, I will turn my Back to ne'er a She that wears a Head. But all does not satisfy my Mistress! she is always finding Fault, and thinks I never do enough! This is the first Place I have been in, and I would change, but that all the Maids in the Neighbourhood tells me that their Mistresses are as bad, and that 'tis the same everywhere. - - - But, Sir, the main
P Point

Point is, my Master is very kind to me, and tells me, if I will be rul'd by him, he will make a Woman of me, and I shall never go to Service again. I believe, indeed, he has a great Respect for me, for he always takes Care to cut the best Bit of the Meat; or Fowl, or whatever we have for our Dinner, and lay it on his Plate, as if he design'd to eat it himself, and leaves it for me. And besides, he has given me two Suits of Headcloaths, and a Pair of Silver Buckles for my Smock Sleeves, and a Girdle Buckle, and a great many valuable Things; and he tells me, that if I will go away, he will put me into a Lodging, and keep me as well as my Mistress. Now, Sir, it is very hard to be in Place, and not give Content neither; and if I were sure, he would keep his Word, it should be the first Thing I would do: For you must know, Sir, the Talk of the World is nothing; and what need I care what any Body says, if I want for nothing. I don't see that any People are so much despis'd as the Poor; and if I have Money, I warrant you I shall find enough to respect me. - - - All that frights me is, that a young Woman of my Acquaintance went away in this manner with a Man, a little while ago, and he turn'd her off presently and left her as poor as *Job*. --- Therefore, all that I desire of you, is, to let me know if my Master be sincere in what he says, for I should be sorry to be made a Fool of. I have

have sent you a Crown, which I hear is the least you take; but I assure you, if Things are as I hope, you shall have a better Present from me. I have set down my Age in a Piece of Paper that the Money is wrapp'd in, because I thought it might be a Help to you in your Study. Pray don't fail to let me know what you think of me; and it will be a great Kindness to me, who remains,

Your most Humble Servant

to command,

Abigail Jump!

L E T T E R X I I .

From the same.

S I R,

YOUR's not coming so soon as I expected, Things have happen'd that has made all your Advice of no Service to me. My Master last Night came Home pretty early, and my Mistress being abroad, he made a great deal of Love to me, and at last made me swear,

I would do what he would have me. He would not have let me alone without I had promis'd, and now I must perform it; for tho' I am but a mean Person, I scorn to break my Word; it may be more than greater Folks do. He is to take a Lodging for me to-day; and I am to pick a Quarrel with my Mistress, that she may be provok'd to turn me away without Warning. I shall have all new Clothes, and a Ring with his Hair in it, and then I will come and see you. I hope you only jok'd when you said, *Men are all False*; for you are a Man your self, and you would not condemn your self: But I can't help it now if it shou'd be so; I am bound to see it. But I do not think my Master would offer to do unhand-somely by me; for he has the Character of a very honest Man, and I am sure would scorn to behave himself dirtily. - - - He says, if I have a Child, he will settle fifty Pounds a Year upon it. I wish you would be so kind as to let me know, whether I shall have one, or no, and you will oblige,

Your Friend and Servant,

Abigail Jump.



L E T -

LETTER. XIII.

From a kept Mistress.

S I R,

YOU are very well acquainted with my way of Life, and as you know all my Affairs, I shall not suffer my *Modesty* to get the better of my *Wisdom*, in concealing a Thing in which your Advice is so very material. My Lord begins of late to grow remiss in those Regards he us'd formerly to treat me with ; he neither makes me Presents, nor visits me so often as he has been accustomed. Indeed he continues to pay me my five Pounds a Week, but what is that for a Woman of my Station ? My Monkey broke me in China the other Day a whole Month's Allowance. --- I made a tolerable Shift, indeed, while he supp'd with me every Night, and sent in his own Wine, and paid a Guinea a Meal ; but 'tis starving now. --- Besides, I have had no Clothes from him these six Weeks, but four Suits, and they did not cost above threescore Pounds a Piece. --- For my Part, I cannot bear to live in such a mean Way. I have a Merchant in the City that makes his Addresses to me, and offers me

twice as much as my Man of Quality. Therefore I entreat your Advice. I could be very glad to keep both, if it could be so contriv'd; which, considering how cautious the *Cits* are of their Reputation, I fancy not to be impracticable. I can easily blind my Lord, if I could form some plausible Story to deceive the other. Pray send me your Advice, for I am impatient. I am in your Debt a couple of Guineas, but will see you soon, and be merry.

I am,

Your most humble Servant,

C L O E.



L E T-

LETTER XIV.

*From a Young Man who had three Women
in Love with him.*

S I R,

TH O I believe you have many Calamitous Cases laid before you, I question whether this, which I am now about to offer you, can be parallell'd. --- It was my Misfortune to fall in Love with a young Woman a Twelvemonth ago: I told her my Mind; and, in short, I gain'd her Affections. But the Milchief on't is, they are such everlasting Burrs, a Man can never get rid of them. I have told her plain enough since, that I did not care a Farthing for her: But it signifies nothing; she follows me up and down wherever I go. Now I fell presently after desparately in Love again, and had the very same Success I had before. --- The third Time has been more fatal; for being grown weary of her too, she threatens to shoot me, and is just like a mad Woman. -- I am so much perplex'd that I do not know what to do with my self; for I am recommended to a very pretty Girl, and a good

Fortune; and these three stale Faces haunt me to that Degree, that they put me quite out of Humour, and make me unfit to visit her. — 'Tis very provoking to be troubled with the impertinent Love of People one don't care for. Besides, they talk so much of it, that they will spoil my Fortune. ---- Pray be so good as to give me your Instructions how I shall get rid of them, and you will much oblig'd,

Your Friend and Servant,

T. M.

P. S. You must know I promised Marriage to two of these Fools, and they threaten to sue me: But, thank God, they have no Witnesses, and I don't think it would be a Sin to forswear it; and so let them do their worst. But let me have your Advice, for I will do nothing without it.



L E T

LETTER XV.

From a Seaman at Portsmouth, to his Wife at London; which 'tis probable was shew'd by her to Mr. Campbell.

My DEAR,

OUR Ship is paid off. I have sent you twenty Pounds: It is more than you deserve. --- L -- d D -- n you for a Bitch. -- My Blessing to my Children: --- Lord grant they may not be like you. --- I hear you have been with the Dumb Man to know when I should die. --- He told me long ago what a Jade you would be; and that you should bury me, and die a miserable Bitch soon after, and your Rogue be hang'd; which I do not doubt. Farewell, and be D -- n'd. This Voyage, if I live, I will take care of my Children.

Tours,

Alex. M---son.

LET-

LETTER XVI.

*From a young Lady, complaining that her
Father would not let her be married.*

S I R,

AS I am free from all manner of Affectation in every Thing else, I shall not pretend, like the rest of my Sex, to have an Aversion to Mankind, and swear I will never be married, when 'tis the only Thing I pray for: Not that I would have you think I am neglected. No, no, I have my Choice of Offers; but the Deuce on't is, I have a Father that prizes his Money more than the Happiness of his Daughter. If he could find ever a Coxcomb to take me off his Hands without a Portion, he could soon be prevail'd upon to say, *God bless you*, to us both: --- But alas! Love is a Passion out of fashion; and the very Name of it would be forgot, but for some foolish Readers of Romances. --- There is not in this Age, I believe, one mortal Man that would marry merely for the intrinsic Virtues of his Mistress. --- Money is Beauty, Wit, good Nature, Honour, every thing that is valuable in Woman; and without it, the most deserving of our Sex, may lead Apes in Hell. I wish to
God

God you'd find some Expedient to prevent me from sharing that Fate, which can only be done by perswading my Lovers out of their Senses, or my Father into his, which I fear will never be. --- But to be serious, if there is any Thing decreed for me in the dark Book of Fate, better than what I am apprehensive of, I entreat you will let me know it, if worse than what I fear, conceal it; for I have already more vexatious Reflections, than I have Philosophy to bear with Patience: But whatever I shall be, as to my Circumstances, you may depend upon it, that I shall ever be,

S I R,

Your most assur'd Friend,

and humble Servant,

C. W.



LET-

LETTER XVII.

From a young Lady that was contracted to one Man, and afterwards fell in love with another.

S I R,

I Am in the greatest Distress imaginable I am engag'd, by more Oaths than there are Saints in Heaven to witness them, to one, but die for another. What shall I do to fly from the Man I have bound my self to love, and run into the Arms of him I ought to avoid? Do not pretend to draw any Arguments from Religion, Morality, Philosophy, good Nature, or Honour: I am deaf to all. --- Blinded by my Passion, I despise all Considerations, defy the Censure of the World, scorn all the Punishment which Perjury calls down; and if I can but be carefs'd in the Arms of my Beloved, I will not envy the Happiness of others: --- But alas! the Dear, the Angel-Man, whom I adore, refuses to partake my Bliss, till he I hate has consented to our Marriage. --- Oh! if there be any Charm, any magick Spell, make me as indifferent as he, or force the injur'd Wretch, whom I would shun, to release me of my Vow. --- I am distracted! -- mad! --- The Half of my Fortune,

Fortune, which is very considerable, shall be yours, if you can work this Miracle. — Command your little Familiar to do his utmost, --- and if he fails, summon all the Powers of Hell to work some Wonder, to bring me with all this Ocean of Love, and burning Passion, safe to the Embrace of my ador'd Youth. --- Tell me if there's a Possibility of doing this; and for ever command all that is in the Power of,

S I R,

Your most humble Servant,

K. P.



LET-

LETTER XVIII.

*From a Correspondent of Mr. Campbell's,
who had not found all he said to happen
according to the Time.*

SIR,

IF you are mistaken as to Time, you may in other Things. Above an Hour, and twenty Minutes are elapsed since that, in which you promis'd I should see the Man my Soul is set to love. --- I do not think he will come to Night; and if he does not, tho' you have told me, I confess, ten thousand Truths, this one Deceit shall prejudice you more than all the rest can compensate for: --- To lose one Moment of the Happiness you made, is a Disappointment I never can forgive. --- No, by Heaven, if I see him not before this Note can reach you, I'll call a Chair, and go to every Acquaintance I have in the World, and proclaim you for an Imposture. --- All that, Jealousy, Rage, and baulk'd Desire, can inspire in the Soul of a revengeful Woman, you may expect. --- In fine, if he designs not to be with me this Night, 'tis your Business to force him. --- Bring him to my fond, eager, longing, expecting Arms, or you shall be punish'd for his

his Coldness. --- It is on you I will avenge my Disappointment. --- Call Heaven or Hell, I care not which, to aid you, so I am but happy: --- But if I am not, you shall find a very Devil of her, who is yet, and would still continue,

Your Friend and Servant,

I. P.

P. S. As I was going to seal this, his Footman brought me a Billet, which tells me he will be with me at Eleven. --- I have not Time to write another Letter, or would not have you sent the foregoing Lines, but would not have you miss my Reproaches, for being out as to Time; for you may remember, you told me by Nine a-Clock I might expect him. --- You shall see me tomorrow, if I out-live the Joy I am to receive, in seeing my Soul, my Angel, my ador'd Divinity, after an Absence so tedious as three Weeks. *Adieu.*



LET-

LETTER XIX.

From a Forsaken Lady.

SIR,

TH O' to despair, and almost die for Love, be a Jest to the greatest Part of the World, yet I doubt not but you have too many Examples of the Force of the blind Deity among your Clients, to question the Truth of what I am going to relate.

It has been my Misfortune to have been courted by the most accomplish'd of his Sex. Never Man was Master of the undoing Art in so great a Measure as this Charmer of my Soul. I was too much infatuated with his soft Enchantments to allow room for Thought: The dear Delusion lock'd up all my Senses, and dull Consideration was an Exile. --- Thus every Day I listen'd to his Vows, return'd each fond Endearment with equal Rapture; was more than blest'd while in his Presence; and, when he left me, entertain'd Reflection with the transporting Expectations of renewing those Joys I had so lately tasted. --- All other Company was odious to me, --- all other Thoughts displeasing: --- He was my only Hope, my only Fear, --- my only Wish. --- I believ'd my self most happy, and depending
on

on his Truth and Honour, defy'd even Fate
to lessen my establish'd Bliss: But oh! too
soon I found I had but dream'd of Heaven,
and waked, and found my self in real Hell! ---
A curs'd Discovery blasted all my Hopes, and
prov'd the lovely Youth a Traytor and De-
ceiver! All the tender Protestations, which
once were mine, are now another's; a Rival
now triumphs o'er my bleeding Heart, and
prides her self in my Undoing! The dear,
the faithless Rover, laughs but at my Sorrows,
avoids my Presence, nor will answer my Up-
braidings! --- A thousand Times I have writ,
but writ in vain! --- I have now no Hope but
in Death, which certainly my Grievs will
shortly bring upon me! --- If I am to be re-
preiv'd, comfort me with the joyful Tidings,
and restore once more to Peace the Soul of
the afflicted;

A. G.



Q

LET-

LETTER XX.

From a Young Lady.

S I R,

I Am not able to endure the Tyranny of an old Father, who being Sixty odd, thinks a Girl of Fifteen has nothing else to do with her Time, than to study how to humour him. --- I have a thousand Admirers; fancy my self deserving of as many more, and am satisfy'd by my Glass that nothing hinders me from being universally ador'd, but his unreasonable restraining me from keeping Company suitable to my Inclinations. -- Therefore, if you really have the Skill you are famed for, I desire that you will send me some Charm, or Spell, either to correct the Gaiety of my Disposition, or the Severity of his, which shall be gratefully acknowledg'd by,

S I R,

Your most humble Servant,

LESBIA.

P. S. I do not ask you any Names: I do not want to know when I shall be married, or to whom: All I desire is Liberty.

LET-

LETTER XXI.

*From a common Woman of the Town, married
to an old rich Man.*

SIR,

YOU knew me in my Misfortunes, when I was forc'd to trudge *Drury-Lane*, in hopes of getting a poor Half-Crown to pay for my Week's Lodging at the Gardiner's House, where you us'd sometimes to call. Now, I let you know I am above all that; I am married, and have a Footman to attend me wherever I go, with a Shoulder-Knott half as long as himself: But the Mischief on't is, my Husband is *old*, and you well know I have been accus'd to the most *vigorous* Caresses, and cannot think my self happy while debarr'd from the Joys which Love affords, tho' possess'd of every Thing beside. The insipid Wretch himself, past Taste of Pleasure, denies me the Pursuit; makes a perfect Nurse of me: Judge how agreeable that must be to a Woman of my Constitution, who I believe you will acknowledge have a *Gouss* the most elegant in all that relates to the *Tender*. In fine, I am wretched, and pine amidst a Scene of Plenty! I burn to possess the young gay *Alexis*! I languish for the lovely *Strephon*! I die for the witty *Simonides*;

monides! But the curst Tie I am under, and the Power of my arbitrary Tyrant, takes from me all Means of seeing or blessing my self with the Conversation of any one of these Charmers. Other Women think themselves unhappy in being deny'd the Sight of *one* single Swain their Hearts are set on: What must I then do, who am in despair for *three*? Help me, I conjure you, in this Perplexity:--- Find out some Way by which I may deceive the Eyes of this watchful *Argus*, and fly to the Arms of these dear Youths, and trust to my Management afterwards to make you Retributions suitable to the Obligation, who am,

Dear S I R,

Your most humble Servant,

and sincere Friend,

M. C.

LETTER XXII.

From the Same.

S I R,

TH.O' you deny'd me your Assistance, I have had Artifice enough of my own to compass what I wish: Not one of the dear lovely Youths I mention'd in my last, but I have possess'd in as full a manner as my Soul could

could wish. Had you contributed to my Satisfaction, you should by this have found your Account in it. --- But you of late set up for *Morality*! I fancy your new Profession will get you but little Reputation, and less Money. --- For my part, no Woman on Earth has less Occasion for your Aid than myself, tho' I vouchsafed to ask it. While my old Man has Money, and I have Wit to wheedle him out of it, I need not doubt finding Friends as able to advise me as e'er a Conjuror of you all. Depend upon it that you are the only Loser by your Denial; for I will be happy in spite of the World, and laugh at those whose Virtues makes them wretched, in languishing for that which they dare not allow themselves. I am for Liberty, and will enjoy it in as unbounded a manner as I please. So farewell, old musty Affecter of unserviceable Notions! And may all your Consulters find as little Benefit by you as I have done,

M. C.



LETTER XXIII.

From a Widow.

SIR,

I Will not reproach you, tho' I have the most just Reason in the World, since it is now evident you but flatter'd me in telling me I should very speedily be promis'd to Mr. D - - L - -. So far from it, that he has entirely desisted visiting me, and I hear makes his Addresses elsewhere. - - Your deceiving me has made me very ridiculous to the World; for depending on what you said, enabled me to bear the Death of my Husband with all the Calmness imaginable; but finding the Prediction vain, has thrown me into a Despair, I have not Art enough to conceal. - - All my Acquaintance see into the Reason; and instead of being prais'd for my *Philosophy*, I am rallied for my *Folly*. I beg that you will advise me what to do in this Affair; and whether you still believe Mr. D - - L - - has any real Kindness for me, or not. - - Be so kind to write your Prediction by the Bearer, who I have order'd to give you a Guinea; and if you can any way bring it about that I may see him once more, ten more are at your Service, besides the everlasting Friendship of,

K. W.

LETTER XXIV.

From a Man very jealous of his Wife.

SIR,

I Would have waited on you at your House, but was afraid of incurring those Reflections, the gay Part of the World are apt to throw on those who come to consult. But however I may seem to agree with those who rail against you, in my private Opinion I have the highest Esteem for your Art, and Veneration for your Person, of any who maintain a Correspondence with you.

But to the purpose; You must know, *Sage Sir*, that I have the Misfortune to be married to the greatest Coquet in Nature. --- She is continually abroad; --- and when by locking up her Clothes, I endeavour to debar her from going out to any Company I do not approve of, tis only shifting the Scene of her perpetual Folly, and bringing home those Plagues I prevent her from giving me abroad. --- Every Morning presents me with a whole Legion of Feinds, in the Shape of Tire-Women, Mantua-Makers, Hoop-Petticoat Sellers, and a long *Etcetera* of nameless Merchants; which none but those, who are so unfortunate to have such Wives as

mine, can have any Notion of. ---- These Creatures, under the Pretence of *regulating* her Dress, brings her Offers of *incommoding* it. --- I found the other Day five Letters, all from different Persons, stuffed full Encomiums on her Wit and Beauty, and Complaints of the Cruelty of Fate, forsooth, which had doom'd her to such a Wretch, *videlicet*, my self. --- On this Discovery, I banish'd all these Go-betweens my House; but that is not sufficient. --- *Madam* has a Brother, who countenances her in the taking those innocent Diversions, as he terms them. -- He is often indispos'd, that is, pretends to be so; and if I deny her the Privilege of visiting him, I am the most unnatural Brute on Earth. --- There is no Possibility of avoiding her going abroad, when he lays a Scheme in this Manner, without bringing Things to an entire Quarrel; nor can I accompany her, because I have a Post in the Government, which requires my Attendance at set Hours, which are always those she chuses for her Rambles. I sometimes send a Watch to observe her Motions, and the Accounts they bring me are no way pleasing; but when I tax her with any Thing I have heard, she denies it all; calls my Informers villanous Liars, throws herself into violent Passions, and sometimes Fits, from which she takes care to make it pretty expensive to recover her. This is the Truth of my unhappy Circumstances,

stances, and how to remedy them, I know not; therefore if it lies in the Compass of your Art to afford me any Relief, the Favour shall be gratefully acknowledged by

S I R.

Your most unknown Admirer,

and most humble Servant,

CORNULUS.

P. S. The Affair above-mentioned is of so great Consequence to my Peace of Mind, as well as my Honour, that you may assure your self of a Gratification proportion'd to the Vastness of the Obligation; --- and to encourage you to exert the utmost of your Skill in my Behalf, for the reclaiming this fair Rover, whom, in spite of all her Faults, I love as my Soul, I send you five Guineas enclos'd, with an Assurance the Sum shall be tribled the Moment I find an Alteration in her Behaviour. --- Till then, Adieu.

LET-

LETTER XXV.

From a young Gentleman in the Country.

S I R,

I Am sensible the Fame of your Abilities have reached a much greater Distance than this; you cannot therefore be surpris'd that a Person who has no Opportunity of conversing with you any other Way, makes use of the Post for the Conveyance of his unfortunate History, and entreats your Opinion by the same Method.

I am, Sir, a Gentleman by Birth, and the undoubted Heir of a very plentiful Estate; but my Father has a Soul no way proportioned to the Largeness of his Fortune: He thinks it sufficient for my Happiness, that I know, if I out-live him, I shall have it in my Power to command all those Felicities of Life, which at present his Avarice debars me from. But he is not at this Time above fifty, and one of the strongest Men in the Country; therefore, in all Probability, I have a long Time of Misery to undergo, before I can arrive at Pleasure; but what I would offer to your Consideration is this: A young Lady, of a neighbouring Country, is, by the late Death of her Father, left in Possession

session of a very great Fortune; I have been happy enough to engage her Affections; but my old Gentleman swears if I marry her, he will cut off the Entail of his Estate, rather than suffer a Farthing of it to descend to her; for you must know, there has been a long Grudge between our Families, which took Beginning I know not how, many Ages ago, and ended in us. I am in the greatest *Dilemma* imaginable how I shall proceed; if I continue single, I must content my self to live till Heaven shall please to release me by his Death, in a Capacity most shocking to the Generosity of my Temper. If I marry the Lady I mentioned, her Fortune will allow me to live to my Satisfaction for some Time; but then a Parent's Curse, and the Name of a disinherited Son, will embitter all the Sweets I could otherwise enjoy in the Society of so agreeable a Companion. I beg your Advice, and whether you think, in case I should follow my Inclinations in wedding her, my Father would ever be brought to pardon my Disobedience. Love and Duty are continually at War within me; and if not reconcil'd by your Cordial Instructions, will go near to be the Death of

Your most humble Servant,

S T R E P H O N.

P. S.

P. S. I know it is not customary to give you a Trouble of this Nature empty handed: But I have told you the Humour of my Father; and if you have that Skill the World reports, will know it is not at present in my Power; and also, that when it is none will be more grateful for any Favour you shall do me. - - - For once then give Credit to a Stranger. - - - Send me your Instructions on Trust, and whenever I either come to my Estate, or marry, make your Bill: You need not fear its being tax'd, as our *Attorneys*, because an Obligation of the sort I ask cannot be equalled, and therefore is unvaluable. - - - - Be so good as to write by the first Post.

The End of the SECOND PART,





ALL DISCOVER'D:
OR, A
SPY on the CONJURER.

P A R T III.

Containing some LETTERS from
Persons of Mr. *CAMPBELL*'s more
particular Acquaintance.





ALL DISCOVER'D:
OR, A
SPY on the CONJURER.



LETTER L

*From a merry Gentleman, in the Beginning of
his Acquaintance with Mr. Campbell.*

Honest Conjuror.



OR if there be such a thing in the
World, by Heaven thou art one. Tho'
no Man alive is more angry with
thee than my self, I cannot forbear
giving thee friendly Advice. ---- Now 'tis pos-
sible you may think it equally strange that I
should seem to take any Thing ill from a Man,
who

who I faithfully believe never meant an Injury to any one; or that I should have Impudence enough to pretend to give Counsel to one, from whom it is entreated by the wisest. ---- But to put you out of your Suspence; you must know, in the first place, I envy you, and cannot forgive that universal Esteem you have from the *Fair*, when Men who take more Pains to acquire it are kept at distance. ---- And, in the next, think, that in spite of your Art, you are a very great Fool to let them know so much at once. If I were in your Place, they should be let into the Secret of their Destiny by much slower Degrees. I think the Solution of one Question at a time sufficient. You sell your Skill too cheap in all Conscience, and, where you get one Guinea, might as easily have twenty; -- Still leave them in the Dark, and feed them up with an Expectation of some very extraordinary Event, which you may pretend still to be wrapp'd in Clouds: ---- By that Means your lovely Guests will be induc'd, almost whether they will or no, to come oftner, and of Consequence your Profit encrease. ---- This is the Way to make the Glass go chearfully about, and render your Company always valuable. ---- Consider, you have the Power in your own Hands; and nothing but too much Good-nature and Open-heartedness can hinder you from being as eminently distinguish'd for your Riches, as you are for your Profession ---- I know you will object that
this

this is base: But prithee, does not Success crown every Thing!---Wealth can make Black white; the *Fortunate* are always meritorious, while the *Indigent* never fail of having a thousand Faults. And as the Method I propose is an infallible one to procure *Esteem*, never regard whether 'tis *deserv'd* or not. You have the Example of the greatest and wisest Men of all Ages for your Sanction; and if your own Conscience does not prove your Enemy, you will find no body else to condemn you.

I am,

Dr. DUNCAN,

Your sincere Friend,

and humble Servant,

TOM. LOVEMIRTH.

P. S. Three or four hearty good-natur'd Fellows of us expect your Company to Night at the *Rosé*. If you have any Consulters with you, put them off to another Time. Be advis'd in this, however, not to fatigue your self too much: The Labour of the Brain is hard, and requires Exhilaration at some Times.
Adieu.

LETTER. II.

Mr. Campbell,

IT is not to consult your Oracleship about any Affair of my own, that I give you the Trouble of this, but to acquaint you with an Aspersion which has lately reached my Ears, and which I would have you, by all means, endeavour to be cleared of. It is impossible for you, who have so general an Acquaintance with all who call themselves the *Deau Monde*, not to know *Count Viana*; but by what Accident, (for I think you are too wise to do any Thing of that Nature through Design,) you have the Misfortune to have made him your Enemy, I would gladly be informed. --- He very confidently affirms you to be an Impostor; and that you have for many Years imposed on the Publick, with a pretended Dumbness. --- He has to me, and several others averr'd, with ten thousand Imprecations, that he heard you speak as distinctly as himself, or any Man. --- He told us he happened into your Company at a gaming Table, where the Dice running against you, you forgot counterfeiting, and plainly swore *God d--n it*. --- I should be extremely sorry to believe this Accusation: In
the

the first Place, because it would make me conclude, that he who could give himself so much Pain as the abstaining from so great a Pleasure as the Gift of Speech affords, meerly to deceive the World, might very well do it in other Things less difficult, and more profitable. --- And in the next, methinks it would be a prodigious Indignity to our Sex, that the Charms of a Dice-Box would transport you so far as to make you break thro' a Restraint, which had been kept inviolable in the Presence of the most celebrated Beauties. I beg therefore that you will give an Account of what Acquaintance you have had with this Gentleman, and what has pass'd between you; which I will take care to shew to a Person, over whom his Words have had an Influence much to your Prejudice.-- I would fain, if possible, clear you to the World, as you are to

Your humble Servant,

S. P.

P. S. I have likewise been informed, that your much esteemed Friend, Mr. G--- H--- heard the Count affirm the same Thing.

LETTER III.

Mr. Campbell's Answer to the foregoing Letter.

May it please your Ladyship,

I Might as well aver I never had known any Thing polite, as not acknowledge I have had an Acquaintance with Count *Viana*, who has been accounted by your Sex as the Master-piece of the Creation.

The first Sight I ever had of him, was some Years ago at the *Horse-Shoe Tavern*, with one Mr. *Morgan*, a particular Friend of mine. We scarce had seen the Bottom of two Bottles, when the Count pulled out a Handful of Gold; said the World was all a Bite; and that it was in his Power to set me up a Coach and Six. --- That all Men were Juggles, and the most dextrous at Slight of Hand were entitled to the best *Fortune*. --- The Prophets and Apostles were no better than Cheats. --- And a vast many more such Expressions, which I tremble to remember. My Friend, who was an ingenious Gentleman, told me all the Discourse on his Fingers. --- We both joined to entreat he would pursue it no farther; and with much ado, per-

perswaded him to leave off. --- The next Conversation we fell into, was Love and Gallantry. He brought in Countesses and Dutcheffes, old and young; he told us he had all the fine Ladies in the Kingdom at his Devotion; and that we three should share not only all the Riches, but all the Beauties in *Great Britain*. --- But we soon gave the Boaster to understand, we had no such ambitious Views: So finding we were not of a Humour to be pleased with his Discourse, he threw down for a Bottle, and took leave. --- Some Years after that, a Friend and my self had the Fortune to meet him at the *Devil Tavern* at *Charing-Cross*. Being at the Door, he would needs have us go in to drink a Pint. --- After the first Salute, he pulled out the Instrument of his Profession, a Box and Dice; and telling us that as some us'd Smoking, and other Diversions, over a Bottle, that which he liked was *Play*; and that we should only throw who should pay the Bottle. --- This being agreed to, the Dice run all on their Master's Side; --- and tho' we play'd only for Farthings, the *Count* ordered it so as to pick'd up seven or eight Shillings in ready Money. --- This unfair Doings, than which nothing in my Opinion is more provoking, made me begin to use the *Count* a little ruffly; but on the Intercession of my Friend, he escaped a Beating, which I found he would make choice

234 *ALL Discover'd: Or,*
of, before the Point of a Sword. --- I have
seen him several Times since, but was ne-
ver in his Company. I thought him not
worth my Resentment; but since he makes
no Scruple of avowing there never was a
virtuous Woman in the World, I may ven-
ture to say, he is the Son of a Whore; ---
and that if he denies one Word of what I
have alledged, I will engage to bring him
by the Ears to own the Fact; -- if not, I
desire he may be believed, and not

Your Ladyship's

most Devoted,

and Obedient

Humble Servant,

D. Campbell.



L E T-

LETTER IV.

Mr. Campbell,

IF you are really Master of that Skill that the World reports, and you pretend to, I am amazed why you give those who come to consult you, that unnecessary Trouble of writing the Questions they desire should be answered: You, who can tell Names only by looking in the Face, nay, the Names of those you have never seen, provided they have any Affinity, or Business of Consequence with those who are present, methinks, might very easily read the Disposition, Humour, and Wishes of a Person, by the same Rule as you do the other.

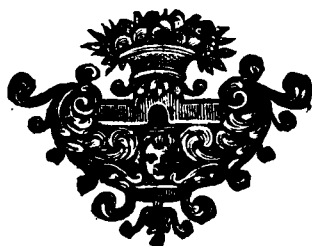
In fine, I have heard ten thousand Arguments *for* and *against* you; and if it were not for this one Article, should be wholly on your Side. Convince me but in this, and I may become as zealous for your Interest as ever a Believer of them all. I have a Question which I earnestly wish to be informed the Truth of, but unless you can answer it without being told what it is, can have no Faith in any Solution you can make. --- Be so kind therefore to your self, as to exert your Skill, and write me what

it is I desire to know, if you would have me believe you can penetrate into the Event. --- I would very fain have you justified in my Opinion; and as this is the only Way to do it, once more entreat you not to fail, or generously confefs 'tis past your Power. Either of which will engage me to be

Your Friend and Servant,

L. Martrick.

P. S. I have ordered my Boy to wait for an Answer; but if what I desire cannot be accomplished so soon, name your Time, and he shall wait on you again.



LETTER V.

S I R,

HAPP'NING to go Yesterday to a certain Church, I had the Misfortune of losing a Heart there; which the missing of, has created me a great deal of Pain. It was stole by a young Lady dress'd in Green and Silver. She was of a tall Stature, excellently well shap'd, most delicately fair, fine blew Eyes, flaxen Hair, and Features the most regular that ever I saw in a Face: But her Name I know not, nor where she lives; for designing to watch her, she stepped into a Mourning Coach with some other Ladies, and away they whirled beyond the Extent of my Eyes in an Instant. --- I am an undone Man, unless your little *Familiar* will be kind enough to give me some Intelligence where I may find the charming Thief, and oblige her either to restore what she has taken away, or make an ample Retribution for it. --- But without jesting, I am really fallen most desperately in Love with a young Creature, to whose Name or Place of Abode I am utterly a Stranger; and if by your Art you can put me in any Way to know who she

she is, or where I may be so happy to see her, five Guineas are at your Service, besides engaging to your Interest a constant Friend and Admirer, in

Your humble Servant,

T. W.

LETTER VI,

SIR,

BEING troubled with the Spirit of Curiosity, (a Misfortune too incident to my Sex,) I am in all the Pain in the World to know whether Dame Nature has been kind enough to make up, by doubling the Vigour of those Senses you are possess'd of, the Deficiency of those she has denied you, The Want of Hearing and Speaking would to another Person be an inconsolable Affliction; yet you, methinks, appears as gay and unconcerned as those who labour not under either of those Defects. - - - I guess that you will answer, That that supernatural Gift, called the second Sight, abundantly compensates for what is denied you by the Want of those more common Blessings. - - - But prithee let me know what real Pleasure flows from

from this Exuberance. --- Can it afford half the Delights you lose in the agreeable Tea-Table Conversation? --- Can it make amends for the Charms of Scandal? --- No, certainly; and you must have some other Privilege, which as yet the World is not acquainted with, or would not have Philosophy enough to bear it with the Chearfulness you do. -- I long to know by what Methods, or by what Reasons you strengthen your self to live with any Tranquillity in a Condition I should think justly deplorable; and by making me in this Particular as wise as your self, you will for ever oblige,

Your constant Customer,

and assured Fiend,

S. B.

P. S. Two or three of my Acquaintance join to entreat this Favour of you, which I assure you we will communicate to none but particular Friends,



LETTER VII.

Dr. Dumb,

BEING informed you have every Day a Crowd of fine Ladies, and that they throng to you in such Shoals, that your Stock of Divination is exhausted before you can dispatch half of them; I cannot not think a Deputy would be of excellent Service to you, not only for the Sake of your own Repose, but for their Satisfaction, who must certainly go away highly displeased when they see others preferred before them, only because they happened to make their Visit a Minute or two sooner. If you will accept of such an Help-Mate, I am at your Service, without desiring any farther Reward for my Trouble, than the Pleasure I shall take in going through with it. - - I have a tolerable good Opinion of my self, and do not much fear I shall disgrace my Master. - - - Therefore enter me as soon as you please, and if I do not give Content to you, and my fair Clients, never depend more on the Abilities of, my *Dear Soothsayer,*

*Your sincere Friend,**and would-be Servant,*

Jeremy Whim.

P, S.

P. S. I'll have nothing to say to red hair'd Women; they are born under *Sagittarius*, and consequently too passionate to hold long enough in a Humour to *depend*, or be *depended* on: Nor will pretend to give any Answers to any Woman, be she of what Degree or Complexion whatsoever, turn'd of *Forty*, or under *Fifteen*, for Reasons which I will give you when we come to discourse farther on this Affair, which I desire may be as soon as possible; for I am impatient to begin, and had writ to you before, if *Jack Gravairs* had not told me you were grown too proud to accept it. - - - But I have a better Opinion of your Understanding, and shall expect your Answer of Consent, which may be left for me at Mrs. *Tattles* in *Club-Court*. Once more, *Dear Dumb*, Adieu.



LETTER VIII.

Mr. Campbell,

I Am a very great Admirer of your Art, and would gladly do every Thing in my Power to encourage so ingenious a Person; --- but in return you must do one Favour for me, which is, That when a certain Gentleman of my Acquaintance comes to you, to enquire something of *Futurity*, you will write my Name to him, and promise him as much Happiness as you please, provided he marries me; but if not, threaten him with multiplied Miseries. -- I will give you all his Marks, that you may be not mistaken in the Person. - - And depend upon it, if I get an Husband by this Contrivance, 100 Pieces are yours on the Day of my Marriage. - - I desire to know by the Bearer whether you are willing to comply with my Request; and if so, shall receive Hints how to manage effectually, both for your own Interest, and that of

Your most humble Servant,

D. L.

LETTER IX.

Mr. Campbell's Answer.

Madam,

THERE is nothing I would refuse to obey my fair Consulters in, when they command only what is just; but there is something so ungenerous, and indeed base, in what you mention, that I can scarce believe you had any other Design in it, than to make tryal of my Honesty. I shall always be proud to contribute to your Happiness; but if you are not convinc'd of it already, must take the Liberty to inform you, that you can never arrive at the Perfection of it, but by Methods which you need not be asham'd to acknowledge. Underhand Dealing affords only secret Discontent, and in the end publick Shame. But I hope I need not preach this to a Lady of so much Wit in other Things. I do not imagine that you would join in any Attempt of this Nature; but if you were really in earnest, cannot flatter you so much as to promise my Assistance; but on the contrary, would do every Thing in my Power to prevent you from compassing
your

ALL *Discover'd: Or,*
your Intents by so mean a Way, tho' in all
that's fair, believe me to be ever,

Madam,

Your most devoted.

and most obedient

humble Servant,

Duncan Campbell.

P. S. Excuse the plain Denial I have given: You know my blunt Manner.

LETTER X.

S I R,

AS I am an entire Stranger to you, you cannot wonder if I appear a little cautious in my Proceedings. I would be very glad to consult you, if I could be satisfied that there was nothing Diabolical in your Art. As for natural Magick, I know no Reason why it should be condemned. Is the Age we live in more wise or more pious than the preceding ones? No, certainly, in this Ebb of Time all the Products of Creation, rather degenerate than encrease in Vigour.
All

All Things grow worfe ; and in affecting to be better, we but discover our Deficiencies. *Talisman's* therefore, and all those Charms, which in former Days were so much in use, may be at this time as lawfully us'd as ever. This Opinion may perhaps draw on me the Censure of the Vulgar ; but I profess my self wholly indifferent what Judgment they may form. I only entreat you will let me know by what Methods you perform the Wonders I hear of you ; and if there be nothing exceptionable in them, you shall hear further from,

Your very great Admirer,
and most obedient Servant,

J. M.

P. S. I beg you will send an Answer by the Bearer, being to go out of Town for some Days.



LETTER XI.

S I R,

H Appening to be at a Relation's House the other Day, I saw a Book lying in the Window. Curiosity led me to open it, and found it was an Account of your Life. The first Thing I cast my Eyes on, was the Relation of your little Boy and Lamb. I thought there was something so pleasing in that Story, that I could not give over till I was come to the End of it. Now I would very fain be satisfied if you are still blest'd with the Attendance of that pretty little Page, or whether it was only in your Days of Innocence you had that Happiness. You'll pardon this Impertinence; and if you are as good-natur'd as the World reports, you will oblige me in the Grant of this Request, who am,

S I R,

*Your most humble Servant,**and intended Correspondent,*

L E O N A T U S.

P. S. Order a Letter to be left at Mr. M--n's, you know in what Street, and it will come safe.

LET-

LETTER XII.

SIR,

THE wonderful Discoveries you have made, induces most People to believe you really are endowed with that extraordinary and supernatural Gift, call'd, *The second Sight*; and if so, methinks it should not be a difficult Matter for you to answer the Question I am about to propose. I am extremely charm'd with Sir *Isaac Newton's* new System of Philosophy, and would very fain be satisfy'd how near it comes to Truth. Therefore, as your Perception reaches to Things invisible to the common Faculty of Seeing in other Cases, I cannot think you are blind in this. Those numerous Worlds, so elegantly describ'd, have certainly something in them worthy your Observation. And if you can oblige me with some News concerning them, you will do more to engage my Admiration of your Art, than tho' you should write me a *Folio* of every various Intrigue in all the Courts of this *terrestrial* Globe. Make an Essay therefore: I am confident you will find as much Pleasure in the Search, as I shall in the Account you will be able to make,

S 2

who

ALL Discover'd: Or,
 who would not put you upon it, if I were
 not, in the sincerest Manner,

SIR,

Your very great Admirer,

and most humble Servant,

E. B.

P. S. I know you stand in no need of *Horoscopes, Telescopes*, or any artificial Machine, to bring you to a View of those distant Countries, having a much more intelligible *Perspective* of your own: But if you require them, I will procure them of the best Mathematical Instrument-Maker in Town, and send them to you. Your Answer to this will be a Favour. My Servant shall call at your House to-morrow. *Adieu.*

LETTER XIII.

Mr. Campbell,

Without your Assistance, I am in all Probability likely to fall into the most unfortunate Circumstance imaginable. You must know, Sir, I am desperately in Love with

with three Ladies, one for her Beauty, another for her Wit, and the last for her fine Shape and good Humour. In fine, they are all of them as compleat Women as Nature ever form'd. My Addressee to every one of them has met with Success, and each expects when I shall name the happy Day. I would give the World, if I were Master of it, to be the Husband of any one of them; but they are so equally charming, that, for the Soul of me, I cannot determine which to make choice of. To banish my self for ever from the Society of either of them, is worse than Death. How then can I quit my Pretensions to two of them, as I must do, if Matrimony obliges me to one; and yet I live without the Possession of any of them. If two would but be kind enough to grow unkind, or die, I could be perfectly blest in the Enjoyment of the third; but as I am thus divided in my Thoughts, and distracted in my Wishes, I have a kind of Hell in my Mind. If ever you had Pity, or good Nature, help me out in this Extremity, and give me some Instructions how to behave! Let me know by your Gift of Penetration which of the three is allotted for me in the Book of Fate; and the Certainty of what is predestinated may perhaps oblige me, as it were, to comply with what I wish. Dear Sir, be as speedy as possible in your Reply; for I am on the Rack of Expectation, and can know no Ease from

Torment, till I am satisfy'd to which of the dear Creatures I am destin'd. I send you a Brace of Guineas enclos'd; and if you contribute toward my regaining that Tranquility I have long lamented the Loss of, shall do all in my Power to prove my Gratitude for the Favour, and how much I am, and ever will be,

Your most sincere Friend,

and obedient Servant,

T. LOVEMORE.

P. S. Direct to be left for me at the *Temple* Coffee-House, or *Rose* Tavern in *Bridges-Street*: At either of those Places it will be safe.



LETTER XIV.

Mr. *Campbell*,

NOTwithstanding the Esteem I have for you, I have a great Quarrel to you on the account of my Sex. You profess the greatest Esteem in the World for the Women; yet, at the same time, make nothing of betraying us to our Husbands, or Lovers. A Man no sooner grows jealous of his Wife, or Mistress, but presently he comes to you; and you, forsooth, inform him the Name of the Favourite, when and where they meet; and a thousand other Particulars, which one would think the Devil himself could never find out. Now, if you had the least good Nature in you, Complaisance for the Ladies, or Remembrance of that noble Rule, To *do* as you would be *done* by, you would rather dissipate those wild Notions, than encourage them in any jealous-headed Fellow. You know there are Allowances to be given for the Constitution and Humour of some People. There are Women, who can no more live without their little Gallantrys, than they can without Meat or Drink: And must a poor Creature, of a generous publick Spirit, and perhaps educated under Examples which

took no Pains to check it, pine her self to Death, only because you may chance to discover her amorous Stealths. For my part, I begin to hate you, and I believe shall declare my self a Foe profess'd both to you and your Art. Not that I would have you fancy I shall debar my self of any Amusements I have an Inclination for, through fear of you: No, I am resolv'd to be before-hand with you; cry you down for an Impostor, and make my Husband have so ill an Opinion of you, that he shall not believe one Word of your Predictions. Several of my Acquaintance have already taken this Method; and if I have not follow'd their Example, 'tis more *my good Nature than your Desert*, as the Saying is. But look to it; for if you go on this Way, I shall not only prevent you from doing me a Prejudice, but endeavour to revenge the Cause of all my Sex. You know there is nothing more keen than the Malice of a Woman, Therefore beware, and in time take the Advice of her who would be,

S I R,

Your Friend,

LETITIA.

LET-

LETTER XV.

S I R,

IHAVE all the Plague in the World with an old Guardian: He throws Pleasures in my Way, and at the same time denies me the Privilege of using them. By my Father's Will I am to do nothing without his Consent, nor receive any Money, without giving him an Account how I design to spend it. And he executes this so punctually, that I had as good be born to no Estate, as enjoy it under so miserable a Restraint. I have consulted all the Lawyers in Town, but to no Purpose. If you can give me any Advice how I shall get out of this old Wretch's Clutches, and have my free Liberty to Drink, Whore, Game, and all the Diversions which my Acquaintance are so fond of, I will share Fortunes with you, and we two will live like Brothers till all is gone: And then you know 'tis but teaching me a little of your Art, and we will be happy in spite of the Bitch *Fortune*. Write to me the first Leisure Hour, and let it be left at the old Place. Till then I am,

*Dear Mr. CAMPBELL,**Yours sincerely,*

C. M.

P. S. If possible I will be at your House to-morrow; if not, shall expect your Answer, which I beg may be stuff'd with no grave Remonstrances; for if there be a Way for it, I am resolv'd to be gay, and live in the Manner my Inclination leads me to. Farewel.



LET-

LETTER XVI.

*From a young Lady, who had been brought by
her Friend to consult Mr. Campbell.*

S I R,

THE Surprise I was in at your writing me down a Name, so much in my Mind, but so little in my Imagination that your Art could discover, took from me the Power, at that Time, to let you know what my Sentiments were on that Occasion. I confess there is something so miraculous in you, that my Reason is half staggered. I am very certain the Lady who introduced me to your Acquaintance, has more Honour than to reveal any Thing of my Circumstances, and there is no other Person in the World capable of informing you: You must therefore have your Intelligence from some invisible Being; and as you were so kind to assure me you would give a Solution to any Question I should propose, provided it was in your Power, I now claim the Performance of your Promise in an Affair, than which you must acknowledge, nothing can be more easy. I would know by what Method it is that you are obliged to your little *Familiar*. You cannot receive your Knowledge by any Thing he can say, because

because you have not the Faculty of Hearing; nor can he write, for the Paper and other Materials are not Spirits too; and your Consulters would see the self-moved *Missive*, tho' they could not the *Hand* that directs it. I beg therefore, that you will inform me by which of your four Senses the prodigious Discoveries are made you; whether you see, feel, smell, or taste the Fate of those who come to consult you.

If this is a Question not improper, I shall expect your Answer by the Bearer, and must remain till then full of an impatient, but always

Your very great Admirer,

DEITAMIA.



LET.

LETTER XVII.

*From a Gentleman, on reading a Book, entitled,
The Life of the famous Mr. DUNCAN
CAMPBELL.*

SIR,

THE applauded Tracts of the whole Lives of all famous Exemplars of Morality, (which have hitherto fallen into my Hands,) appear dull and empty Scenes, in comparison to this first, and (I hope, least) Part of yours. The naturally deficient Organs in so noble a Temperament, indeed, demand Commiseration from all generous Humanity ; yet the superabundant Retaliations of Providence in your many unparalell'd other personal Endowments, almost puts me to a Stand whether I ought not, in some Measure, conclude even those very Defects a Blessing, amidst the even universal empty Noise and Depravity of Conversation.

The Review of your Travels abroad, mostly in adverse Fate, have only naturally render'd

dered the Felicities of *Old England* in your Return more amiable, as well as your Intellects more lucid, and your Virtue more illustrious. I had almost said, I was sorry for the barbarous Obloquies and Detraction of your implacable Enemies, but that I observe them to be compos'd of the Rabble Tribe, which is the constant Object of your just Detestation and Inveſt, I mean the illiterate aſſuming Fortune-tellers and their more ignorant Adherents; who with envious Eyes, beholding the advanc'd Sphere wherein you move, in vain attempt to caſt Dirt on your Character, which Endeavour terminates in advancing your Fame to their own Confuſion.

Farther, I meet with ſome Evidences which I've already read in other Authors and numerous more Confirmations of my firm Belief of the Exiſtence of Spirits, as Genii, or Guardian Angels, as well as of the Reality of Perſons endued with the Second Sight; and of others who attained to Degrees in the lawful Art Magick. Every of which are particular Inſtances of divine Bleſſings to the Perſons ſo illuminated, and diffuſively beneficial to all Mankind.

In fine, as in each of the ſeveral Capacities, I muſt believe you in a very eminent Degree diſtinguiſh'd, ſo that you may in all Proſperity, for your Country's and your
own

own just Honour and Interest, long, long live, and enjoy the same in superlative Degrees, is the hearty Wish of

S I R,

*Walton, near
Rygate, July
30. 1722.*

Your very much obliged

bumble Servant

at Command,

WALSONIUS.

F I N I S.



